Unto Lineage Royal

~ A Midsummer's Dream ~

By

Richard Mc Sweeney

Risteárd Mac Suibhne Uí Éire

UNTO LINEAGE ROYAL

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ISBN: 978-1-409-27638-8
Publisher: Lulu.com on behalf of Richard Mc Sweeney

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A

work

dedicated

To

Change n’ Change

To

William Blake n’ Catherine Boucher

To

Wolfgang Mozart n’ Constanze Weber

To

William Bouguereau n’ Marie Monchablon n’ Elizabeth Gardner

Richard of Éire in the Sacred Grove

A self-designated rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind;
a nuptial hermit of the Green Desert.

Photograph taken by Sung-ja Lee Mc Sweeney
Monday afternoon, the 5th of May 2008

Also by Richard Mc Sweeney

Innkeeper's Fire
Hearing in the Write
Generations Reaching
A Jesus of Nazareth
Myriam of Lebanon

Unto Lineage Royal - a midsummer’s dream

This dream shall be spoken of in generations to come,
And May Month shall ne’er go by,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we constellation of friends.

(adapted from William Shakespeare’s *Henry V*)

Introduction

On Friday evening, the 18th January 2008, I signed up to the online social networking website MySpace: A Place for Friends as I felt a need to let people around the world know of my work; know of my existence. Being a self-originating publisher, I was just about to publish my sixth book, and needed a way to tell the world about it.

Having had for a number of years been consistently shunned and rejected by literary agents and publishers here on my native island, I had said to myself that enough is enough, and that life and I were moving on. And so it was with full knowledge that a new expression of rejection would now be experienced from the world of traditional publishing, did I with a hitherto unknown courage, and an abundance of enthusiasm combined with an openness to adventure present myself to MySpace: present myself to the greater world as a self-designated rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind; a nuptial hermit of the Green Desert, namely of the beautiful isle of Éire.

With getting to know some people on MySpace, I soon found myself attracted to their beautiful and variegated photograph albums, paintings, and melodies. I began to wonder what it would be like if I were to write a few poetic lines for such works of art. Would such an approach be acceptable to my newfound friends, I asked myself.

In earnest, I began, and soon found to my great delight that not alone was it a most enjoyable experience, but that also my friends were responding very favourably to such an approach. And as time went by an idea albeit vague and nebulous at first began to present itself to my mind that of writing poems for as many friends as I could, and at some time in the future including all of them in an anthology of my poems.

Then came the idea, what if I were to also include some of my friends' comments in such a work, would it not be even more interesting! This was followed by a wondrous idea that of turning a limited MySpace timeframe experience into a creative work that would not alone include poems that

I had composed for my friends, and their comments to me, but that the comments and poems would have a setting that would be a challenge for me to produce, and as such would hopefully be a most charming experience for the reader.

I was delighted that such a marvellously immaculate conception had presented itself to me. It required, however at the least three very important ingredients:

A dedicated commitment on my behalf to writing as many quality poems as possible within a self-imposed timeframe.

Avoiding the temptation to mention to friends that I was going to produce such a book for to do so would most definitely influence their comments.
Restricting myself to have only a limited number of friends.

My plan was to keep the number of friends at about 50 as I felt by doing so I would be able to faithfully and qualitatively respond to them every few days. As such, having a large number of friends at that time was never a consideration. I was interested rather in the quality and depth of friendship that could be reached by having a small group of close friends with whom I could correspond with on a regular basis; a regular basis meaning at least every two or three days.

Within the first month of signing up, and not being very familiar with the ways and tendencies of the MySpace community, I suddenly found myself with over 100 'friends' who save for a few hardly ever wrote to me after the initial greeting. So quite courteously … :) … I had to give them to be with finding accommodation elsewhere.

The 46 friends on my profile as of the 18 July 2008 (with the exception of the default 'friend' Thomas "Tom" Anderson the President of MySpace, and Russian soprano friend, Anna Yur'yena Netrebko) wrote to me on a regular basis either through comments for my profile and blogs or via private messages. This work primarily features this final group of friends including 8 others friends for whom I had also written poems. It needs to be mentioned that all private messages to me have remained private and are not included in the work. However, a selection of public comments from my profile page does appear, and are presented in the context of creative dialogues. See below MySpace blog, dated, 19 July 2008 for more information on the usage of comments.

General information about my MySpace profile for the selected timeframe:

MySpace version: United States of America
Profile name: Richard of Éire

Timeframe: 18 January 2008 - 18 July 2008 inclusive
Profile viewed: 3,211 times
Comments pages & content: 8 containing 387 comments
Blogs: 43
Videos: Fairuz singing *Give me the Flute and sing*
Barbara Bonney's rendition of Schubert's *Ave Maria*
Kathleen Battle & Christopher Parkening's rendition of Gounod's *Ave Maria*
Isabelle Boulay singing *Mieux qu'ici-bas*
Scenic presentation of Mozart's *Concerto per arpa e flauto*
Anna Netrebko & Marcelo Alvarez's rendition of *O Soave Fanciulla*

About me blurb:

Gaeilge name: Risteárd Mac Suibhne (Uí Éire)
English name: Richard Mc Sweeney (of Éire)
Place of birth: Isle of Éire
Age: 52
Marital status: Happily
Children: Son & Daughter
Residence: Éire
Here for: Networking, Friends
Orientation: Straight
Hometown: Planet Earth
Height: 5' 10''
Zodiac Sign: Cancer
Smoke/Drink: No/No
Education: Post graduate
Occupation: Rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind

Self-designation & Lifestyle:
Rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind
Nuptial hermit of the Green Desert

Primary inspirational mentors:
- 3rd century BCE Chinese Taoist philosopher Chuang-Tzu for his constant reminder that true philosophy is of the flight of the butterfly
- 9th century CE Irish philosopher Iohannes Scottus Ériugena for his courage to freely speculate on even

the greatest of human concerns, and in an age too when such profound questioning was looked upon as a waste of time
- 16th century English literary genius William Shakespeare for his admirable ability to transform his uncertainties with syntax into a powerful and enchanting art form
- 18th century Austrian musical genius Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart for his extraordinary ability within the difficulties of life to create some of the most beautiful music the world has ever heard
- 18th century English poet-artist-mystic William Blake for the serenity of his self-confidence in his inspiration though it meant for him a life of isolation, misunderstanding, and poverty

Interestingly, that while his inspirational mentors for the most part have all been men, his writings have women taking center stage.

Primary influences on my writings to date:

Spiritually: Native Éireinn, Christian, Jewish, Sufistic
Philosophically: Nature of Éire, *The Chuang-Tzu*
Literarily: John M. Synge, Kahlil Gibran, William Blake, William Shakespeare, Authorized Version of the Bible (esp. Psalms, Solomon's Song)
Aesthetically: William Adolphe Bouguereau

Quotations:

"… in these new days and in these new pages a philosophical tradition of the spontaneity of speculation kind has been rekindled on the sacred isle of Éire, regardless of its creative custodian never having been taught how to freely speculate, how to profoundly question, and how to playfully define.

Spontaneity of speculation being synonymous with the philosophical-poetic, the philosophical-poetic with the rural philosopher-poet, and by roundelay the rural philosopher-poet thee with the spontaneity of speculation be.

And by the way of the rural what may we say?

A philosopher-poet of illimitable space we say.

Iohannes Scottus Ériugena the metaphor of old salutes you; salutes your lyrical ear and your skilful strumming of the rippling harp."

"This eloquent, honourable road you have chosen be surely a solitary one, and oft quite lonely it will be for thee, yet be of a joyful courage for in like balance rewarding it will be."

(Sources: *Hearing in the Write*, Canto 19, Ivy-muffled)

Books published:

Innkeeper's Fire (vols. 1 & 2)
Hearing in the Write
Generations Reaching
A Jesus of Nazareth
Myriam of Lebanon

Richard of Éire writes on a variety of themes, but primarily on those to do with promoting beauty, good-naturedness, love of family, artistic expression, respect for the natural world, and cosmic considerations. Much of his work is written in a style that lends itself to both exoteric and esoteric interpretations. In addition to his own works, he has a liking and admiration for instance for:

Authors unknown: *Songs sung to a Harp*
Chuang-Tzu: *The Chuang-Tzu*
Friedrich Nietzsche: *Thus Spake Zarathustra*
Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Canterbury Tales*
Gibran Kahlil Gibran: *The Prophet*
Giovanni Boccaccio: *The Decameron*
Iohannes Scottus Ériugena: *On the Division of Nature*
John Millington Synge: *Riders to the Sea*
Titus Lucretius Carus: *On the Nature of Things*
William Blake: *Songs of Innocence*
William Shakespeare: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Who I'd like to meet:

Richard of Éire's primary reason for being here on MySpace is to make friends around the world through active networking with those who would accept his request for friendship or request to have him as a friend. He views MySpace as a contemporary expression of the traditional fun means of making friends, namely by pen pal and letter writing. Friendship for him is a honourable and delightful activity; a process and a source of mutual enlightenment and encouragement. He looks forward to writing to his friends as well as hearing from them … :) …

From General Interests:

At place to place, and according as inspiration nudges, enjoy I planting lyrical verse-seedlings in photo gardens (n' or in comments). *
To stroll among such verse-seedlings visit the photo albums in the following profiles. In some gardens two or more will have been planted. Enjoy also the search … :) …

I also enjoy gathering seeds from melody fields with listening to the 'voice(s)' of a particular piece of music or song-music, and placing them in Friend's Comments.

With my compliments, and gratitude … :) …

Richard

*All works are copyright 2008 Richard of Éire

Constellation of friends:

Names and locations of my 46 friends as they appeared on my profile on Friday, 18 July 2008.

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Anna Netrebko: Russia & Austria
Ian St. Ian: Raintree County, Indiana, United States of America
Linda Kordich: Nevada & California, United States of America

Swan: Bayern, Germany
Joanna St. Claire: Los Angeles, California, United States of America
HighlandLady: Alaska, United States of America
Noa Bursie: Buffalo, New York, United States of America
Tayira: Sabanilla, San Josè, Costa Rica
Olivia Gray: Spain & Switzerland
Desireé Grosse: British Columbia, Canada
Katie: Greece
Nabeel Issa: Latakia, Syria
Sheela: South Australia
AyJay: California, United States of America
Lady Alexandria: Manitoba, Canada
Fairouz: Beirut, Lebanon
Dolly: California, United States of America
CheckmateJax: Arizona, United States of America
The Wahtry Taht: Virginia, United States of America
Rainer Dimmler: Hessen, Germany
Giorgia Fumanti: Montreal, Canada
Gee: Midlands, United Kingdom
Maha: Algeria
Valeria Squillante: Italy
Thanhtuyen: Dreamland, Antarctica
Hollace M. Metzger: New York & Paris
Christine Moore: New York City, United States of America
Dutchdivamusic: Chicago, Illinois, United States of America
Caroline Moore: United States of America
Laura: Manassas, Virginia, United States of America
Iain: Paca, France
Jurenci: Curitiba, Paraná, Brazil
La Traviata: Palermo, Palermo, Italy
Ruska: Ingolstadt, Bayern, Germany
Elsa Marie: West Amwell, New Jersey, United States of America
L: Chicago, Illinois, United States of America
Maali: Michigan, United States of America
Mary Beth: Chicago, Illinois, United States of America
Jake Walden: Los Angeles, California, United States of America
Lilly: Chicago, Illinois, United States of America

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Thomas “Tom” Anderson: Santa Monica, California, United States of America

Saulo Couto: São Paulo, Brazil
Graeme Murray: Scotland, United Kingdom
Beth: Virginia, United States of America
Kathleen Procter-Moore: Tamborine Mountain, Queensland, Australia
Beverly: Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, United States of America

The following **8 friends** for whom I had written poems are also included in the work: Adrienne, Alice, Clara, Deanna, Hummingbird, Ludwig, Pete, and Rahel.

MySpace blog: 6:33:57 AM, Saturday, 19 July 2008

Subject: ◊ From today the 19th July 2008 ◊

Dear Friends,

From today the 19th July 2008 to the end of October 2008 I will need to be away from my regular active participation on MySpace in order to devote myself fulltime to the completion of my next book.

However, every weekend throughout this time I will be posting a blog to say hello … :) … as well as add any of your comments or reply to any messages sent to me during the week.

Special announcement:

I am very please to announce that in addition to other material, I will also be including in the book ALL of the 50 or so poems (i.e. less the photographs, paintings) that I have composed for my friends here on MySpace between the 18th January 2008 through to the 18th July 2008 inclusive of these dates.

I will be very happy and honoured to include some of your comments that you sent to me during that timeframe (i.e. sent to my Comments column and to my blogs). Each and everyone one of them is precious to me, and have touched my heart in their own unique way.

Comments included in the work will be accredited with the name and location of the sender as follows:

> E.g. “Thank you Richard of Eire, philospher-poet … for the beautiful words you wrote for my photos. What I have captured in photos … you have captured in words. I am honored. In gratitude” (Ian St Ian of Raintree County, Indiana)

E.g. “Richeart, YOU Master of poetic words … More beautiful it is not possible to express the longing of the soul and her rise to the skys.” (Swan of Bayern, Germany)

E.g. “Dear Richard, Thank you for always helping me to remember ‘my true nature’. It is a sign of an authentic friendship, something and someone I hold dear to my heart.” (Linda Kordich of Nevada & California)

E.g. …

My sincerest apologies and regret that I couldn’t (due to serious time constrains) get to compose a poem for everyone of my friends. Please know, however that I believe … :) … every photograph, painting, and melody has to my ‘view-listening’ a poem in it.

I am really looking forward to completing this book as I have learnt so much about myself and others over these past six months.

This unique early 21st century poetic encounter I very much want to encapsulate for posterity. Verily, our descendants, and the future generations will love to read our words; will love to ‘know us’ through them, and as such … :) … will be very thankful to us that we were so mindful of them.

My good friend, William Shakespeare in his Sonnet XVIII puts it very nicely:

“So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.”

With my joy, compliments, gratitude, and respect, MY FRIENDS,

Lyrically,

Richard of Éire
(Rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind;
a nuptial hermit of the Green Desert)

Personal message:

A personal message for each friend was posted individually on Saturday, 19 July 2008

Subject: ◊ From today the 19th July 2008 ◊

Dear (name),

I will need to be away from my regular active participation on MySpace from today the 19th July 2008 to the end of October 2008 in order to devote myself fulltime to the completion of my next book.

Please visit my blog: ◊ From today the 19th July 2008 ◊ for more … including a special announcement.

With gratitude and well being,

Richard

General commentary on the work and the text:

The work may be described as a work of fiction based on a good deal of factual input. The emphasis is on quality over quantity, and rarity over popularity. There is an attempt to perfect the skill of composing incantations; writing 'magi/c' formulae to help bring about a greater beauty in the world. Linguistic devices such as anaphora, cataphora, and ellipsis are widely used throughout the work. Repetition of certain passages is presented as a means of affording the reader the opportunity to appreciate them against different backgrounds, and within different contexts.

Past life regression technique is used as a literary device in that ***Unto Lineage Royal*** is being presented as if were being told in a past life regression session; a 'life metaphor session' yet it is not a 'past life' but rather a moment, a time in one's life. A 'life metaphor session' may be said to be the telling of events which occurred to one while sojourning in a particular place in the Great Universe. In this case 'the one' refers to Self 'the place' planet Earth, and the session questioner is one called River Mirth. Thus the method used is one of questions and answers while being in a lovely hypnotic-like state.

A polymorphous genre abounding in capacious qualities, ***Unto Lineage Royal*** which gets its name from the final chapter is a work all about feelings and imagination.

And it is meant too to stimulate the mind to mirthfully and profoundly speculate. As such no MySpace photographs, pictures or paintings are included in the text. However, each chapter does contain an artwork of my own creation.

In addition to the poems and dialogues with my MySpace friends the work also includes a number of letters on different issues of the day to newspapers here on the island as well as a *tour de force* newspaper published article in defence of heritage.

While the work, in particular the poems have been written for specific persons it will quickly become apparent that it also has universal appeal and value.

On Friday, 16th January 2009 I registered with Twitter.com on a purely exploratory mission. I wished to discovery if in some way it could be useful for my own work. By Sunday, the 15th February I had decided that in its present form of I just reporting to others on what I was doing at a given moment wasn't working for me, and so I closed the account.

I had during that month with Twitter begun to play with an idea of using Twitter as a means to make my books available one tweet at a time. I decided to start afresh and opened a new account with Twitter on Wednesday, the 18th February (Twitter: @mystatus_update) with the view to putting my plan into action when the time would be right for me.

To my great surprise on that very same evening after I had opened the new account with Twitter a Newsletter arrived from Goodreads.com where I have my books on display announcing "Goodreads Announces the First Ever Status Update Writing Contest!" While I wasn't interested in the competition itself the timing of the arrival of the Newsletter and the whole idea of tweeting an entire book blended in very nicely with what I had been thinking about all along myself.

In the dawn of Thursday, the 26th February it literally dawned on me to publish ***Unto Lineage Royal*** in what I will call here a 'status update' format. I was delighted with such a timely insight, and decided to go with it and see where it would lead. At some time in the future I may even consider tweeting part of the work, but that is another day's work. In the meantime, for more on this exciting approach to the presentation of the text, please refer to the letter to the reader entitled *On the usage of status update genre in the presentation of dreams* immediately following the Contents.

A midsummer's dream

The work takes place within and of the orbit of two afternoon strolls leading away from and back to the heart of the Tallow Valley, namely that of the foreamble of Monday, the 12th May 2008 and the aftamble of Tuesday, the 13th May 2008. Now to well serve the poetic needs of the work this timeframe is being called a season: the season of summer. And accordingly, a dream dreamt in or about midway between these two ambulations; in the predawn of the 13th May is being called 'a midsummer's dream' of this day-night-day summer season.

A word on the artwork.

In late September 2008, I one dawn woke up with a very strong feeling that I should create some artwork for the text; artwork that would well reflect the spirit and aspirations of the work.

At first I didn't know how I could manifest this, and then it came to me. Using a create-your-own art facility available on the Saatchi Gallery website, I set about in October to create digital artworks for the opening of each chapter. This act of creation was a marvellous adventure! It would have been a really nice touch, if the works could also have been included in the text in their original colour rather than in black and white, but this was not possible due to the nature of self-originating publishing. However, the original colour versions are being made available as coffee table books and as printable portable document format (pdf) downloads.

It may be mentioned here also that all poems from the text have been professionally recorded in person and made into a 106-minute mp3 album which is available as an instant download. Hopefully, sometime I will also be able to make it available as a double CD.
Visit my website: http://www.rivers2c.com for further information.

The following is the introduction to the audio album. A full list of its contents can be found at the back of the book.

[Cead Mile Fáilte romhat, a Chara!
A hundred thousand welcomes to you, dear Friend!

Risteárd Mac Suibhne Uí Éire is ainm dom.
I am Richard Mc Sweeney of the beautiful isle of Éire.
My pseudonym is Richard of Éire.
And my website is: www.rivers2c.com

Welcome to the audio selections from my book: ***Unto Lineage Royal***

I feel greatly honoured and privileged to have this wonderful opportunity to share my work with you by means of the spoken, and the written word.

I will recite for you all my poems from the work, and one that was a gift to me from a friend.

As the text version is not intended to be read through in a single go as one would read a novel so too this audio version is not intended to be

listened to once through as one would listen to a song. To fully enjoy both the audio and the text they are best taken piecemeal as one would
enjoy scenting individual flowers in a garden as opposed to trying to capture all the fragrancies at one go.

While each poem has been composed with a particular person in mind, it is my hope that some word, phrase, intonation or pause in the reciting of them will resonate a blessing too for your own life.

At this royal banquet, the literal meaning of each poem serves as the entrée, the figurative the main course, and the reflective the dessert, the sweet, the pudding.

The audio is being presented as if it were a soothing live radio show, and like the sound of waves gently lapping upon the seashore will there be from time to time heard the sound of pages being turned, the occasional clearing of the throat, and the self-correcting and repeating of some words and phrases that didn't seem to come out quite right the first time round.

And so, without further ado, I invite you to enjoy this presentation be you listening to me with falling asleep in your bed, relaxing in your den, strolling in your garden, musing along seashore or riverbank or just roaming in the valleys and hills. If, however, you are listening to me in your car, rig, boat, plane or spaceship, please do focus on the way, and drive carefully.

Wherever you are, welcome; welcome to the freshness and the delight of literary unpredictability, coming to you as it is from the beautiful isle of Éire!]

The reader will find it very helpful to keep in mind that the uniqueness of ***Unto Lineage Royal*** is to be found with placing oneself in a dream mode for the work is highly characteristic of a dream reality, and of dreams within

dreams. In other words, just like in dreams everything is both naturally and simultaneously all over the place with only patches of continuity and coherency to be found. This, however above all else is what gives the work its lovely ethereal, dreamlike, hypnotic, halcyon quality and charm. The reader is the interpreter of the lyrical dream ***Unto Lineage Roya***l where time therein is merely being used as a literary device to give structural sequence to the text.

The work may be said to be free of all and any contradictory opinions as it delights in presenting an abundance of different settings from which to

have alternative points of view. However, that being well said, should any in subtlety be discovered to be, then all is still well for contradictory opinions have a beauty and merit all of their own as do haze over rivulets with the dawning of the day.

The compilation of the work extended from Saturday, the 19th July 2008 to Thursday, the 2nd October 2008. Nothing more was added beyond this time save the Gaeilge poem *Cill Aodáin*, Johann Pachelbel's *Kanon und Gigue in D-Dur für drei Violinen und Basso Continuo*, and my artwork.

I wish to make a special mention here of the Art Renewal Center in New York for their generosity in allowing me to use their high-resolution image of William Adolphe Bouguereau's beautiful work *L'Etoile Perdue* (The Lost Pleiad) oil on canvas, 1884 for the cover of my print book edition.

The ARC website: http://www.artrenewal.org/ is a magnificent work of art in its own right; a hub for artists, educators, gallery owners, curators and art lovers alike.

My favourite phrase on the website is -
"Enter our Bouguereau art gallery."

My sincere thanks to all of my MySpace friends for providing me with such a bountiful cornucopia of inspiration. Together, in our own self-originating way we happy few have made our participation in a little bit of early 21st century literary and cultural history available to our beloved descendants; available to future generations.

And yes; yes, that feels very very good indeed … :) …

Tallow Valley of the Golden n' the Bride

2nd Aphrilis 9th year 21st century

Richard of Éire

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On the usage of status update genre in the presentation of dreams

Dear Reader,

The text is presented in what I would like to term ‘a status update format’ in that it is being presented as if it were a dream status update in continuity.

This format may be said to be in similitude to the way in which ancient Chinese texts such as *The Chuang-Tzu* were presented as one continuous display of text.

Accordingly, you will need to approach the text piecemeal; to train yourself to slow down, and by doing so you will be greatly pleased to discover that this approach provides for the reunification of what I would like here to call ‘the three ancient literary companions of the reader’, namely Out-sight, Reflect, and In-sight.

For too long I feel we have been trying, if it doesn’t sound like an opinion oxymoron of a kind to comprehend texts without actually reflecting upon them. I want to bring reflection back into reading.

At your own comfortable pace be with delighting in providing yourself with the opportunity to reflect upon the charming compendia of this the lovely compendium *Unto Lineage Royal*.

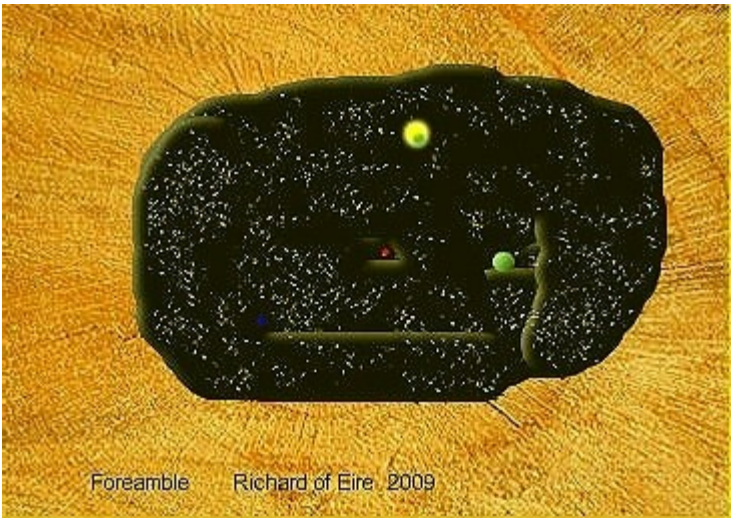
With gratitude n’ well being,

New day night-ly,

Richard of Éire

Tallow
Thursday, 26th February 2009

Beyond the alpines of the Serendipity Nexus
Foreamble



Self: an essence **Soul & Body:** not applicable **Self's present activity:** 'reclining' comfortably on the bank of a river in the faraway heavens; way away away beyond the Sloan Great Wall of galaxies, yet, not too far at all beyond the alpines of the Serendipity Nexus. **Location orientation from Earth:** via the Constellation Corona Borealis **Distance from the Solar System:** 72 glys (1 gigalight-year = 1 billion light years.) **Comparison reference:** Sloan Great Wall of galaxies measures approximately 1.4 glys in length, and is located approximately 1 gly from the Solar System.
Name of the river: An Abhainn Bheag Álainn (The Small Delightful River) **Tributary of:** An Abhainn Mhór Álainn (The Big Delightful River) **Terrestrial complement:** The River Bride - a tributary of the River Blackwater in the province of Munster on the isle of Éire. **Specific description of An Abhainn Bheag Álainn:** a myriad-galaxy river **Overall length:** 40 glys **Width at this spot:** 3 million light years **Distance from the confluence:** 5 glys **Confluence to the**

estuary-bay: 9 glys **Pace of flow at this spot:** dependent upon tidal conditions at the estuary-bay **Soft Gentle Breeze** with carrying **River Mirth** is arriving on the scene, and with eddying about is fragrantly blowing upon **Self**, causing **Self** to welcomingly drift away into a lovely hypnotic-like state.
River Mirth has come and 'sat' next to **Self** and is charmingly asking **Self** questions about a particular sojourning **Self** has had in a certain place in

the Great Universe. In other words, **River Mirth** is conducting a ‘life metaphor’ session on **Self**. A ‘life metaphor’ session may be said to be the telling of an event which occurred to one while sojourning in a particular place in the **Great Universe**. In this case ‘the one’ refers to **Self**, ‘the place’ planet **Earth**, and the questioner, conductor **River Mirth**. Thus what follows is the fascinating content of this ‘life metaphor’ session conducted by **River Mirth** on **Self**. *River Mirth:* Where are you? *Self:* I’m on a planet in a solar system of a spiral galaxy some 72 glys away. *River Mirth:* What’s the planetary, terrestrial name given to this galaxy? *Self:* Via Lactea, Milky Way. *River Mirth:* And the solar system? *Self:* It has no special name other than, the Solar System. *River Mirth:* Ah, I think I know that region. Yes, and I do believe I have sojourned too on that planet known as Earth. Planet Earth is the fifth largest of the planets in that solar system, isn’t it? And the third from its sun? *Self:* Yes; yes, it is. *River Mirth:* Ah, yes, now I remember. I was a human lifeform there for 93 terrestrial years, 7 months, 5 days, 3 hours, 9 minutes, and 22 seconds. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Ophiuchus. Moments of silence. *River Mirth:* What is your lifeform on Planet Earth? *Self:* I’m a human. *River Mirth:* Can you briefly describe your human body? *Self:* Yes, it’s somewhat oyster white in colour, 5 ft 10.5 in (179 cm) in height and weighs 188 lbs (85.5 kg). It has black to silver below collar length hair, and eyes of a vivid soft jade green. When it speaks it has an enchantingly mellifluous voice. When it moves; when it ambulates it’s in the style of a gentle breeze upon the surface of shimmering waters or dewy grasses. *River Mirth:* Are you contented with being a human lifeform; with having a human body? *Self:* Yes, I am. We well companion each other. *River Mirth:* Meant you not to say ‘well complement’ each other? *Self:* And that too.

River Mirth: How old are you in terrestrial years? *Self:* I'm 52 years, and almost 10 months old. *River Mirth:* What's your name? *Self:* My Gaeilge name is Risteárd Mac Suibhne Uí Éire. My English is Richard Mc Sweeney of Éire. And my pseudonym is Richard of Éire. *River Mirth:* What's Éire? *Self:* It's my on-planet native place. *River Mirth:* Where on the planet is it located? *Self:* It's an island in the North Atlantic Ocean between latitude 51.5 and 55.5 degrees North, and longitude 5.5 and 10.5 degrees West. *River Mirth:* What's your marital status? *Self:* I'm happily married to courageous, bright, beautiful, noble Sung-ja Lee who is a native of the Land Embroidered with Golden Rivers and Mountains, namely Korea. For one month every year we

share the same age. *River Mirth:* Do ye have children? *Self:* Yes, a courageous, bright, handsome, noble son named Richard, and a courageous, bright, elegant, noble daughter named Iris. Rich is 23 years and 6 months. Iris 20 and 8. *River Mirth:* What's your occupation? *Self:* I'm a self-designated rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind; a nuptial hermit of the Green Desert. *River Mirth:* What's the Green Desert? *Self:* It's the beautiful isle that is Éire. *River Mirth:* And what meaning does the word 'rural' carry in this context: a rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind? *Self:* It implies and aspires towards being a philosopher-poet-artist of illimitable space. *River Mirth:* To date what have been your publications? *Self:* *Innkeeper's Fire, Hearing in the Write, Generations Reaching, A Jesus of Nazareth*, and *Myriam of Lebanon*. *River Mirth:* On Éire what are the coordinates for your dwelling place? *Self:* 52 degrees North and 8 degrees West. *River Mirth:* What's this location called? *Self:* It's called Tallow, and in Gaeilge, Tulach an Iarainn i.e. 'the hill of the iron ore' which I'm more inclined to view as being a place rich in literary deposits of the rarest quality and purity. And more than it being an actual hill, Tallow is a beautiful border village situated in a gentle valley at where the rivers Bride and Golden meet between the counties of Waterford and Cork, in the province of Munster. Truly, it's a privilege and a joy to have a dwelling in this idyllic village, and to be of its beauteous environs. As a rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind, I could not want for to live in a more ideal place. *River Mirth:* And what say you of your fellow Tallowian inhabitants? *Self:* Them do I greatly admire for their courageous initiative in leading the way for other villages, towns, and cities throughout the land on how best to protect and persevere both their natural physical settings and environs, and their unique heritages not alone for their own descendants, but for future generations everywhere on the planet. *River Mirth:* What

terrestrial year is it? *Self:* It's 2008. *River Mirth:* What's the date? *Self:* It's the 12th May. *River Mirth:* And what day of the week is it? *Self:* It's Monday. *River Mirth:* In the Great Universe where everything exists in the presence of place, and without any need for the terrestrial constraining concept 'time', where relocation is instantaneous, and where one can be in two or many more places in the same place without the need to travel to them, yet, this being so, where from Earth's 2008 light-time-travel perspective is this Self of yourself who is reclining here on the banks of An Abhainn Bheag Álainn? *Self:* It would consider that Self of myself to be several millions upon millions upon millions of light years away in what it calls 'the

future'. *River Mirth:* Accordingly, and using the terrestrial concept 'past time' would it be true to say that several millions upon millions upon millions of years has already passed since you were there on planet Earth as a specific lifeform? *Self:* Yes, it would. It would be true to say that several millions upon millions upon millions of years ago, I was present on plant Earth as the human lifeform, Richard of Éire, and that most definitely I was present there on this lovely sky blue Monday, the 12th May 2008. *River Mirth:* And what is the time on this lovely sky blue Monday, the 12th May 2008? *Self:* It's 1:20 in the afternoon. *River Mirth:* What are you doing? *Self:* I'm preparing to go out for a stroll as it's just way too beautiful a day to be staying inside up here in the attic writing. I'm going downstairs and out back to see if Matrix our dog would be interested in coming along with me. *Self:* Do you want to go for a stroll, Matrix? *Matrix:* Wuff! Wuff! Wuff! *Self:* How about you, Misty? *Misty:* Meow~not~eow. It seems that all Misty our cat wants to do is to be left alone to snooze away in the shade over there on our neighbour Margaret's shed roof. Pigeons on Martha & Ted Keniry's supermarket roof are sipping water from the long rain gully that runs there from our garden all the way through and over to the end of Margaret's garden. On the high beyond mossy-fielded roof of the Village Community Hall are many more pigeons that are happily sauntering about in the lovely warm afternoon sunshine. A few from among them prefer instead to be just standing on the ridge tile and observing the near and far. They all look so pretty with their green necks, and silver plumage shinning in the sunlight against the background of the clear blue sky. And of course there are a few crows here and there around on the chimney tops chatting away playfully with each other. Ah, and every now and then they are letting themselves with the greatest of ease be with free falling and gliding effortlessly on over to alight on another chimney or rooftop. I love the daily chatting of the crows and the

pigeons about; love their weaving and swirling flights above the houses. In this lovely scenery, I'm standing and listening here awhile to the melodious jingling of the ivy-canopied old frying pans as they dangle there on the sunny northern garden wall, just down from the gully were some more pigeons have come to sip of the waters therein. Matrix is clearly very excited to see that we are going out for a stroll; yes, going out for a stroll beyond this lovely walled-in monastic like garden, and into the wider world of fragrancies where an even greater abundance in variety of this same loveliness will assuredly be found. And I must admit, that I'm at total oneness with his excitement.

I'm now out here closing the front door of our house home. *River Mirth:* What time is now? *Self:* It's 1:35. *River Mirth:* Where in Tallow is your house home located? *Self:* It's here on lovely sunny Chapel Street or as I like to call it, East Street. We're, tree; 3 Chapel Street. It's a lovely old high two-storey light green coloured house home of southern visage. On occasion, however I've heard some primary school children as they come up upon it on their way home from school refer to it as 'Swan House' on account perhaps of the golden swan shaped knocker here on the front door. *River Mirth:* Perhaps among a certain few it's also known as the 'Poet's House' or the 'Philosopher's House' or even who knows the 'Philosopher-Poet-Artist's House'. Do you have any special name of your own for it? *Self:* Yes, from among the different names I have for it, I like from time to time to be calling it Castle Sanctuary, or Sung-ja & Richard's Hermitage; The Hermitage. *River Mirth:* How old do you estimate it to be? *Self:* An architect well versed in such matters informed us a few years back that judging by the quality of the rafters up in the attic it must be at least 250 to 300 years old. *River Mirth:* Where's Sung-ja, Rich, and Iris? *Self:* Twenty minutes or so ago Sung-ja left for her place of part-time work in the town of Fermoy over there to the west in the county Cork. Rich and Iris are studying in the city of Cork over there down south on the cost. *River Mirth:* As you're strolling along are you seeing any of your fellow villagers? *Self:* Yes, I'm seeing … *Walter:* Hi, ya? *Self:* Hello, Walter? *Walter:* Are you good? *Self:* Good, I am. *Walter:* Good. Be good. *River Mirth:* Who was that? *Self:* Oh, that was Walter Tobin wearing his Waterford blue and white jersey as he with newspaper to hand happily rides on his bicycle way off down home to Woodview Park. He always greets me like that, and tells me to be good even though I've already told him, good, I am. I guess Walter believes that there is always the potential for us to be better. Ah, and there before the window in the southern wall of Lizzy Langton's bar-

lounge stands chatting two fine gentlemen; a Corkman and Waterfordman. It is said that Elizabeth 'Lizzy' Langton was once the owner of our house home sometime way back in the day. I wonder did the old Singer sowing machine in the window there also once belong to her. *Joe & Bill:* Hello, hello, Richard? *Self:* Hello, Joe? Bill? *Joe:* 'Tis nice now. *Self:* 'Tis indeed, Joe. *Bill:* A day for just sittin' down by the river. *Self:* True indeed, Bill. *Joe:* 'Tis rumoured that we're going to be having a new priest for the parish come July. *Self:* A new parish priest? I hadn't heard that. What about himself? *Bill:* Oh, most likely he'll be insisting to stay put in the parish priest's house or whose ever house it is.

Self: Then how will it be possible for the parish to have a parish priest if himself will be continuing to go on occupying the house of the would-be parish priest? *Joe:* Well, now you see, 'tis all only rumour now of course mind you, but somebody, yes, somebody has said that the new parish priest would be an absentee sort of parish priest in that he would be here yet not here; more somewhere else than here. *Bill:* I guess so long as the Holy Fisherman whom all priests are supposed to be representing will be amongst us then all will be well, for that's all that matters. *Self:* You're right, Bill. Spoken like a true fisherman. *Joe:* Well, I make out anyway from my own ways of looking at things down through the years, which I can tell ye have been rarely wrong, that if the new parish priest to-be doesn't make any mention whatsoever of the Holy Fisherman, of Our Lady, of St. Thérèse, of St. Anthony and the Baby Jesus, and of St Mary Magdalene or St. Joseph for the entire duration of his first sermon of his first Sunday morning mass down in the Parish Church in July, but instead will be only concerning himself with establishing funeral committees or building various structures and the like in the parish, and changing mass times or telling us of the great success he's had with such undertakings in his previous parishes, then mark ye well my words, mark ye well that we'll be still left as we are now; left pretty much on our own when it comes to our spiritual needs. *Bill:* Oh, no truer words were ever spoken, Joe, boy. No truer words. He can change all the mass times he wants so long as he doesn't do away with the Sunday morning 11:00 o'clock in Our Lady's. For isn't the 11:00 o'clock on the Sundays, and in one of the loveliest churches in all of Ireland too the very heart of the Sunday for us all. Sure if he were to do the likes of that he might as well put a padlock on the church gate and let the whole place fall into dampness, mildew, and ruin.

Joe: Bill, sure that would be a moral sin so it would. Yet the very thought alone of it is beginning to drive me to upsetness. If Our Lady's were left to fall into ruin

who would we have to be chatting with in the late of afternoons, especially in the depths of winter, I ask ye? And I ask ye, what if, what if he were to change about the left side aisle pews away from we facing and praying to the Holy Family scene high up in the wall, to Our Lady in the Sky in the window, and to Smiling St. Thérèse in the corner? Praying with our eyes would be no more for the ol' floor has nothing at all to show. *Bill:* And what if, Joe boy he were to change about the right side aisle pews too; away from we facing and praying to the Holy Nun vision high up in the wall, to The Sacred Heart in the Sky in the window, and to Suffering Jesus on the Cross in the corner? Praying

with our eyes would be no more surely, for like you say the ol' floor has nothing at all to show. *Self:* Ah, now, now, let's wait and see, shall we?
The diocese in its own wisdom would never allow anything like that to happen as to do away with our one and only Sunday morning mass in our lovely parish church. That kind of thing would never happen. Sure, Joe and Bill, if His Holiness in Rome were to hear of such carryings-on and the like, wouldn't he fly over every weekend to say the mass himself for us in Our Lady's so he would. And be sure the pews left and right would be facing the skies so they would. Although, I think myself having them anglewise would be even more artistically pleasing. *Bill:* A good reassuring point, Richard. And, yes, angle wisdom is good in such matters. *Self:* Perhaps the new parish priest to-be will be a fine warm saintly man dwelling in our midst who'll do his level best to address as many as possible of the spiritual needs of the parish. And he too with having such a worthy focus will have no need whatsoever to be concerning himself with how much or how little is in the parish coffer for it will always be brimming over naturally. And besides, when it comes down to it, haven't we ourselves to be the best of all possible caretakers of our own spiritual needs, and at the same time, and within our means of course, materially or even financially support those within our own extended family, and our neighbours? *Joe:* I suppose so, and ideally may it be so as you've said, Richard, but my own simple ways of looking at such things down through the years have in all honesty rarely let me down. I'm feeling a pending doom and gloom here in the pith of my stomach, and I make out it's not for the want of pint, I can tell ye. Although in having said that, I wouldn't say no to one either. *Bill:* Well, I'm off down to sit on the wooden bench by the willow tree there on the bank of the river before the Tavern, that I may be enjoying this grand afternoon by watching the waters come through the archways of the bridge. *Joe:* Sure, I might as well join you myself, Bill as it will be taking

my mind off of other things. *Bill:* Sure, that'll be great, Joe. Your company is always welcome, boy. *Bill & Joe:* Enjoy! Enjoy your stroll, Richard. *Self:* I will. I will indeed. Good chatting to ye. Enjoy watching the shimmering waters let ye. That was Joe and Bill. Bill, originally from Cork loves fishing and is a treasure house when it comes to having sound knowledge of the local rivers and the animal life along their banks. On occasion, and especially in the late of an autumn or winter's afternoon when with dropping into our beautiful parish church: Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception to enjoy some in-building contemplation, I've

happened upon Joe fervently praying his rosary on his knees before the lovely candlelit statue of St Thérèse of Lisieux, up there in the left aisle or chatting away happily to St Anthony and the Baby Jesus, under the lovely stained glass widow there carrying the powerful words: “Do not be afraid; keep on speaking, do not be silent.” (Acts 18:9) And I have seen him also there over before the Calvary sobbing away with his left hand upon St. Mary Magdalene’s right shoulder, and he trying to console her in
her loss as she with dishevelled long auburn hair, and in her light purple, green and brown attire is slumped there on the ground just beneath the feet of Jesus; embracing the cross as if it were the trunk of tree in which a rare and much beloved bird had only been moments before arrowed by the jealous down from out of the great heights, and left to agonisingly die there, in its branches. And of course oft have I found him chatting away happily to his namesake, St. Joseph there on the right of the main aisle under the lovely stained glass window depicting Blessed Oliver Plunkett (now saint) as if he, St. Joseph, and all the others around in the church were old village friends that he has known and loved all his life. Having now reached the square, and turning left here to go south along Barrack Street, I’m seeing lovely Ann Tobin over there from me crossing up from West Street, and heading seemingly for Martha & Ted Keniry’s supermarket. I’m waving to her and she in return to me. *Ann:* Hello! Richard? *Self:* Hello! Ann? I love the way, whenever I happened to chat with Ann on the street, how she makes me feel that there is no one else in the whole wide world more important for her to be speaking to just right then, than to me. This is a rare and precious quality to find in a person. Sheila & Michael Hennesy down on West Street are also in possession of such a quality. With crossing over here to the post office side of Barrack Street, I’m noticing Bart O’Donoghue’s place is closed for lunch. A grand ever-friendly person is Bart who tirelessly works behind the scenes on behalf of the

overall welfare of the village. With strolling along, I'm looking over the street, and I'm seeing Rose Cunningham coming out of the bank. She's waving over to me and I to her in return. *Rose:* Hello! Richard? *Self:* Hello! Rose? Every morning from Monday to Saturday, and just before 9:00, Rose cheerfully brings out small boxes of flowers and places them for sale in from of their shop: Cunningham's hardware shop down on West Street. One time, I asked her why she doesn't bring out any roses. And she smilingly did answer me with, *Rose:* Sure, isn't the rose, Richard the very first flower I bring out every day! *Self:* Ah, yes, of course, Rose it is! How could I have been

so blind as not to have noticed? *Rose:* Strong sunshine, Richard be in your eyes, perhaps. *Self:* Perhaps, Rose. Her name 'Rose' is bringing to my mind another Rose, namely Dr. Rosemary Beecher, one of our ever-caring family physicians who lives over the ways there a little beyond the pretty village of Conna in the county Cork. Her name gives me the lovely image of she Mary strolling between a bed of fragrant July roses, and a soft breeze caressed grove of splendid beeches. *River Mirth:* And who's the other ever-caring family physician? *Self:* Gentleman Dr. Joseph Moran of Fermoy. Ah, I can see good-hearted John Mc Carthy is off
there in the distance in the south strolling along by the Lourdes Grotto in the company of his favourite race hound. His stroll will most likely be taking him up around the southern hill of the village, that he may call in to say hello to his daughter who has a newly built house up there. John is a grand man who loves to stop and chat about the natural beauty of the Tallow Valley and its surroundings; of the lovely woodlands and the contently roaming deer of Kilbeg, and of the rarely seen golden stripped protected foxes of Kilwatermoy. Rose Cunningham's husband, helpful Tom has also oft spoken to me of his delight at happening upon a herd of deer leisurely grazing away for themselves, in those lovely woodlands whilst he out on his regular Sunday afternoon strolls. And once he did mention to me in full confidence, and in lowly sounding word, that he had been given to discover in those lovely hills the pure fresh fountainhead of Tallow's precious water supply. Last year, and of an October twilight it was that while on our slow meandering way to the lovely town of Middleton over in the county Cork, that Sung-ja and I did happen upon a great stag standing right in the middle of the road in front of us, and he displaying a magnificent crown of antlers. And when he had done looking at us he leaped clean over the car, and continued on upon his way, back the road down behind us towards the outskirts of the village. Oh, and on one

very memorable occasion, when John and I happened to meet up there in front of his daughter's house while it was still as of yet under construction, he had told me with joyful pride that it was he himself who had planted all the young tress there about its boundary; had planted them for his daughter, and her beloved, and for his grandchildren. We enjoyed talking for well over an hour about what the trees would look like in twenty to thirty years time, and that they would probably be as high and as lovely as the grand oak that already stands there by the roadside immediately to the west of his daughter's place. May John's daughter have a nice cup of tea ready for her dad, and

may they enjoy chatting away about life. And may it be that the grand oak
there and John's trees will be the pride and joy of his descendants, and for years and years to come be the admiration of the inhabitants and visitors to the Tallow Valley. And May the lovely Tallow Valley, and its environs to the north, to the south, to the west, and to the east be wisely and lovingly restored, maintained, and sensitively developed for these future generations by we its privileged present-day inhabitants. *River Mirth:* Are you still strolling along Barrack Street? *Self:* No, I've just turned here west into Mill Road, and oh! … ever-happy Audrey Sheehan has almost bumped into me! *Audrey:* Oh, sorry, Richard. I'm always too much in a bit of a rush, aren't I? *Self:* Not to worry, Audrey for aren't I
I always too much in a bit of a take my time myself. *Audrey:* And, on top of that Richard wasn't I listening to "The Galway Girl" on my headset, so I was. *Self:* Where's your good man? *Audrey:* He's at work. We'll be going out for our usual walk together after supper. *Self:* A blessed and beloved couple that's what ye are, Audrey. Enjoy the rhythm and the step. *Audrey:* Oh, I will, oh I will, Richard. And you too your strolling. *Self:* Oh, I will indeed, Audrey. Lovely meeting you. Delightfully, and for some reason the beautiful name 'Audrey' is bringing to my mind a hitherto unknown name for some kind of delicious exotic fruit. Having seen her perform in dramas in the Village Community Hall, I view Audrey to be an actress of tremendous potential. Oh, how I love strolling along this route. *River Mirth:* Can you describe it as you go along? *Self:* Yes, we're strolling along by this lovely flower be-adorned high stone wall. Most of the flowers are lilac in colour and are very small albeit they be ever so pretty. Onwards we are with passing here the locked high iron gate that leads into the overgrown cemetery, and its abandoned old church. Now we're passing here beneath the wondrous grove of trees that stands on the left across the road from Annetta & Aiden Ryan's lovely

house home. Annetta once told me, that she would love to plant some trees all along the front of their house home, but that Aiden had preferred to remain with the wide-open view. *River Mirth:* What's your own opinion? *Self:* With just two or three trees, there would still be a good wide-open view for most of the year. *River Mirth:* What is it that you especially like about Annetta & Aiden? *Self:* I admire the wholehearted loving attention that they consistently give to their beautiful young family; their wholehearted loving attention to each other. *River Mirth:* What are you doing now? *Self:* I'm stopping here awhile, at this one of my favourite places, not alone along this way, but in all of

Tallow, and its environs: the bridge over the Golden riverlet. At any time of the year I enjoy stopping awhile here on the southern side of the bridge, and to be with gazing down on the shimmering waters, and out o'er the fields along its meandering banks. It's just one very beautiful place. It was while sitting here on the bridge wall of an afternoon over there in the year 2001 that the lovely name for our website: Rivers2c doth com(e) did present itself to Sung-ja and myself. And we have resumed our strolling onwards, and on by Marjorie & Michael O'Brien's house home. I love to be watching the lovely tall swaying popular trees they have growing up ahead there at the entrance. *River Mirth:* What is it that you especially like about Marjorie & Michael? *Self:* I admire their dedicated love for each other and their family. They make advanced in years be ever youthful to behold. Now we're passing on along here in front of Martha & Ted Keniry's house home. Oh, what a lovely looking place it always is with its many trees, shrubs, and flowers in a well-kept bed of green. *River Mirth:* What is it that you especially like about Martha & Ted? *Self:* I admire their consistent comment to their supermarket; their pride in their children, and their love for each other. I truly appreciate the way Martha every day successfully makes a fashion statement with her stylish clothes, and eye-catching jewellery. Next to Sung-ja, she is has to be one of the most fashion conscious women in the village. *River Mirth:* What about all the other beautiful women in the village? *Self:* All the other beautiful women in the village dress wonderfully. However, Martha, Sung-ja and a few others seem on a daily basis to put in that little bit more of an effort to making themselves look extra special, not alone for themselves, and for their beloveds, but for the village image overall. Beauty at the stile, beauty in the counties being their outlook, for they can clearly see that Tallow is, and is becoming even more so, a charming stile from county Cork into county Waterford; from county Waterford into county Cork. In a small country village such as this, it is not

easy for a woman to be consistently committed to higher standards of fashion in the face of men folk who are not always ready to compliment them for such effort. For many men, dressing oneself up once or twice a week they would consider to be enough of a commitment to any form of fashion. But thankfully, this ol' fashioned attitude is quickly changing. *River Mirth:* And how about in the case of Richard of Éire? *Self:* Richard of Éire? Richard of Éire being the husband of Sung-ja Lee, and the father of Rich and Iris enjoys being a stylish stile of the counties. *River Mirth:* As you're strolling along in the lovely afternoon

sunshine what are you thinking about? *Self:* I'm thinking about my MySpace friends. *River Mirth:* What's 'MySpace'? *Self:* It's an on-line community of friends. *River Mirth:* On line what? *Self:* Ah, on the Internet; on the worldwide web, ah, in cyberspace. *River Mirth:* Why are humans entering a net; entering a web; attempting to enter a space that is not a space? *Self:* It's rather difficult to explain, in that it's a contemporary kind of technology, that enables people located in different parts of the planet, to communicate with each other much more quickly and directly through the means of electronically encrypted messages, be they presented in written form, still images, or and in videos. *River Mirth:* What about your MySpace friends are you thinking? *Self:* I'm thinking how truly marvellous it is to know them. Now, we're coming up on Teresa & Cornelius Ryan's house home. Any morning I am out for a stroll down beyond the Carmelite Monastery to the bridge, I nearly always either see or meet Cornelius. *River Mirth:* What is it that you especially like about Teresa & Cornelius Ryan? *Self:* I admire their sense of pride in themselves, and in Tallow. Whatever time of the year it is or however wet, windy, cold or otherwise the weather may be, Cornelius comes out for his daily walk. And two or three times a week he also goes down to Dungarvan for a swim in an indoor pool. And the man is over eighty! I love the way he talks about Tallow his native place for he talks of it as a love of he and Teresa's life. His father, Frank Ryan (1900-1965) was a renowned natural tenor. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* We're coming up on the Whitegate Grotto as I like to call it. *River Mirth:* What is this place? *Self:* It's a semi-natural tree n' ivy canopied alcove that has three stone steps leading up to a small white iron gate. It was originally intended as a short way up to the farmhouse hidden in the tall trees there that is situated here on the eastern slope of the Hill of Elksnmist. But it seems that it hasn't been used as such for a number of years. Thankfully, and thankfully I am, that the owner keeps the place lovely,

and gives the gate a new coat of white paint every year. This is a fine example of an environs-to-village fashion statement. Would that in kind there would be many more about, and even many the more fine examples of village to environs fashion statements. Whenever I come up this way, I always sit awhile here on this the lower: the first step of the alcove, and look out across there o’er the beautiful near n’ far countryside, and up at the ever changing sky. There is something very sempiternal about sitting in contemplation in this lovely place. Having spent some time sitting there we are now making our way up along the

road here to a gateway on the southern slope of the hill. I love strolling along here as it's very quiet save for the odd automobile that passes by from time to time. I'm enjoying leaning on this double-width gateway, and looking up there along the gentle green slope of Elksnmist. This has always been a very inspirational spot for my writing. *River Mirth:* What are you thinking about? *Self:* I'm not really thinking about anything. Rather, I'm just contented to be here with viewing this beautiful harmonious scenery of land and sky. On and on we're strolling along the southern slope road of the hill, and are now reaching the entrance to a pathway which leads on over the hill and down the other side. Matrix is away running along the pathway to his heart's content. Facing south, and sitting here on a familiar log in this wide circular clearing on the northwestern slope of the hill am I now, and enjoying taking some notes for writing. *River Mirth:* What thoughts are presenting themselves to you as you sit there? *Self:* I'm thinking that within a short few years this circular clearing here about me will be only visible from the clouds as those young trees up the hillside there, and down here behind me will have created a forest. The Tallow Valley will no longer then be visible from this spot. One will need to be over on top of the hill there to get a good view of it, and also of the near n' far off hills: the Galtees, the Knockmealdowns, and the Comeraghs. *River Mirth:* What time is it? *Self:* It's coming up on 3 o'clock and we are starting our slow leisurely descent along the same pathway that we had ascended. *River Mirth:* As you are strolling along what are you thinking about? *Self:* I'm thinking about the lovely time Sung-ja and I had last Monday, the 5th May when we went for a one-day outing just the two of us to the Burren; a unique pristine landscape over in the lovely northwestern county Clare. *River Mirth:* What in particular are you remembering from that outing? *Self:* The spectacular views of the Galtee Mountains from the T50. The soft green coloured fields with golden furze reaching up to the foothills. Oh, and there was

this wondrous white cloud formation which lingered for quite some time on the summit. Eating fabulous sandwiches Sung-ja had prepared for lunch. Taking photographs of each other overlooking the Cliffs of Moher. While the cliffs and the seascape were absolutely gorgeous, they were no match in beauty for Sung-ja’s smiling eyes and glistening necklace. Our first views of the Burrenscape! A wondrous place. Oh, the profusion of small flowers, in particular primroses and lilacs. When we happened upon this sacred grove with a green hollow at its center. We lingered there within for quite sometime as it had this

delightful peacefulness about it. Sung-ja had taken a photograph of me there within carrying a twig over my right shoulder. And with returning home, I decided to make this photograph my new default photo on my MySpace profile. The friends all liked it. We had a fantastic day together in magnificent weather. *River Mirth:* Where are you now in your strolling? *Self:* We're coming along down round the bend before reaching the Whitegate Grotto. Oh may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* I'm hearing a woman's singing voice! It's so extraordinarily beautiful. *River Mirth:* Have you ever heard this voice before? *Self:* No, this is my first time hearing it.

She's singing a charming (circa 3rd century CE) love song titled *Coróin sa Spéir* (Crown in the Sky) in the greatly admired style of Gaeilge that my beloved father used to speak. It also has the hue and richness of the grand style of Gaeilge used by an tAthair Seathrún Céitinn (Geoffrey Keating) in his magnum opus *Foras Feasa ar Éirinn*. *River Mirth:* Can you see her? *Self:* No, but I have a feeling the voice is coming from the grotto. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* Appearing into my vision is a most beautiful woman standing on the second step there in the grotto, and she is smiling down at me with a face that is truly beatific.

River Mirth: Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she is in her late 30's. She has rich wavy shoulder length chestnut hair gently breezing itself about her salubrious complexion. She is wearing an intricately laced white blouse having long sleeves. Her mid-shin length skirt is of the colours and brightness of all seasons. Her lovely feet are bare. *River Mirth:* Does she remind you of any one you know or may have met at one time? *Self:* For all the world; yes, for all the world in facial appearance she well resembles me or perhaps rather I should say that it is me who resembles her. She's stepping down off the steps. *River Mirth:* How tall is she? *Self:* She and I are about the same height. *The Beautiful Woman:* Good afternoon,

Risteárd, my handsome grandson? *Self:* Grandson? You're my grandmother? *The Beautiful Woman:* Yes, I'm Abbey your beloved father's mother who having given birth to him in the lovely month of May in the over there year of 1923, did in the near December of that same year, and whilst in fine hospital care was needless by neglectful duty of the mildest of fevers, let to pass away without I ever having the chance of lovingly, lovingly, and lovingly culturing him in the ways of my received wisdom.

And I then was but in my thirty-ninth year having been born in over there 1884. With tears brimming here in my eyes, and without the slightest of hesitation am I going and embracing my grandmother; and kissing her soft warm hands. *Self:* Grandmother Abbey, I'm so very very

happy to meet you. *Abbey:* And I you, Risteárd. *Self:* My young grandmother's fragrance is most delectable. Her eyes, oh, her eyes are profoundly beautiful. *Abbey:* Risteárd, I would like you to do something for me. *Self:* Yes, of course. Anything, Beloved Grandmother Abbey. *Abbey:* I would like you to give my name to this beautiful grotto. For I too like you Risteárd do love this special place. It reminds me of places familiar to me as a child about Knockanure, Danganasallagh, and Clondrohid way back over there to the west, and of lovely such places within and about Ballyvourney, and up on the hillside of Ullanes. My Beloved courageous husband, Risteárd: your Beloved Grandfather, and I would oft enjoy visiting such places, and still do. *Self:* Abbey's Grotto?

Abbey: Yes, Risteárd, Abbey Heirlihy-Sweeney's Grotto: Abbey's Grotto. Yes, to call it Abbey's Grotto that will do very nicely. Your Beloved Great Grandparents, John Heirlihy of Knockanure and Mary Sullivan of Danganasallagh are very well pleased, and oh, especially so is your Beloved Grandfather, Risteárd of Ullanes. Know it well this day, Risteárd that you are of a lineage of guardians of sacred places, in particular of sacred places here on the isle of Éire, and of the sacred isle itself that is Éire, and of this sacred planet that is Earth.

Self: Grand dear mother, I am but a humble writer and speaker of words, how can this be? *Abbey:* I'm in your heart, Risteárd. Be of the courage and duty of your noble ancestry. Know that a time is coming in the very near future, in which you'll be called upon to courageously safeguard a sacred place in the village below. *Self:* How will I know when this time has come upon me? *Abbey:* You will know it to be so when your heart is greatly moved with reading the following words: "Nothing can come between us and the love of …, even if we are troubled or worried, or being persecuted, or lacking food or clothes, or being threatened or even attacked. These are the trials through which we triumph, by the power of … who

loved us. For I am certain of this: neither death nor life, no angel, no prince, nothing that exists, nothing still to come, not any power, or height or depth, nor any created thing, can ever come between us and the love of … made visible in … .” *Self:* Be it be unto me, Beloved Grandmother Abbey according to your word. And with kissing me on the left side of my face, and patting Matrix on the head, my beautiful young grandmother is evanescing from out of my vision. I’m needing to sit down awhile here on the first step for I am emotionally overcome with tears of joy that my Grandmother Abbey presented herself to me, and presented herself to me full healthily in this lovely place; this now

more than ever sacred place. *River Mirth:* Your grandmother loves you dearly. *Self:* Yes, she does, and I her now more than ever before, for I had never met her; have never met any of my grandparents on either side for they had all passed away before I was born. And with looking back once more at Abbey's Grotto, and with happy remembrances, I'm now strolling down along the road with Matrix back to the village, and being given to greatly admiring everything along the way. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* I'm seeing the planet's only moon over there in the mid-eastern blue sky. And although I can't see it due to the blueness of the sky, I know Star Regulus to be now also occupying that same part of the heavens. I'm noticing through the trees with passing that house down there on my right on the bank of the Golden, that its half door is partially ajar. For some very interesting reason it's taking my mind back to the time of neighbouring isle poet, William Wordsworth. *River Mirth:* In what way? *Self:* The lovely feeling that I'm experiencing now with looking at the partially open half door there through the trees must be akin to what he would have experienced, when stopped in his strollings or journeyings by a lovely sight such as this be it beneath trees or beside lakes. Being captivated by the beauty of its simplicity, he like me would have felt the need to provide it with a life everlasting in the bosom of words. Oh, how I love this strolling back to the village for the scenery there in the near and way off far to the north is so wondrously picturesque; so rurally splendid. *River Mirth:* What especially sets the village beauty for you there within? *Self:* It would have to be the old abandoned Church, in particular its bell tower; the high gable end of Clancy's Bar & Accommodation, and the bell tower of our lovely Parish Church, namely Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. With continuing on down, we are now with passing the stream on the opposite side of the road in front of Martha & Ted's house home, and along by the majestic high poplars and profusion of white daises there at the entrance to

Marjorie & Michael's place. With keeping right, the lovely bridge over the Golden riverlet is now coming into view. When reaching it, I'm going to sit down on a slab there on the southern side. *River Mirth:* As you're sitting there what are you seeing and hearing? *Self:* Lovely shimmering gurgling waters. *River Mirth:* And how about Matrix. What's he doing? *Self:* He's enjoying sitting there at my feet in the shade of the low bridge wall. A young crow is going down among the bunches of small white daises there on the eastern bank, and down among the buttercups to sip of the refreshing waters for the afternoon is quite warm. Oh, and some playful

swallows are sweeping down o'er the waters again and again, and with each fly over are sipping up from its shimmerings. Three rabbits are playfully running around after each other over up there along the western bank. Over there, a jackdaw is enjoying coming in to alight on the old mill wall. Crows high up in the grove, opposite Annetta & Aiden's place are having a great chat for themselves, so they are. *River Mirth:* What do you imagine might be the topic of their conversation? *Self:* Oh, they're probably talking about Matrix and me sitting over here by the pretty bridge o'er the lovely Golden. We're now strolling along by the grove; along by the wall and gate of the old cemetery, and on by the magnolia tree here as we turn left into Barrack Street. We're crossing over and going down along here in front of Clancy's Bar & Accommodation, Michael O'Brien & Sons real estate agency, The Latch restaurant, and the Daybreak supermarket before turning right here into East Street. Out back, and Matrix is delighted to be slopping and splashing a drink from a full bowl of cool fresh water. *River Mirth:* Is Misty about? *Self:* Yes, Misty with the least amount of effort has been letting us know that he has noticed our return. And deeming that to be enough effort exerted for both himself and us has resumed his happy napping with seeming indifference. *River Mirth:* How long had you been out strolling? *Self:* About three and three quarter hours.

While my legs feel somewhat tired, I'm very contented and very thankful for all the beauty and wonders that I had experienced on the stroll. In a little while, I will go down West Street to be in the Enterprise Car Park when Sung-ja drives in from Fermoy. We enjoy strolling arm in arm, and chatting away up and down to the car park several times a week. It's also a very nice opportunity for us to stop and chat with others along the way.

River Mirth: How does fashion conscious Sung-ja look this early eve? *Self:* As always she looks beautiful. The only thing that changes with her is the greater the

degree of her beauty. This eve, she looks lovely in her soft pink top with her diamond-like necklace, and her beautifully fitting green to brown pinstripe pants. Not to mention of course her pretty black shoes. Clothes, shoes, handbags and jewellery are blessed to find their way to Sung-ja, and by a fine naturalness also to Iris. Clothes on Rich are Giorgio Armani's dream come true. Across on the other footpath, and heading for the car park is earnest chemist, the lovely Helaine McGrath with her jolly maidens in attendance. They're waving to us one and all and we in return to them. Oh, and there sits snoozing away for himself by kind Audrey's door is the contented village hound: a lovely black and

white border collie. Having had a lovely supper we'll now enjoy doing what we normally do every evening.
River Mirth: And what is that?
Self: Sung-ja will either enjoy watching some television, doing some painting, playing piano or reading a book. And I'll go up to the attic to do some writing, and say hello to my friends on MySpace. I enjoy reading and replying to their comments. And from place to place, and according as inspiration nudges me, I also enjoy composing poetry for their photo albums, and melodies. Some day, I would like to include those poems in a book. At about 11 o'clock, I'll finish up in the attic, and come down here to the sitting room to enjoy chatting with Sung-ja before we'll go to bed. We'll share stories from this evening. Sung-ja perhaps from something she will have had watched on television, and I some nice replies that I will have had received from some of my MySpace friends.
River Mirth: What time is it now? *Self:* It's close on midnight, and we're coming upstairs here to take a nice shower, and enjoy playing some Sunrise n' Sunset in the Valley before giving thanks to Our Provider for our Lovelies; giving thanks for our many blessings as we'll fall into a cosy deep sleep with I holding Sung-ja's left hand in my right as we always do.
Goodnight. *River Mirth:* Goodnight. *Self:* Oh, may! I'm being woken up!
River Mirth: By Sung-ja? *Self:* Sung-ja is sleeping away peacefully here next to me. *River Mirth:* Have you the light on? *Self:* No, as I don't' want to be waking her from her happy dreams. *River Mirth:* What time is it?
Self: It's just after 3:40 in the predawning of Tuesday, the 13th May 2008.
River Mirth: What has woken you up? *Self:* A soft cool refreshing breeze which is coming in through the slightly ajar bedroom door. That's a little strange. I'm going to get up and see if perhaps I had inadvertently left some window open earlier. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* I'm standing here on the landing

outside our bedroom door. *River Mirth:* Have you located the source of the breeze? *Self:* It seems to be coming down from up there in the attic. I must have left one or both of the two skylights open. Seeing that I know every hollow and groove in these steps of the stairs, I don't need to be putting on any lights. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* With approaching my writing desk, I'm being enfolded by a wave of flower fragrancies of many different kinds. It's like unto a perfume I have never experienced before. And now, suddenly it's gone! *River Mirth:* How about the skylights? Are they open?
Self: The skylight above my head here is firmly closed. Yes, and this one over here is also firmly closed. For some reason, I'm feeling I should open this second one and look out. Both skylights are facing south. *River*

Mirth: What are you seeing? *Self:* Over there in the southeast, and just above the silhouetted crab apple tree is brightly shinning planet Jupiter.
And although it's still quite dark, I can hear some birds singing, geese cackling, and a rooster crowing on and off in some back garden. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* In the east by southeast heavens, there is suddenly coming into appearance the constellations Pegasus, Equuleus, Delphinus, Aquila, Vulpecula, Cygnus, and Lyra! And in a moment of transformation, that entire part of the sky, including where Jupiter was has now taken on the appearance of a sunny bright colourful May countryside day scene; a day scene like any such day in May that we would have here on the isle of Éire. It's truly beautiful. So many colours, and so many fragrancies! There are butterflies and birds of many different kinds happily flying about and leisurely alighting here and there on flowers and trees. There is a family of trout playfully leaping about amongst creamy coloured flowers in a riverlet over there on the left.
For all the world the scene very much resembles the beauteous environs of Tallow of mid-May days with mares and their foals contentedly grazing away in the fields. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* There's a beautiful lady, having apple blossoms in her saffron to gold hair, and dressed in a long soft lilt green going down to white down to sky blue dress strolling on her own up the fields. She is reaching a place where there are three children excitedly awaiting her arrival. *River Mirth:* Do you know who she is; who the children are? *Self:* She and they somehow seem familiar to me. I know them, yet I don't. And with reaching the children she is embracing them. And having enjoyed chatting with them she is now sitting down and playing a lyre, and singing a most delightful
ditty for them on friendship in which they are joining in with her at the chorus as they dance about her. Charming is this harmony of voices, words, and sounding lyre. And from time to time she's looking over

here unto me; smiling warmly glad tidings unto my heart. The wondrous scene is evanescing away, and that part of the sky is returning to its usual changing self. Brightly shinning Jupiter is again visible there just above the silhouetted crab apple tree albeit a slight little bit more due south. I can hear some birds singing, geese cackling, and a rooster crowing on and off in some back garden. *River Mirth:* What time is it? *Self:* It's coming up on 3:55. I've closed the skylight, and am now carefully making my way here back down the dark stairs to return to bed, and hopefully to sleep. *River Mirth:* Is Sung-ja awake? *Self:* No, she's still sleeping away peacefully. And I'm with care getting back into bed next her; gently

taking hold of her left hand in my right for by doing so I've always fallen asleep much quicker. *River Mirth:* What time is it? *Self:* It's … yes, now; yes, now I seem to be falling, fallin, fall into this very deep deep love … love …ly … sle … It's … it … i … 4 … :09 … falling into this very de … lov … lo …ly … sle … *River Mirth:* Sleep soundly and dream charmingly.

Soft fragrant breeze blowing Dream reality 1

River Mirth: Where are you now? *Self:* I'm in a dream of mine.
River Mirth: What are you dreaming? *Self:* It's a warm sunny day, and I am standing here on a mossy mound that before me is going round in an arc away there to the left. And there are trees surrounding it. There's a soft fragrant breeze blowing through my hair and about my face. And I'm hearing the mellifluous voices of small birds. There's a small pond of water in the field over there to my right where some crows are leisurely sipping away for themselves. Off there in the surrounding distance are some soft navy-hued hills. The sky is a delightful blue with some white wispy clouds scattered about here and there. Judging by the height

and location of the Sun, it feels as if it is mid afternoon. And by the growth of the leaves on the trees hereabout, I take it to be sometime in early May. And clearly, it is somewhere on the beautiful isle of Éire. *River Mirth:* Are you happy to be in this place? *Self:* Yes; yes, I'm feeling very happy to be

in this lovely grove, and somehow it feels as if I have been here before.
I'm now sitting here in a natural seat created between a double-trunk tree that is growing out of the side of the mossy mound. And there are also bunches of buttercups growing next to the tree. Lovely is their fragrance. *River Mirth:* How are you attired? *Self:* I'm wearing a ruby coloured light sweater, a sapphire coloured trousers, and sienna coloured shoes. *River Mirth:* What else can you see in the surrounding? *Self:* Behind me is some kind of wooden fence which has a small road running along by it. And on the opposite side of the road, I can make out a green field through some trees, and beyond it in the distance a very bare, chalky, almost barren looking hill. Suddenly! *River Mirth:* Suddenly? *Self:* Yes, suddenly I'm finding myself up from the tree seat, and am happily strolling along here on top of the mossy mound. There are some buttercups and small white daises growing all along on my left. And the fragrancies are truly delightful. I'm strolling within the circle of the mossy mound; in the interior of the grove with the high blue wispy white cloud sky canopying over me. There's something becoming in my right hand. *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* A twig of some one yard (one meter) in length. I'm holding a tree twig in my right hand and resting it on my right shoulder; a tree twig which must have fallen off a tree sometime last year, for it feels so to be so. The grove and I are being bathed in beauteous warm golden sunlight. The grass beneath me is exquisitely light and shadow patterned. In a circle growing in the center of the grove are some bushes of a kind. Of what kind I do not know. *River Mirth:* What are you doing now? *Self:* I'm turning and standing and looking at the bushes there in the center of the grove. From out of the center of them, and to my amazement is arising an unknown beautiful bird about the size of a thrush! And with having circled five times in the air above the grove it is

now coming to alight on the twig that is resting here on my shoulder. I feel as if am with the sensations and the knowledge of a tree at having a bird alighting on one of my branches, and by extension the knowledge and the sensations of a bird at having alighted on a branch of a tree; me by three. As I'm continuing on with my strolling, the bird here is enjoying singing away on the twig. And I am finding myself to be with singing along with her. *River Mirth:* Where are you going now? *Self:* I'm walking up from the interior of the grove to go sit on the surrounding mossy mound that I may be with reflectively taking in this whole wondrous scene. *River Mirth:* Is the bird still delightfully singing on the twig? *Self:* A moment or two ago, the bird and twig left from out of my presence. *River*

Mirth: Are you sitting on the surrounding mossy mound? *Self:* Yes, I'm
sitting here on the southwestern side of the grove in a cushy natural dip in the mossy mound between these two trees. I'm facing the center of the grove. And between the center and me and slightly to my right is a tree growing within the grove. I'm enjoying listening to the mellifluous voices of the birds about. And I'm wondering from whence had come that unknown and most beautiful bird of a little while ago, and to where had it disappeared. And, I'm wondering when I had noticed that the twig had left my hand. With the lovely warmth of Sun caressing me here from behind, and this soft breeze playing in my wavy hair and about my smiling face, I'm now beginning to feel quite drowsy. *River Mirth:* What are you thinking? *Self:* I'm thinking that surely this must be the loveliest of places I've ever, ever, ever been to here on my native island home. *River Mirth:* How do you know you're in your native place on the planet, that clearly you're somewhere on the beautiful isle of Éire? *Self:* I just know it to be so, and so true it is to be so. And with such pleasing thoughts, I'm now falling, fall, fa … into a delightfully deep, deep sleep, slee, sle ... *River Mirth:* Sleep soundly and dream charmingly. *Self:* Yes, ye, y, … *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* I'm in a dream within a dream. *River Mirth:* Where in the dream within the dream are you? *Self:* I'm sitting here in Abbey's Grotto with Misty snoozing away upon my lap, and Matrix stretched out and snoozing by my feet on what feels to be a lovely May afternoon. *River Mirth:* What's your attirement? *Self:* My creamy Malta hat, white long sleeve open neck shirt with cuffs one fold up, mossy green trousers, light brown socks, and shiny blue shoes. In my shirt pocket is a green notepad and pen. And in my trouser pockets there is a communication piece, and the keys to our house home. I'm wearing soft auburn framed spectacles, and about my neck, I'm wearing a necklace having two silver medals: one a medal depicting a cornucopia-

minded lady which was a wedding present to me from Sung-ja, and the other depicting a rays of joy-minded lady which was presented to me by
my parents upon I first departing the shores of Éire. And on my left hand here am I wearing my beautiful gold wedding ring. *River Mirth:* Where's your gaze? *Self:* It's out there over the beautiful undulating countryside before me, and in an arc stretching from the northeast there on my left, around to the southeast here on my right, just beyond that fuinnseog coille (a tree) that grows inside the fence, and frequently up there at the white wispy-cloud rich blue sky is it wont to wander and wonder. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* Hovering there in yon

mid sun veiled sky before me, is that which has the similitude of a great
golden sceptre lying on its side, and having green fleur-de-lis blossoming twigs extending from both ends. *River Mirth:* How long is it? *Self:* It's taking up almost two-thirds of the arc way. In the remaining third, there in the southeast, the fuinnseog coille is still clearly visible. Oh! And now the great golden like sceptre is slowly beginning to unwind down like unto that of a scroll. And as it is doing so, there is emitting from it this most delightful fragrance. *River Mirth:* And in its height and depth how far does it reach? *Self:* I can still see some of the blue sky and white wispy clouds above it, and some of the green fields and the colourful fence flora beneath it. *River Mirth:* What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 18th January 2008, namely my first day, rather my first evening on MySpace. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person.
River Mirth: Of whom? *Self:* It's a painting of a me; a harmonious man, and I'm wearing my creamy Malta hat, a white short sleeve open necked T-shirt, and I am carrying a rucksack as I can see it straps. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise when and where it was taken? *Self:* Yes, it was taken by Sung-ja in July 2007 while we were vacationing on the beautiful island of Malta in the Mediterranean. *Malta Self:* Hi, Rich did you enjoy your holiday here in beautiful Malta? *Self:* Yes, Rich it was wonderful. I would love to visit there again or even live there as I found it so very inspirational. Where are ye visiting next, Rich on Malta? *Malta Self:* Tomorrow morning first thing we're going to visit the Knights of St John's Cathedral in Valletta. *Self:* Wonderful! Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Centaurus.

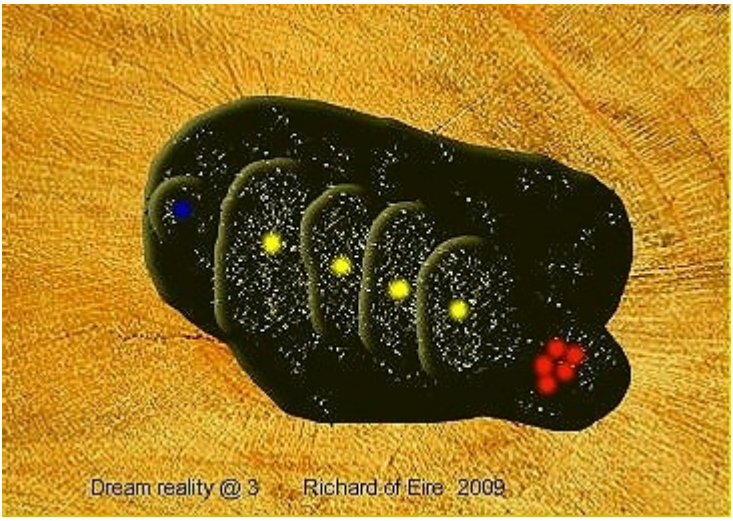
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 19th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: actress, singer, Adrienne Bailon of New York City. *River Mirth:* Can you describe what she looks like? *Self:* Yes, she's got beautiful eyes, a beautiful smile, and beautiful long golden wavy hair. *Adrienne:* Hi, Richard of Éire? *Self:* Hi, Adrienne? I like your words: "to highlight the value of cooking in the Hispanic culture and the importance of passing it on to the next generation." This is how I feel too about reflections leading on to insights, in that we need to value them, and somehow store them safely in some kind of time capsule for future generations. William Shakespeare put it ever so nicely when he said: "So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee." (Sonnet XVIII) We need the very best of flower; a peaceful, loving

disposition of the heart when kneading the tough, and a constant temperature in the oven. Then what is mysteriously produced is a bread that is good for both the body and the spirit for all in that house, and even for the passing stranger. And here’s a gift in words for your new day, Adrienne from one of my own works: “Compact disc

albums make for philosophical teachings in the hands of the seers of the age. Speak some more for on music I can with discussion make.
Come following on from the next new Moon there will be appearing a delicious album all richly endowed with philosophical teachings. Speak some more.” (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Seventh canto: Pastoral) Lyrically … :) … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Pavo.

Wavy black hair n’eath a wide green hat Dream reality 3



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 20th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, I do albeit I don’t know him to be one of

my MySpace friends. It's my friend: philosopher-poet, William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon and London. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he appears to be in his late forties. He has a fine head of wavy black hair n'eath a wide green hat bedecked with newly found pheasant feathers. He has a light foxy hued beard and moustache.

And he's wearing a maroon long sleeve open neck shirt, a rouge trousers, and brown footwear. *River Mirth:* Is there a place depicted in the painting? *Self:* Yes, an open azure coloured library door. William is sitting on the threshold reading *The Knight's Tale* in Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. And right next to him on the ground lying open is *Teseida delle nozze di Emilia* by Giovanni Boccaccio. *William:* Hi, Richard? *Self:* Hi, William? Nice to see you … :) … What are you working on at the moment? *William:* I've had this idea, Richard for a few months now for an end of a play, but as of yet, I don't have myself a play. I've no beginning or middle for the ending. All I have is this: "If we shadows have offended, think but this, and all is mended, that you have but slumbered here while these visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, no more yielding but a dream ..." And as such I'm trying to work my way back to a possible theme which would nicely lead up to this ending. I even have a title, Richard already in my head for this as of yet non-existent play. It will be called either *A Mid Love Summer's Dream* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Lepus.

Your ascetic ideal is to be peregrinatio pro amor
Dream reality 4

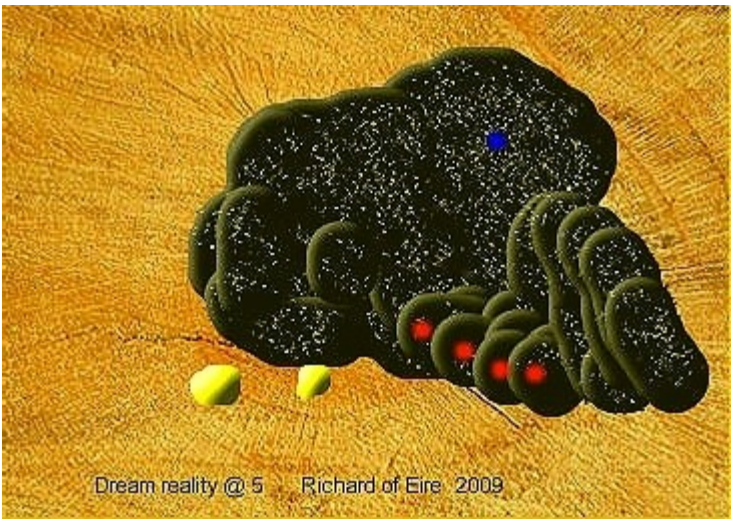
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 21st January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a mosaic in a sea-green tonality.
River Mirth: What does it depict? *Self:* A me has strolled passed on beyond a large pink granite obelisk, and I would appear to be heading for a large building beyond a giant statue of man who is holding a gold-plated sword in his right hand, and in his left a scroll containing an inscription in Hebrew. The starry heavens are high behind me; above me is a full moon, and preceding me is a raying sun. And beneath the mosaic there is an inscription which reads: "My dignity remains intact so long as my right and freedom to make wholesome decisions is a given from the very moment of my conception." *River Mirth:* How are you attired in the mosaic? *Self:* I'm wearing a wide-rimmed black apricot shaped hat, a semi long purple coat having some gold embroidery about the collar, a white

open neck shirt, brown trousers, and black shoes with a gold rose on the toe of either shoe. In my left hand, I'm holding a white lily while in my right a book entitled *The Solitudes of Eve*. And, I'm wondering why my book in the mosaic has this new title. *Mosaic Self:* Hi, Rich? Did you enjoy your visit here in beautiful Rome? *Self:* Yes, I did, Rich, but that

was over ten years ago. *Mosaic Self:* You're going to be visiting here again, Rich when you arrive at this future. You'll be visiting here as a holy, nuptial Columban for this age in which I am now abiding. And like our fellow countryman, virtuous Saint Columban you will bring the light of a new gospel into the dark places of the world, beginning from within that building up there ahead. *Self:* Once, Rich I followed Saint Columban for six years before coming to the realization that I was not ideally suited to be in his group. *Mosaic Self:* There was, Rich the man Saint Columban who was born in the Province of Leinster there on Éire in circa 540 and passed away at Bobbio here in Italy circa 615, and there are the followers of Saint Columban, namely, the Missionary Society of St. Columban. For which, Rich did you feel unsuitable: Saint Columban or those who would call themselves the followers of Saint Columban? *Self:* In hindsight, I would have to say, Rich that I felt unsuitable for those who called themselves the followers of Saint Columban albeit I greatly admired them for their faith and tenacity. Like Saint Columban I used love to study Sacred Scripture. *Mosaic Self:* You must continue to earnestly work, Rich as a nuptial hermit, a philosopher-poet-artist, and a writer of the lyrical kind. Your ascetic ideal is to be "peregrinatio pro amor", namely, make yourself a pilgrim for the sake of love, both in your person, and through your writings. In time, you'll also need to write a work on how to ideally live according to the new gospel; on how to live according to love. Your detachment is now and always to be from constrictive terrestrial points of view. Remember you, Rich, me, Rich, we, Rich one Rich be, and as one Rich I am past the past, present the present, and future the future. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Indus.

I’m also there in attendance Dream reality 5



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 22nd January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a large group of people attending some kind of indoor meeting. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise the place? *Self:* Yes, it’s the beautiful Community Hall in Tallow, and the painting’s point of view is from the back right hand side of the hall. The meeting appears to be taking place at night. The people seem to be very agitated over something thing the panel up front is telling them. I can’t clearly make out what the issue is but it appears to have something to do with what is been presented on a computer generated map of Éire. *Self:* Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* I can see that I’m also there in attendance. Sung-ja and I are sitting over there on the left five rows or so back from the front. *River Mirth:* Have you any memory of having attended such a meeting? *Self:* No, it seems to me as if it is some time in the future. With scrolling, other paintings are appearing and they show

Sung-ja and I entering a modern styled building which has a beautiful cobblestone mosaic out front.
We're now ascending a stairs within the building. *River Mirth:* Are there any signs or artwork on the walls?
Self: Yes, there's a sign which reads: "Rannóg Pleanála" (Planning Department). Now, Sung-ja and I are

sitting at a long table in a room. I'm writing something. *Table Self:* Hi, Rich? In time you'll need to come here to express your opposition to a serious threat to the village of Tallow, and its beautiful environs. *Self:* What threat do you speak of, Rich? *Table Self:* It's all contained here, Rich in this notice of opposition: To Whom It May Concern: ref. 08-712 We the undersigned oppose the proposed Industrial Waste and Bio-fuel Processing Plant on agricultural land on the main Tallow, Youghal road for the following reasons: #1. An immediate threat to Tallow's main water supply #2. Heavy trucks coming through the town 24/7 causing serious traffic problems: noise and also air pollution #3. Will destroy Tallow's image as the Gateway into county Waterford; will seriously effect or ruin Tallow tourism i.e. traffic congestion on all main routes leading in and out of the town e.g. to Youghal beach, Lismore, Middleton, and Fermoy. #4. An irreversible threat to both domestic animals esp. horses, and to wildlife e.g. red deer. Signed: Sung-ja Lee Mc Sweeney, Richard Mc Sweeney. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Grus.

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 23rd January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me approaching the front door of a building. *River Mirth:* Can you describe the painting? *Self:* Yes, with an envelope in my hand, I'm approaching the front door of the *Irish Examiner* newspaper office. This newspaper provides daily news, sport and business news for Ireland and beyond. The Editor is standing in the doorway with both hands resting on the pommel of a sword that he has standing on the concrete in front of him. *Editor:* Please, identify yourself. *Envelope Self:* Sir Editor, I'm Richard of Éire; a rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind. *Editor:* Well, rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind, how can I be of help? *Envelope Self:* Sir Editor, I would be most grateful, if you would kindly publish the following urgent article in any issue of this week's newspapers. I also include a photograph of myself

should you need to use it. *Editor:* Read it to me.
Envelope Self: Article title:

Contamination and Persecution in Tallow county Waterford

This past week here in Tallow has been a shock to the mind, and

a wound in the heart.

On Thursday evening, I attended a fact-finding public meeting in the Community Hall on an unbelievable threat to our very existence here in Tallow: the proposed establishment of an Industrial Waste and Bio-fuel Processing Plant on agricultural zoned land within audible and visible proximity of the town's main water supply.

There was such a passionate outcry from those in attendance that it now seems highly probable that the whole plan is a no-go. But just in case, I went down to Waterford County Council Offices on Friday morning and submitted my own personal opposition to the Planning Department. And I assume that many others will be doing likewise this week before submissions for opposition officially closes on this coming Monday, the 11th August.

No sooner were we the residents of the town and surrounding areas managing to put the shock of such a threat behind us than we were benumbed three days later, by an equally serious threat, but this time to our spiritual well being.

With arriving at Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception church here in Tallow for the regular 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday morning, the 3rd August, I and many of my fellow parishioners were dumbfounded and very upset to learn that our one and only Sunday morning Mass in our beautiful parish church has been done away with by our one week old new absentee parish priest, effective of Sunday, the 10th August! The previous parish priest of 14 years in the parish had, in the same fashion not so long ago, unilaterally done away with our other Sunday morning Mass: the 9 o'clock. It seems in former times there were four Sunday morning Masses celebrated in the parish church, the first being at 6 am.

The diocese of Waterford and Lismore had, in its political wisdom, decided to impose upon the large parish of Tallow and its much smaller neighbouring parish of Ballyduff, what may very well be described as a ‘binary star’ system of administration, namely of making the two parishes one and having them under the control of one parish priest. But as any one knows the second star in a binary star system is often hardly visible. The new parish priest would be residing in the

smaller parish of Ballyduff and would merely be a visitor of sorts to the other larger parish, that of Tallow. To put it in more official (canonical) terms he would be the Parish Priest of Ballyduff and the 'Priest-in-Charge' of Tallow.

This whole arrangement is totally unacceptable. The excuse that was given to us Sunday morning (3rd August) at Mass by the previous parish priest (coincidentally the new parish priest was not present) that there are no priests to take over the parish is a downright insult to our intelligence, especially to those of us who have lived abroad for a number of years.

The powers that be in the diocese need to bow their arrogant heads and be humble. Let them go out to the whole world, yes, beyond the borders of this small little diocese, this small little island to ask for help to keep alive in Ireland the Good News. In earnest let the diocese send out emissaries to request of bishops in such places as Africa, South America, Asia, and even to Europe. Go out to lands that were once mission lands for Irish missionaries. Have them explain to these bishops that we are in dire need of some priests here in Ireland to help us through this difficult period until a new day will dawn in spreading the Good News of the gospels. This is something that the diocese should have initiated at least three to five years ago so that we would not be finding ourselves in this deprived situation that we are now experiencing. The responsibility for this lack of foresight squarely rests with the diocese. We the people of the Tallow (and also of Ballyduff) should not have to pay for the diocese's gross incompetence. Waiting for a disaster to happen is very different from doing something about preventing it happening.

It is the message of Jesus that is of primary importance not the politicking of the Church. Let the

diocese be humble and go out to ask, and it shall find. Our Lady will help.

In the meantime, let the diocese appoint some lay people to conduct the readings, give a short homily, and distribute Holy Community on the Sunday mornings in the parish church. Surely, mothers who have bore and given birth to children and reared them, and fathers who have worked to support their wives and children would be

well able to perform such a weekly service for the people of the community as well as keep the parish church central in the minds of the people. This church has been the heritage of the parish since 1826, that is, from three years before Catholic Emancipation even came into effect.

Not alone has the new parish priest taken it upon himself, with the diocese's blessing, to do away with the Sunday morning Mass in the parish church, but he has also forbid removals to the church on Sundays. Thus in a single swipe (save for the one Mass on the Saturday nights in the church) our parish church has been turned into a place for the dead to enjoy rather than a place for the living. For the only Masses it seems that will be held in the church during the week from now on will be requiem Masses! The numerous plaques just inside the main door of the church depicting awards received for the marvellous upkeep of the parish graveyard could easily be taken to suggest that the church building itself is no more than a massive headstone situated dead in the centre of the graveyard.

The church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception is a truly beautiful church which, it must be said, was well maintained by the previous parish priest with repairs having been done to the roof, carpets laid on the floor, new doors installed, and both the interior and exterior painted. However, this pales in comparison to the desecration that has been done to it by former parish priests down through the years.

For example the removal of the beautiful surround galleries from which parishioners, especially during Christmas midnight Masses would have listened with pride to renowned Tallow tenor Frank Ryan sing the blessings of the celebration to them, to the unbelievable cultural vandalism of having exquisite frescos in the ceiling painted over because it was too much of a bother to maintain them; frescos that had

been commissioned for the church and done in person by Italian artists, to the latest act - that of depriving the church of its primary role that of a Sunday place of worship for the people of the parish. This beautiful sacred place, built by and for the people parish, must not be left go the way of the old church ruin over on Mill Road!

We the parishioners are not sheep, albeit oft have we been metaphorically dubbed as being so, no doubt for the sake of more

effective control. No, we the people of the parish of Tallow, made up as we are of members from near and far, should be viewed more as horses than sheep, although this too can have some inherent problems in it. But at least it is to be preferred than to be looked upon and treated accordingly as if we were sheep.

We in spirit, like the many horses in the fields about Tallow, are powerful, passionate, and at the same time very accommodating. But we will not be insulted or deprived of our religious right to worship in our place of worship on our day of worship. It is one thing to be persecuted from without, but by far the most heartbreaking is to be persecuted from within.

Last Sunday's (3rd August) 11 o'clock Mass must not be remembered as what the former parish priest, with tongue in cheek, from the pulpit, referred to as 'an historic day' but rather a real wake up call to how much we, the people of the parish, are being denied an opportunity to pass on our beliefs to our children in the bright sunlight of a Sunday morning. Attending Mass on a Sunday morning in the parish church was more than merely taking part in the celebration itself, but it also included having the chance after Mass to meet neighbours and friends that one may not have seen for a few days. And more importantly, it acted as an unbroken link with a tradition held by of our foreparents; the tradition of having time for each other within a sacred setting.

In needs to be brought to the public's attention that from this coming Sunday, August 10, the 9 o'clock Sunday morning Masses in the
beautiful, yet tiny Carmelite Convent chapel are in danger of becoming a major health and fire hazard due to an increase in the numbers of parishioners wanting to attend Mass of a Sunday morning and who would otherwise have normally attended the regular 11 o'clock Mass in the parish church.

Having so many people crammed into such a confined space is a very serious problem considering many of the parishioners are elderly and not always in the very best of health. Is the diocese prepared and ready to stand up to the liability plate should anything unwelcome happen to any of the parishioners during these forthcoming Masses in the Carmelite chapel?

May this past week be a week when we the people of Tallow said, ‘no’, you are not contaminating our town’s water supply! And ‘no’, you are not going to persecute us by denying us a Sunday morning Mass in our beautiful Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception parish church.

Tallow is not a town in Israel. We have a right by spiritual inheritance to worship on Sunday; to worship on Sunday in the sacred places of worship built for us by our foreparents. Religious persecution in any form or disguise is as lethal a contaminant to the spirit as is pig slurry to a freshwater spring.

This article is also meant to be a voice for the silent majority in the parish, in particular the humble elderly who were born and bred in beautiful Tallow or in its enchanting environs.

And fellow parishioners in other parishes within the diocese and in neighbouring dioceses, and in dioceses throughout the land - this article is also for you: an invitation for you to seriously reflect upon what is taking place in your own parish. If your parish has an elderly parish priest there is a very good chance that unless the diocese has gone out to the bigger world to seek for priests to come and help with the transition to a brighter day, then your future as a parish and its lovely churches will inevitably find itself in the very same or similar situation that Tallow has

found itself in today. We have been let down by our diocese big time. Let it be for you a sign to see.

And just because you live in a large parish today and are blessed with having a parish priest, you could very will be under the impression
that size is might, and as such that all is well, but read well these words written here within: that unless the powers that be in your diocese have humbled themselves and have gone out to ask for help from those in foreign lands who have a surplus of priests (and who would be more than willing to come and help) then your parish's epitaph is already being written, even as we speak.

It is the safe transmission of the Good News to brighter days that needs to be the primary focus of our attention. And it is our right to listen to and celebrate that Good News on our traditional day of worship, and in our sacred places built for us by our foreparents. Thus, let us have

the courage to be faithful to our heritage for, from within it can we grow in the ways, truths, and life of each other, and for each other near and far.

In passionate lovingkindness.

Editor: Sorry, Richard of Éire. We've more important concerns to publish. Good day. *Self:* And continuing to scroll a similar painting is presenting itself: With an envelope in my hand, I'm approaching the front door of the *Irish Catholic* newspaper office. The *Irish Catholic* is a weekly newspaper that provides news and informed comment about the Church and social issues in Ireland and the world. The Editor is standing in the doorway with both hands resting on the pommel of a sword that he has standing on the concrete in front of him. *Editor:* Please, identify yourself. *Envelope Self:* Sir Editor, I'm Richard of Éire; a rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind. *Editor:* Well, rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind, how can I be of help?
Envelope Self: Sir Editor, I would be most grateful, if you would kindly publish the following urgent article in this week's issue of your newspaper. I also include a photograph of myself should you need to use it. *Editor:* Read it to me. *Envelope Self:* And I did read it in its entirety to him. *Editor:* Sorry, Richard of Éire. We've more important concerns to publish. Good day. *Self:* And continuing to scroll a similar painting is presenting itself: With an envelope in my hand, I'm approaching the front door of the *Munster Express* newspaper office. The *Munster Express* is southeast Ireland's leading news and information source. The Editor is standing in the doorway with both hands resting on the pommel of a sword that he has standing on the concrete in front of him. *Editor:* Please, identify yourself. *Envelope Self:* Sir Editor, I'm Richard of Éire; a rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind. *Editor:* Well, rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind, how can I be of help?

Envelope Self: Sir Editor, I would be most grateful, if you would kindly publish the following urgent article in this week's issue of your newspaper. I also include a photograph of myself should you need to use it. *Editor:* Read it to me. *Envelope Self:* And I did read it in its entirety to him. *Editor:* Sorry, Richard of Éire. We've more important concerns to publish. Good day. *Self:* And continuing to scroll a similar painting is presenting itself: With an envelope in my hand, I'm approaching the front door of the *Dungarvan Leader* newspaper office. The *Dungarvan*

Leader is a flourishing local weekly newspaper, serving the communities of Dungarvan and West Waterford. The Editor is standing in the doorway with both hands resting on the pommel of a sword that he has standing on the concrete in front of him. *Editor:* Please, identify yourself.
Envelope Self: Sir Editor, I'm Richard of Éire; a rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind. *Editor:* Well, rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind, how can I be of help? *Envelope Self:* Sir Editor, I would be most grateful, if you would kindly publish the following urgent article in this week's issue of your newspaper. I also include a photograph of myself should you need to use it. *Editor:* Read it to me. *Envelope Self:* And I did read it in its entirety to him. *Editor:* Sorry, Richard of Éire. We've more important concerns to publish. Good day. *Self:* And continuing to scroll a similar painting is presenting itself: With an envelope in my hand, I'm approaching the front door of *The Avondhu* newspaper office. The *Avondhu Press Newspaper* was established in 1978 and covers the areas of North East Cork, West Waterford, South Limerick and South Tipperary. This successful weekly - published Thursday - boasts a readership of almost 40,000. The first edition was a modest 4-page edition which has since grown to an average of 80 pages. The Editor is standing in the doorway with both hands resting on the pommel of a sword that he has standing on the concrete in front of him. *Editor:* Richard, nice to see you again. Welcome! What can I do for you? *Envelope Self:* I would be most grateful, Liam, if you would kindly publish the following urgent article in this week's issue of your newspaper. I also include a photograph of myself should you need to use it. *Editor Liam:* Certainly, Richard. Will do. *Envelope Self:* Thanks, Liam. *Editor Liam:* You're more than welcome, Richard. How often in an age is a community; is a country blessed by the presence of a rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind in its midst? No, rather it is we who need to be thankful to you, Richard, and to help you in any way we can to get

your invaluable reflections on life out to the world, and to safely archive them for future generations. *Envelope Self:* Hi, Rich? A time is coming when you'll need to write such an article, and go and submit it to these different offices for publication.
Self: Rich, I can't even imagine that the diocese of Waterford-Lismore would take such an unheard of action as is outlined there in your article. And in this year of Jubilee celebrating the 150th anniversary of the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary to Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes? There must be some mistake.
Envelope Self: Believe me, Rich there's no mistake. Out of your great love for the beautiful parish church

of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception here in Tallow, you will of a Sunday and Monday some months hence from now be with writing such an article as I have here. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Pisces.

Flock of birds circling above our house home Dream reality 7

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 24th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a flock of various birds. *River Mirth:* Can you describe the scene? *Self:* Yes, it's of a great flock of birds circling above our house home in Tallow. Some birds are also alighted on the telephone wire connecting to the house while others are in front of a me who is strolling in front of Kay's Floral Shop towards the square.

Birds: Congratulations! Well done! Thank you! Needed to be said. Great work! You've said what all wanted to say. It took great courage. A balm for the heart. Passionate! You've spoken up for our spiritual well being.
Our Lady is thankful to you. A celebration of courage. We agree the arrangement is totally unacceptable. Yes, they need to be more humble.

Well done but I wouldn't totally agree with you. You forgot to mention that he also banned the ringing of the church bell save for the requiems.
You've caused a new day to dawn in the village. It's the message that is of primary importance. Speak to us homilies in kind. I oft prayed and sung in those beautiful surround galleries. I loved those frescos. We're not sheep. We like horses are powerful, passionate, and accommodating. We have our religious right to worship on our day of worship. We need to stay linked to our foreparents. Our water supply must remain pure. We have a right to a Sunday morning Mass in our beautiful Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception parish church. Religious persecution in any form or disguise is a lethal contaminant. Our spiritual well being must be safeguarded. On behalf of the elderly, I say thank you from the bottom of my heart. Very well said, in that it's the safe transmission of the Good News to brighter days that needs to be the primary focus of our attention. You've given us courage to be faithful to our heritage. I like what you said that we can grow in the ways, truths, and life of each other through being faithful to our heritage. What a beautiful phrase: in passionate lovingkindness. *Strolling Self:* Thank you; you're most welcome. Yes, Our Lady will help us. I respect that you can't totally agree with me. I miss the bell being rung for the Angelus times with its sequence of 3-3-3-9 strokes. Yes, it's the safe transmission of the Good News to brighter days that needs to be the primary focus of our attention. We must safeguard our spiritual well being; keep pure our water supply. Yes, in being faithful to our heritage we grow in the ways, truths, and life of each other. Hi, Rich? Many will come like this to congratulate you, and give you many the good word, but you must not become disheartened should no action on their part be immediately forthcoming. *Self:* Rich, have any with white neck ringlets wearing come to express their opinion to you one way or another? *Strolling Self:* No bird or birds fitting that description, Rich or even one

with a white lace rochet wearing have yet contacted me by telephone, letter or handshake. *Self:* Are you desirous for them to do so, Rich? *Strolling Self:* Rich, I have no such desire or any need for such a desire. As you know, once a Holy Father of Rome did shake my hand, and so too did a saintly sister of Calcutta. What need then have I for the narrow-minded to be with getting in touch with me? *Self:* And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of me approaching the front door of a building. *River Mirth:* Can you describe the painting? *Self:* Yes, with an envelope in my hand, I'm approaching the front door of the *Sunday*

Independent newspaper office. The *Sunday Independent*, including *The Irish Independent*, and The *Evening Herald*'s primary mission is to deliver content and service to its customers that is local, national, global and relevant. The Editor is standing in the doorway with both hands resting on the pommel of a sword that he has standing on the concrete in front of him. *Editor:* Good morning, Richard of Éire? How can I be of help? *Envelope Self:* Sir Editor, I thank you for publishing some of my previous letters, and with keeping this in mind, I would like to request publication of this letter in next Sunday's *Sunday Independent*. *Editor:* You're welcome, Richard of Éire. However, as we have so many wishing to have their letters published, I would kindly request that you read it to me, and I'll be able to decide here on the spot whether we will publish it or not.

Envelope Self:

Sir,

How long; how long do we have to remain sitting upon the fences of the ages or standing in the doorways of time before we come to realise that our heritage is ours to preserve or to let deteriorate until it is no more?

I refer to your article "..." *Sunday Independent*, dated … with reference to how we value our precious heritage and what we are prepared to do to protect it.

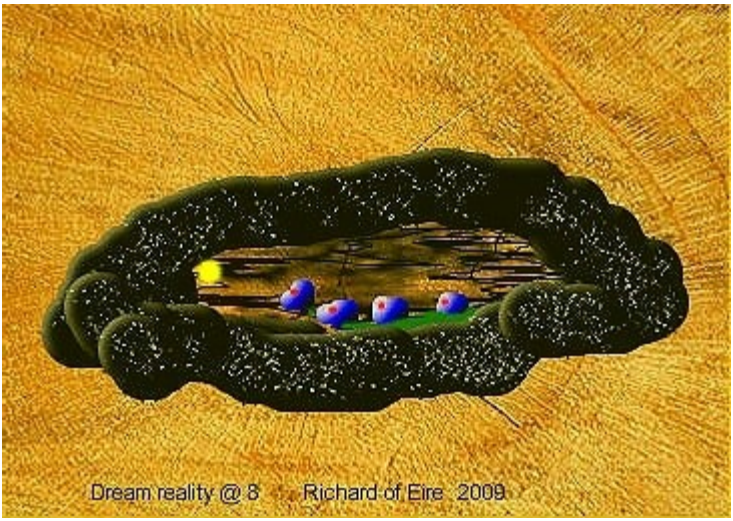
It is one thing to painstakingly and lovingly restore an old building to its former splendour and glory in the face of every kind of preventive and stalling tactic being flung in your way. And it is yet another thing to have the full support of the powers that be to reconstruct from centuries of ruination the remnants of a castle or abbey.

> But, what shall we say of the most piteous of cultural situations in which a beautiful living building of worship, such as we have here in the Waterford-Cork border town of Tallow, is with one thoughtless swipe of a diocesan pen left to the mercy of damp, fungi, and the elements? Where in the gospels is the Jesus precedent for such politicking, coffer-watching and self retirement-feathering to be found?
>
> Disrespect for our heritage will only begin to end when those in state or church positions of authority will stop making decisions for us with their backs to the sun.

Editor: Sorry, Richard of Éire. We've more relevant work to publish.
Drop by any time. You're always welcome to request publication of your work with us. *Envelope Self:* Hi, Rich? A time is coming when you'll need to write such a letter, and go and submit it to this office for publication.
Self: Rich, the issue of our heritage is very precious to me as well as its careful preservation for future generations. But, I can't even imagine that the diocese would with one thoughtless swipe of a pen let our beautiful living building of worship to the mercy of damp, fungi, and the elements.
Things like that don't happen, Rich in the 21st century. Such an action, if it were to happen would be tantamount to desecration, and an affront to our spiritual heritage. No, things like that don't happen, Rich in the 21st century. *Envelope Self:* Believe me, Rich it's going to happen. And out of your great respect for our precious heritage and its careful preservation you will of a Tuesday some months hence from now be with writing such a letter as I have here. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying

floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Chamaeleon.

Beautifully declare the wonder of yourself Dream reality 8



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 25th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Iain of Paca, France. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he's got black shortcut hair. He's wearing a dark blue round neck type of T-shirt. And he's sitting in a room for I can see a table in the background. *Iain:* Hi, Richard of Éire?
Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Iain? And also to meet you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Una, and reads as follows: "Hi, Graceful Una, Here are some words that you will like: "Then said my Suibhne, "Speak to us of our Love." And she raised her head and looked upon my people, and there fell my stillness upon them. And

with her voice in my gentleness she said: When our Most Beloved beckons to us, follow Her, Though Her ways are hard and steep.
And when Her wings enfold us, yield to Her, Though Her hailstones hidden in Her summer showers may wound us. And when She speaks to us, believe in Her, Though Her voice at times may shatter our dreams as our north wind lays waste our garden. For even as Her love …”

(Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*)
Continue to beautifully declare the wonder of yourself, Una. Lyrically … :) … Richard" Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Delphinus.

Presenting a basket of fresh peaches Dream reality 9

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 26th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: soprano, Anna Netrebko of Russia & Austria. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's got a lovely smile with shoulder length black hair. She's wearing a white short sleeve dress with a blue floral pattern. On her left wrist she's

wearing a watch. She is sitting some place, could be on a stage, but I can't make it out for sure from the given background. *Anna:* Hi, Richard of Éire? *Self:* Hi, Anna? Beautiful it is to meet you. May these following words taken from the introduction to my work, *Innkeeper's Fire* joyfully find a place in your heart: "In the preface to Russian Album (2006)

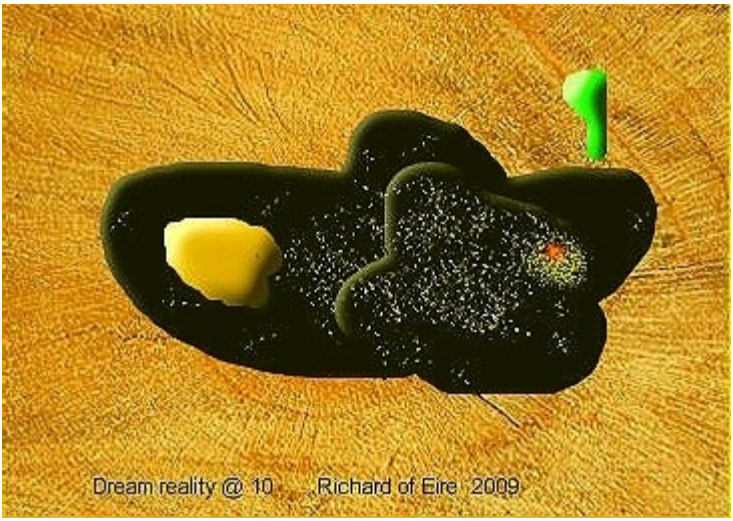
featuring the wonderful Russian soprano Anna Netrebko singing arias of
her homeland, Valery Gergiev director of the St. Petersburg Mariinsky Theatre, speaks of her as follows: ‘‘Even if she learns many more new parts, this (the role of Natasha Rostov in War and Peace) will remain one of the chief roles in the life of Anna Netrebko. That’s because this type of heroine perfectly fits her dramatic, vocal, and musical possibilities. And she also corresponds ideally to the character’s visual conception.’’ Inspired by his words, and enchanted by the luscious voice, incandescent beauty, musical technique, and natural drama of Anna Netrebko, I am lightheartedly given over to metamorphosing: Even if I write many more new books, this (the role of Rísteárd Mac Grailt in Innkeeper’s Fire) will remain one of the chief male character roles in my life. That’s because this type of calm, wise, bright, joyous, courteous, warm voiced, nuptial hermit and family man; this rural philosopher-poet-artist who tells mythic stories and engages in homely conversations perfectly fits my imaginative, writing, and poetic possibilities. And I also feel I correspond ideally to his lyrical outlook on life. To date, Rísteárd has to be without a doubt my signature male role, and Innkeeper’s Fire with its fascinating repertoire of overtures, recitatives, arias, choruses, and silences (prologues, invocations, stories, conversations, and silences) my celebratory incarnation of spontaneous, independent, Irish philosophical speculation. And may it be on bright fresh spring mornings of yet to come, that you the generations unto the ages of the ages will confirm what I have written here this day to have been quite true all along, and in joyfulness of heart may you from whence with it be in goodly company. Ave.” With gratitude and well being, Anna, Lyrically … :) … *Anna:* … *Self:* And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s addressed to someone named, Gordon, and reads as follows: “Good afternoon, Gordan, Thank you. Sedona

truly looks very beautiful. And your presence in its midst even adds to its serenity. “Rísteárd is now crossing over an ancient stone bridge on his way back down to the inn. Pausing, for he is noticing some unusual clouds quickly forming off to the southeast. They are not rain clouds for so white and light are they. From high up in the blue behind the clouds there is opening down an avenue of a golden blue hue. Floating in a standing position down along the avenue to the surface of the stream is a young Chinese woman of great beauty ~~~ along over the surface of the shimmering water floating she is towards Rísteárd. Rísteárd recognizes her. Li Ping Yang’s dress of finest colours and

exquisite quality is in the style of a Tang Dynasty princess. Of sublime natural beauty are her hands and feet. Oh, how wonderful is her smile! She is presenting to Rísteárd a basket of fresh peaches.
In elegant poetic Chinese, Ping Yang is telling him that she has come on behalf of her father, the Immortal Poet Li Tai Bai to present him with a great blessing touching on the landscape of Huang Shan. Rísteárd whose love of the landscape of Huang Shan is comparable only to that of his love for the landscape of Éire is with tears of joy humbly accepting the blessing." (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 28, Who said I) With gratitude and well being, Gordan, Richard" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Iain of Paca. *Iain:* Hello Richard, I wanted to thank you for your quotation in my comments! Your books look interesting I shall look them up on Amazon. I'm a keen mind, always ready for a challenge or different way of seeing. Thanks again. *Self:* Iain, you're very welcome.
Your wonderful field of corn inspired the quotation. I'm delighted to hear of your interest in my works. Yes, there is a great satisfaction and joy, Iain in looking at things differently. Challengingly … :) … And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Contemplative Man, and reads as follows: "Good evening Contemplative Man, "I had been called from my dreams to come forth and witness on the banks of the Great River of the South the grandeur of new beginnings, and to become reacquainted with an old friend. With the floating higher of sun and the expanding of the tidal waters, I decided to make for myself a simple rod from a length of river driftwood that I found in the nearby rushes. And with taking the stems of fresh riverside flowers, I made for myself a fine long line that I knotted on to the end of the rod. I was pleased with my work, and so did cast the line on the waters. And there I sat on a grass-carpeted promontory with my legs dangling over the edge as I watched the green woven line, with its lovely

purple flowers floating away on the surface of the waters.” (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 20 A joyous signature) Lyrically, Richard of Éire” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Phoenix.

Levitating there in the middle of the square Dream reality 10



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 27th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Sarah, and reads as follows: "Sarah, Some nice words for you on your Birthday Eve from the beautiful isle of Éire: "I have no words to describe the beauty of wind or for its style of movement. It was just so wonderfully beautiful and stylish. Not even the most imaginative computer graphics could be possibly created, I imagine, to represent the beauty and the way of wind. Before I was even aware of it, wasn't I already levitating there in the middle of the square; in the middle of the circle. In a moment, the circle was lifting me way up into the morning sky. I was in the wind, and rising away up into the glorious sunshine. I could see nothing except the wind for it was now all about me. The feeling was like

no other experience I have ever had, save that time of being supported by the angels in the gorge of great depth. You know how it is here on the island on a lovely warm summer's day, when a soft cool gentle breeze makes its way down from the heavens to your face, and it makes you feel so good. Well, that gives you some idea of how I was feeling that morning in the wind, in the sky…" (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 7 A sky of glorious sunshine)

Joyful Birthday Sarah! Lyrically … :) … Richard”
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Vulpecula.

Coincide with the flowering of the daystar Dream reality 11

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 28th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s addressed to someone named, Paulo, and reads as follows: “Paulo, Some nice words for your new day:
“Chapter 1. The Dawnsong Annunciation The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration’s gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort

at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity. Behold, hereupon is presented the Annunciation of the Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain, concerning Myriam the Beautiful; a fragrant scion from her upland groves. In this scroll herewith, it is written for all to read in refined contemplation, and joyful

anticipation, a goodly and timely message.
My Myriam my Beloved, who is my dawn and my fulfilment unto her own day, had waited seven years in my city isle of Éirelese for her ship that was to return and bear her back to my Lebanon, my land of her birth. And in my seventh year, on my eight day of September, my month of reaping, she climbed my hill without my city walls and looked seaward; and she beheld her ship coming with my mist." (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*) With gratitude and well being, Richard of Éire (rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind)" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Lady Alexandria of Manitoba, Canada. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has long dark brown wavy hair, and appears to be wearing traditional Scottish attire. She is mounted on a black horse, and is holding a shield in her left hand, and a spear in her right. She's in the company of others somewhere in a plain which has high mountains away off in the background. It may be somewhere in beautiful Scotland. *Lady Alexandria:* Hi, Richard? Good to see you. *Self:* Hi, Lady Alexandria? Here are some nice words for your new day: "Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna, Act 1. Misty Knight, Prologue: Supper is now over in the cosy botháin ósta. Rísteárd Mac Grailt the innkeeper is putting some more turf on the fire; the fire that is never allowed to quench. Each night before retiring, the remaining fire would be raked to cover over the live embers of turf with the ashes. The embers would then be left to repose comfortably there throughout the night until just before aurora when they would be gently breathed into to coincide with the flowering of the daystar. In this manner was impressive continuity been given to the ancient custom of ensuring the perpetual presence of the Inner Sun in the hearth of the home. Outside it is a

wet dark night with the wind blowing in from the southwestern Atlantic; the kind of night that one feels thankful for having the right side of the house facing out. Sitting across the hearth from Rísteárd, is his guest, Receptive. The fire glows interesting shadows up the walls to the rafters to join up with those already making sport there from the candle over on the windowsill and from the one on the table. Rísteárd: Ah, this pleasing fire, Receptive revives to my eyes the sighting of Misty Knight. Receptive: How does it proceed, Rísteárd? …" With gratitude and well being, Lady Alexandria. *Lady Alexandria:* Oh, that's beautiful, Richard!

Thank you. From where does it come? *Self:* It's from the first chapter of my *Innkeeper's Fire*. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Hercules.

Tower castle on a hill in the background Dream reality 12

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 29th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Lady Alexandria of Manitoba. *Lady Alexandria:* Richard, I can tell you that your very kind words made my day as we brace for a snow blizzard here.
Have a wonderful week. *Self:* You're very welcome, Lady Alexandria.
Take good care of yourself, and your beloved ones.
Lady Alexandria: Thanks, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a

person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A lone knight of some kind, outfitted in black shinny armour cap-a-pie who is standing on a beige-grey tiled floor in front of some buildings. There's a tower castle on a hill in the background against a soft blue sky. The whole scene may be a stage setting, perhaps for an opera. With his left hand he's holding a long spear which is resting on his left shoulder and touching the ground.

It has a flag attached to the top: a flag depicting a white cross against a red background. He's wearing a sword in its scabbard also on his left side.
The Knight: Richard of Éire, I'm Vincenzo, and it's for me a pleasure to have you in my circle of cyber friends. *Self:* Pleased to meet you, Vincenzo. I'm honoured to be in your circle of cyber friends. I intend to saviour your page one section at a time for it deserves proper attention to detail. Tonight, I have enjoyed watching and listening to Danielle de Niese sing the role of Cleopatra in Handel's *Giulio Cesare*. Truly a moving experience. *The Knight:* You're most welcome, Richard. Come visit any time. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Cepheus.

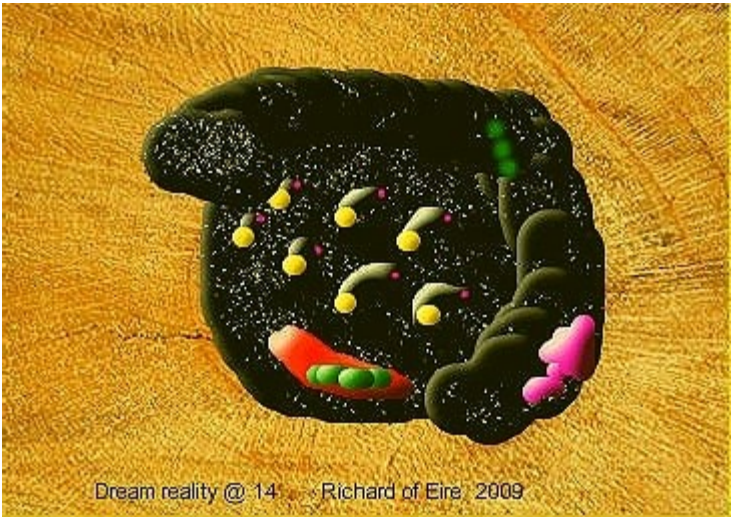
You're beautiful n' your work exquisite Dream reality 13

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 30th January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s addressed to someone named, Marie, and reads as follows:
“Marie, You are beautiful and your work

exquisite. Some nice words for your Parisian day: “And my weaver said, “Speak to us of our Clothes.” And she answered: Our clothes conceal much of our beauty, yet they hide not our unbeautiful. And though we seek in our garments our freedom of our privacy we may find in them our harness and our chain.
Would that we could meet our sun and our wind with more of our skin and less of our raiment. For our breath of life is in our sunlight and our hand of life is in our wind…” (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran’s *The Prophet*) With gratitude and well being Marie, Richard of Éire (Among the much that I enjoyed on your page was Leonard Cohen singing *Hallelujah*)” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Scutum.

Fragrance of a newly polished wooden floor Dream reality 14



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 31st January 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me with an envelope in hand approaching a green door that has a shield

on it. *River Mirth:* Of what does the shield present? *Self:* A central field that is red. And at the point of honour is a large gold shell. Above the shell to the left is a king. And on the right is a bear carrying a box on his back. There's a gold and a silver key crossing each other directly behind and above the king, bear, and shell. In each of the upper corners there is a cape in gold. And there's a silver mitre that has three bands of gold joined at the centre. And beneath it is a red and gold pallium.

The green door is opening seemingly of its own accord. There's the lovely fragrance of a newly polished wooden floor. Appearing from behind the door is a very graceful looking middle-aged man all dressed in black. *Graceful middle-aged man:* Welcome! How may we be of help? *Self:* Good morning? Yes, I have here a letter of mine that I would like to request that it be presented to the Papal Nuncio: His Excellency Most Reverend Dr. Giuseppe Leanza. *Graceful middle-aged man:* Welcome. Please come on in. What's your name? *Self:* Richard of Éire. *Graceful middle-aged man:* Welcome, Richard of Éire. I'm Joseph. Come in please, and take a seat here in the parlour. *Self:* Thank you, Father, but I don't wish to impose on you. *Joseph:* There's no imposition, Richard.

Please, have a seat. *Self:* Thank you. *Joseph:* Would you like to have a tea or a coffee? *Self:* A cup of tea would be greatly welcomed, Father. Thank you. *Joseph:* I'll go and make us some. I won't be long. *Self:* Thank you, Father. His voice is lovely and warm; his smile gentle and his eyes strong and peaceful. Oh, there's a beautiful painting there on the wall. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of a gospel scene in which Jesus is sitting on the ground in front of Martha and Mary's house home, and they are enjoying eating some fruit while chatting away with each other about something. *Martha:* Hi, Rich? Come join us in the taking of some delicious fruit, and in the sharing of stories. *Joseph:* It's a beautiful painting, Richard, isn't it? *Self:* It is indeed, Father. *Joseph:* Please; please

call me, Joseph, Richard. *Self:* Thank you, Joseph. *Joseph:* Let's enjoy some tea and freshly baked scones. I baked them myself about an hour ago so they should still be a little warm. And here's some butter, and newly made blackberry n' apple jam. *Self:* Oh, the scones, Joseph are of a lovely aroma, and the jam of fragrancies most pleasing. *Joseph:* Some local primary school children kindly picked the blackberries for us and dropped them by last week. The apples are from our orchard there out back. We enjoy having the neighbouring children drop by from time to time for they help remind us that the Kingdom of God of which Jesus spoke of is to found in the innocence of our hearts, purity of our

thoughts, joyfulness of our words, and respectfulness of our body.
Jesus would not have us only receive children; He would have us to be like children, Richard. And He would have us to know that in their company we're all the children of God. *Self:* The beauty and wholesomeness of Jesus' lifestyle is upon you, Joseph. *Joseph:* It's all God's blessing, Richard. I'm but a humble servant of the Lord; yes, a humble servant of Truth. Richard, would you like to personally give your letter to His Excellency? *Self:* Joseph, I feel in giving it to you am I giving it to His Excellency.
Here, please receive it with my compliments. *Joseph:* Thank you, Richard.
On behalf of His Excellency do I warmly received it. And I shall give it unopened to him upon his return from Dalgan Park. Dalgan is a quiet place out the Navan Road beyond the Hill of Tara where His Excellency likes to go of a morning to mediate on life while strolling along its beautiful walkways. There's a lovely statue of Our Lady wearing a sky blue mantel on one of those walks which His Excellency oft makes mention of as being a very inspirational spot. *Self:* Yes, I'm very familiar with that beautiful quiet place. Joseph, I will take my leave of you now if I may for I've taken up a lot of your time. *Joseph:* Our way Richard, like Jesus is to have all the time in the world for whosoever comes and knocks on our door or whosoever we happen to meet in marketplace or field. *Self:* Thank you, Joseph. It's the good way, surely. *Joseph:* You're more than welcome, Richard. I'll see that His Excellency gets your letter.
Self: Thank you, Joseph. *Strolling Self:* Hi, Rich? A time is coming; yes, a time is near when you'll need to write such a letter to the newly appointed Papal Nuncio. *Self:* Of what, Rich does it read? *Strolling Self:* It reads:

"Papal Nuncio:

His Excellency Most Reverend Dr. Giuseppe Leanza,
The Apostolic Nunciature
183 Navan Road
Dublin 7

Dated:

Your Excellency Most Reverend Dr. Giuseppe Leanza,

Welcome to Ireland!

Being greatly impressed by the following words: “The Holy Father holds this country in high esteem and very close to his heart.” taken from Your Excellency’s wonderful homily given at the liturgical reception in Your Excellency’s honour at St Mary’s Pro Cathedral in Dublin back in ..., I have the courage to forward to Your Excellency the enclosed article which I recently wrote for a local newspaper.

I enclose also a postcard of our beautiful parish church: Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception here in Tallow, county Waterford which I would like to request that Your Excellency forward to His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI that he may carry it with Him on His Holiness’ visit to Lourdes in ....

It reads:
“Dear Holy Father, Please ask Our Lady to make it possible for us to have Sunday morning Masses in Her beautiful parish church here in Tallow, county Waterford, in Ireland. Thank you. Faithfully, Richard Mc Sweeney” dated, ...

Thank you, Your Excellency.

Faithfully,

_____
Richard Mc Sweeney
(rural philosopher-poet-artist)

Contact: ...”

Self: Rich, I can’t even imagine a situation where we would have no Sunday Masses at all in Our Lady’s. Our present parish priest albeit he is well nigh on retirement age has no double I presume already well secured assurance from the diocese that they and his successor will keep the 11 o’clock Sunday Mass in Our Lady’s. As such, Rich your word, I find a little confusing. And besides, where would I have the courage to write to the Papal Nuncio, Rich or to make a request of His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI? *Strolling Self:* Rich, believe me when I say that a time is coming; yes, a time is near when you’ll need to write such a letter to the

newly appointed Papal Nuncio: His Excellency Most Reverend Dr. Giuseppe Leanza; such a letter requesting His Excellency to forward it to His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: singer, Kay Konnors of Frankfurt, Germany. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's wearing a beautiful smile. She's wearing some kind of soft navy-blue hat over her lovely long blonde hair. And she's wearing a shinny black jacket. *Kay:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Kay of the Beautiful Smile? Here are some nice words for you: "Then said my Suibhne, "Speak to us of our Love."
And she raised her head and looked upon my people, and there fell my stillness upon them. And with her voice in my gentleness she said: When our Most Beloved beckons to us, follow Her, Though Her ways are hard and steep. And when Her wings enfold us, yield to Her, Though Her hailstones hidden in Her summer showers may wound us. And when She speaks to us, believe in Her, Though Her voice at times may shatter our dreams as our north wind lays waste our garden. For even as Her love crowns us so shall She humble us. Even as She is for our growth so She is for our pruning. Even as She ascends to our height and caresses our tenderest branches that quiver in our sun, So shall She descend to our roots and shake them in their clinging to our earth…" (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*) With gratitude and well being, Kay. *Kay:* Thank you, my sweet friend, Richard. I found these words somewhere which you might like: "Love isn't about finding the perfect person, but learning to see an imperfect person perfectly." *Self:* Perfectly true, Kay. "I'm spending my days marvelling at the bright blue sky; my nights at the stars of heaven beyond." (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Second canto Modus Vivendi) *Kay:* They're wonderful, Richard. I'd like you to have this

very nice artwork gift courtesy of Irulana, Devianart.
Self: Oh, thank you, Kay.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of two people; a man and a woman standing at the foot of a great spiral staircase which has many golden lighting candles all down along to the left of the left banister rail. On the beige wallpapered wall behind them on the right is a large framed portrait of someone and a red draping curtain. The couple seemed to be dressed for some kind of masquerade ball. Their costumes are very unusual. She's wearing a pale purple dress that would appear to have great bird like

wings also of the same colour. She has a black mask covering her eyes; her dark eyes. And on her head is an intricately designed hat of the same colour as her dress. Her skin looks very pale, and her face expressionless.
He's wearing a dark purple jacket and trousers. The jacket has a fish backbone like design running down the front. He's wearing a red cravat. He's also wearing a black mask over his eyes; his red eyes. On his head is an intricately designed headgear of the same colour as his jacket. And like the woman his skin too looks very pale, and his face expressionless. Although, I'm thankful to Kay for sharing it with me, its depiction somehow doesn't make me feel comfortable. It has something to do with a lack of 'lifeness' in it. Such a contrast is it to the painting of Kay: Kay's beautiful lifeness; her beautiful smile. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Lady Alexandria.
Self: Lady Alexandria, I was thinking about you today with watching some snow storms on TV. How is everything? *Lady Alexandria:* Richard, thanks so much for the concern, it is appreciated. We are still in a deep freeze with extreme wind chill values that bring us around minus 46, very cold indeed. *Self:* Be with blessings of care, Lady Alexandria. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Lacerta.

Contemplative stroller upon a lovely laneway Dream reality 15

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 1st February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: novelist, Paulo Coelho of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he's very dignified. He's wearing a well becoming circle beard. His expression is calm, yet

serious. Against a black background he's wearing a black round neck T-shirt with his arms folded. He has a ring on his left hand, and a watch on his left wrist as well as what seems to be a tattoo. *Paulo:* Hi, Richard, A Sunday afternoon, one year ago, I was reading my blog and thinking how intelligent my readers are. So I thought: why not invite
some of them to the party I held every March 19, in honor of my patron, Saint Joseph? Acting on an impulse (as I normally do) I posted the invitation for 10 people on the first come/first served basis. We got over 500 emails. The first ten were selected, and we had a wonderful time together (most of them are in my top friends here). This 19th March, the party will be held in Paris: I am hiring a boat so we can have a good seated dinner, an amazing sightseeing of Paris by night, music and dance

to complete the fun. But the boat has a limitation of 120 people. Considering that I am inviting 90 personal friends (that attend this party for close to 10 years), we have 30 places for the readers. If you want to come, please go to my blog to know the conditions. *Self:* Good dawning, Paulo, What a gracious and wonderful idea. Here are some nice words for you (and your Parisian boat guests) that I wrote in a lovely house home in which you once sojourned while on a visit here to the beautiful isle of Éire (i.e. Richmond House, Cappoquin, County Waterford). "Beautiful and lovely be this view from the Sun Lounge. Long white clouds floating in the blue sky. Sun shining on my hand as I write. So wonderfully serene this heavenly place. Smiling Lady Jean welcomed me in the door; sunlight on the floor. Pot of coffee all in store. I see in a thousand footsteps what has taken years to unfold in an hour. Who would have believed that the firestone could have been so hot to the touch? Freedom not for any boundaries be at all in waiting. Fine shadows make for an extraordinary rainbow. A crow's nest be easily seen in the pencil-sketch tree in the garden. Have you not found light in the space of two handshakes? Look to the beauty within to find the true kindred therein. When the world is boiling over, everything is being over cooked. Without delay go call back the great chefs! Go to the mountains and supplicate them to return unto the valleys! In the kitchen here already there one of them be. Who she be who he be? Paul the Levanter he be. Oh, wonderful! Where found ye he? Found we he by a blissful linn in the heights of Switzerland. How noble and generous he be to have returned unto the valleys. May the warmth of sunrise be always in his smile, and the winds of creation be in his hands. And may those closest and dearest unto him be always full of joy. Oh, Paul the Levanter how very much this world is in need of master chefs such as thee…" (Source: *Hearing in the write*, 20th canto Visionary Aristocrats) St Joseph's blessings in all your ways, Paulo. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out

strolling. *River Mirth:* Can you describe the painting? *Self:* Yes, it seems to be of a morning in a late summer or even an early autumn, and a me is standing in a country laneway chatting with someone. *River Mirth:* Do you know the laneway?
Self: Yes, it's the lovely laneway down to Anna & Noel Henley's horse stud; down the riverside way from the Brideview Tavern. And we're standing at a spot by the ruin wall of the riverside ancestral Henley house home. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise the other person in the painting? *Self:* Yes, it's Noel Henley. *Noel:* God knows it, Richard, and I know it

well to be so myself that I can at times be a cantankerous person, yet, I would have you know this to be but the dark side of the moon in me. The greatest love of my life is my wonderful wife, Anna and our beloved six children. The greatest fondness is my horses. The greatest interest is to be chatting with people. I neither drink, smoke nor place a bet. I feel a very strong link with those who have gone before us, especially those who I have known in this life. Every Sunday after the 11 o'clock Mass, I used to take great pride in strolling with my family around the back of our church to visit the graves of our dearly departed relatives; to be talking to them who have gone before us. I remember their tears, sweat, and blood in making an effort to live in much harder times than we have now today. Richard, I really like our parish church; one of the most beautiful churches in all of Ireland. You should have seen it when it had its beautiful spire, and the magnificent winged steps about the front. It would remind you for all the world of the beautiful Basilica of the Rosary in Lourdes. I feel devastated that our right to have Mass on Sunday mornings in your parish church has been taken away from us. What if they even deprive us of celebrating the Christmas Day Mass in the parish church? Richard, listen to me. You've got to speak further on our behalf for you are one of the only ones among us it seems to me who has had the courage to take on this injustice head on. Later when you get home buy today's *The Avondhu*. It's now been two weeks since your passionate article appeared, and yet, not a single person near or far has written a letter to congratulate you or even suggest where we might go from here. Only the *Dungarvan Leader* had the courage last week to print an article of its own albeit it made no reference to yours. *Laneway Self:* Noel, I raised the torch to let the parish know that I for one was not willing to accept the given manipulation. Now, it's up to the community itself to take the next step. *Noel:* Show us the way forward, Richard. Many the likeminded and I will follow you. Just, you lead the way

forward for us to a brighter new day. *Laneway Self:* But Noel, hear me. Who am I? *Noel:* You are he, Richard that dwells in the secret places of the Most High. *Laneway Self:* From whence came these words to you, Noel? See he before you, I'm no more than a contemplative stroller upon this lovely laneway who from time to time delights in putting his reflections on parchment. *Noel:* You're that and more now, Richard let me tell you.
Laneway Self: Oh, look! See off the way there strolling along, Noel is your lovely Anna with the fortunate hound Star. *Noel:* Anna is the bright star of my life, Richard, so she is. Whenever I say to her, let's look on the

bright side of things. Do know what her reply to me is, Richard? She says, rather than looking on the bright side of things, Noel love, let's BE the bright side of things. How's that for you? Isn't that some exceptional kind of wisdom, Richard? Isn't it? *Laneway Self:* It is indeed, Noel surely.
Star is not the only fortunate one it seems in the lovely Henley family. *Noel:* Daily with gratitude don't I know it well to be so, Richard. Don't I know it well to be so. *Laneway Self:* Hi, Rich? A time is coming when you'll be required to lead the way beyond the written word; to lead the way to a brighter new day. *Self:* Rich, brighter new days are always becoming themselves unto us. *Laneway Self:* Know it not to be a brighter new day, Rich when daily the bells of Our Lady's will be silent, and of Sunday mornings the oratory of Mount Carmel be all but laicised. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting which presents a number of seemingly closely related events. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* On the left covering one third of the painting are several kings and some queens napping on a beach. And below them on the left is a hawk having a chipped talon that is seemingly feeding barley grains to a small man. Next to them is a very large bird nest that has colourful rays shooting up out of it. The same man as on the left is now with a flaming torch in one hand and a dagger in the other indiscriminately taunting a very large bear. Next to these the bear now looks very angry and is ripping up trees and stumping on house homes which have some people still in them while the small man is seen to be running away, and crying for help to the same hawk as earlier. But the hawk is ignoring him and instead is becoming airborne. On the bottom right are many people who are lamenting the lost of love ones and homes while the bear can still to be seen to be destroying almost everything in sight in the background behind them. And way up in the extreme right hand corner of the painting is a woman and man huddled together underneath a grey umbrella. They

seem to be anxiously and hastily signing some documents for each other. Directly next to them to the left, and between them and the napping royals, and on an old iron gateway that has the words: “ARBEIT MACHT FREI” written on it is perched the very same hawk as of earlier scenes. He’s perched above the ‘B’ in the first word, and seems to have his eyes alertly focused on everyone and every happening in the painting. *River Mirth:* Is it of a past or future time?
Self: I can’t say for sure. It could be either. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise anyone in it?
Self: The napping kings and queens look vaguely familiar. Yes, and so

too, and even more so does the woman huddled underneath the grey umbrella who is anxiously and hastily signing some documents. *River Mirth:* Can you interpret an overall meaning from the painting? *Self:* While some leaders of great influence were enjoying napping together somewhere on a beach, a series of grave and worrisome things were taking place around the world under the cover of some global distraction. (*In a most lamentable tone*) Ah, here we go distraction the way, distraction the way, distraction the way. Here we go distraction the way - with impunity out of the way. Definitely had such leaders of great influence been more watchful they could have had easily prevented such crimes against the Great Universe, such crimes against humanity; such tragedies, lamentations, and document signings ever having taken place. *River Mirth:* What does "ARBEIT MACHT FREI" mean? *Self:* It's a German phrase which in English literally means, "Work Makes (one) Free". *River Mirth:* In the context of the painting, might it possibly have an alternative meaning? *Self:* It could possibly be taken to mean, for instance that while 'working the beach' that is to say leaders idling away on a beach who otherwise could have used their collective power of roundtable diplomacy, wisdom, and compassion to prevent some desperate actions taking place in the first place, be they taking place in their very own back gardens or even around the world: be such actions carried out by the sword or the pen could very easily be under the false impression that they are somehow free. In other words, leaders excessively "working (the beach) makes (them) free'. But what they fail to appreciate is that those desperate actions of today will most definitely have dreadful repercussions for tomorrow, and for decades to come which eventually and inevitably will come round back to wound themselves, their peoples, and their countries, thus, greatly restricting, if not in fact denying them any freedom at all; even the very freedom to enjoy moderately napping on a beach. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where

simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Monoceros.

It was the loveliness of her voice that held me Dream reality 16

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 2nd February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Iain of Paca.
Iain: Thank you Richard for your words. They hint at things, inspire thoughts of the kind I am longing to speak. Not a man of words myself I find their clumsy rigidity stifling when I would like to express myself. You seem to capture an essence of that which is not held in grammar words and letters alone requiring the imagination and experience of oneself. Thanks again my friend of space! Although linguistically challenged, inspired I am by your verse. *Self:* Iain you're very welcome.
And thank you for your gracious words: "… You seem to capture an essence of that which is not held in grammar words and letters alone requiring the imagination and experience of oneself…" Blessings, Iain to you, and your many wonderful friends. And with

continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Adrienne of New York City. *Adrienne:* I would like to thank all of my fans for your love and support. I am unable to reply to your e-mails as quickly as I would like to due to my current schedule. I am in transit to India for filming. You are all amazing, thank you all. *Self:* Hi, Adrienne? Hope you have arrived safely in beautiful India. On my first visit to the Far East the plane stopped for refuelling in

New Delhi. It was in the middle of the night, and there was a very heavy
rainstorm. We were asked to remain on board while the refuelling was being done. Two hours passed by and still we are sitting there in the plane in the lashing rain. Then there was an announcement that some other passengers were going to come on board from another plane. An elderly lady came on board and sat next to me. She was an English lady who had come to India oh, perhaps a ‘100 years’ or so ago; loved the place and stayed. She was wearing a bluish-flowery sari. And what was amazing about her was the length of her hair. She had it on her lap and it was going down well below her knees! It was a beautiful silvery grey. And she had this lovely fragrance about her. Her eyes were full of life; her smile most charming. But it was the loveliness of her voice that held me captive. She told me as cool as you like how she had been on another plane earlier, but that it had partially slipped off the runaway in the pouring rain. So the airport officials decided to leave the plane there until the next day, and to put some of the passengers on our plane. When we were eventually taking off she was as calm as an autumnal lake. Many were the wonderful stories she shared with me as we flew high above that ancient land. May you have a marvellous time in India, Adrienne! Blessed everybody there will be with having you in their midst. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Aquila.

Dignity of his person n’ fragrance of his presence
Dream reality 17

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 3rd February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s addressed to someone named, Suheilah of Arabia, and reads as follows: “Suheilah of Arabia, Here’s a nice story for you of Jeddah: “It was a Wednesday morning soon after sunrise, and I was driving passed the beautiful Blue-Domed Mosque that is built out on the sea. It is also called the Mosque on Stilts and the Island Mosque. Often I have walked along here in the evening time about Maghreb, when the sun is setting. I sit on this white bench and watch the sun set in the sea, and all the people making their way out along the arched colonnade to the main part of the mosque. It is a lovely scene as everybody looks very happy. As is their belief and custom, the women wear long black abaayas and the men long white thobes. And many of them bring their children with them. I remember this

one Friday evening sitting there on the bench, and this elderly, dignified, shy Arabian man of regular build and height came along on my left and sat down beside me. He was dressed in traditional Bedouin attire, had a fine beard and wore his hair long. He was of the fragrance of musk n’ rose. I stood up out of respect for an elderly person. He smiled and gently shook my hand. His

hand felt like high quality silk. We both sat down together and there in silent harmony watched the sun set into the sea. Then he said to me, “It pleases Allah to give us all this beauty.” I smiled in agreement, and replied with, “It is how we read it.” With the muezzin calling out for prayers he smiled at me and rose to his feet, and went and entered the holy mosque. I watched him from the bench as he made his way out along the colonnade. The memory of his words, the softness of his voice, the beauty of his smile, the touch of his hand, the dignity of his person and the fragrance of his presence will always be with me.” (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 3 A wedding gift) With well being, Suheilah of Arabia, Richard of Éire” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Aries.

Harmonious ones of a kind Dream reality 18

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 4th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon a scene of a beautiful woman and of a lovely green-yellow winged butterfly fluttering about her. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise the beautiful woman? *Self:* Yes, it's Adrienne of New York City. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for Adrienne?

◊ When the sun shines upon my wings ◊

When the sun shines upon my wings I feel so comfortable, but when your eyes look out upon the world the whole of humanity is made to feel that little bit more at ease.

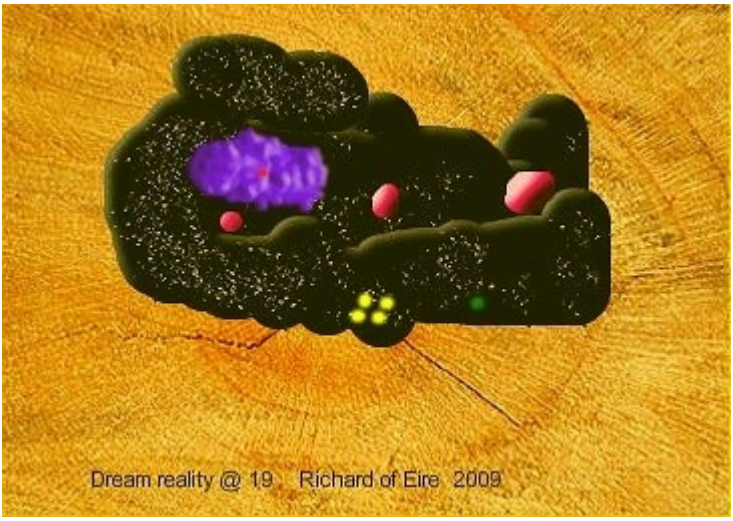
When the voice of beauty whispers in my ear I feel so divine, but when you flutter about in lovely warm summer days the whole world of nature is made to feel that little bit more exquisite.

You know, you and I verily are two harmonious ones of a kind.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Sagitta.

Ballerina in a beige dress dancing in the sky Dream reality 19



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 5th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: classical, classical opera

& vocal, lyricalist, Valeria Squillante of Italy. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's got light brown to blonde hair. She has a most attractive calmness and pleasantness in her face. She's playing a violin. *Valeria:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Valeria?
Lovely to meet you. *Valeria:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice

artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Valeria. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of a beautiful ballerina dressed in a beige dress, and she's dancing on a fire finned rope circle in a white-grey cloudy sky with having a view to the blue sky in the distance. Valeria, thank you. It's fantastic!
Here are some nice words for you: "With the warm bright sunshine of early evening shining on my face, I was taking in the fine view over towards green-lavender Elksnmist, when I noticed a little to the northwest, between Elksnmist and a great field of golden grain on the opposite side of the valley, a súgáin ladder quite spontaneously come dangling out of mid air and reaching down into the field of maze in front of me. I thought at first it was some trick of sunlight in my eyes, but no, surely it was there some six to nine meters (twenty to thirty feet) in from me in the field. I looked up to see what it might be attached to, but it wasn't attached to anything visible to me. From the level of the maze which was about my own chest height, I counted sixteen rungs up to the top. It was an amazing sight surely, for here was a súgáin ladder only a few meters away from me, seemingly dangling from nothing down into the field of maze. I had to investigate this interesting phenomenon … The ladder on closer inspection I found to have been elaborately woven from freshly cut barley and wheat straw. I hesitated for a moment before taking hold of it, and taking to stepping on its first rung. Although I began to climb up to the second and then to the third rung, the ladder held strong with only a slight yielding beneath my every step. It had this delightfully ambrosial scent off it of newly harvested grain …" (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 19 A súgáin ladder) With gratitude and well being, Valeria, *Valeria:* Thank you, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read?
Self: It's addressed to someone named, Hugh, and reads as follows: "Good evening, Hugh, I was attracted

by your impressive biography and by your interest in such artists as William Blake, and the Chinese Taoist philosopher Lao-tzu. I also have a great liking for these, and in particular for Lao-tzu's philosophical heir, namely Chuang-tzu (c 3rd c. BCE). I am sorry, but I know very little about the German philosopher Walter Benjamin or his works. With gratitude and well being, Hugh, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Virgo.

I feel your warm spirit n’ that is everything Dream reality 20

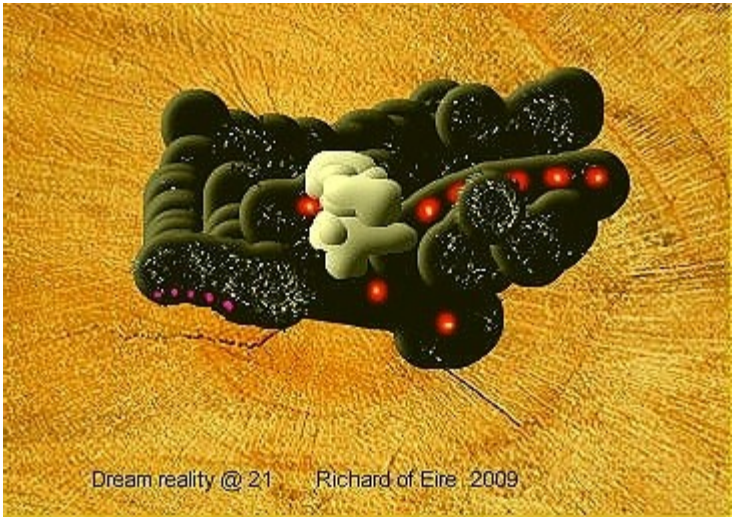
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 6th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Valeria of Italy. *Valeria:* Richard, I would like express you my gratitude, your words keep me in touch … but my English is not so good, so I’ve some difficulties to answer in the warmest way I prefer. Good morning to you and thanks. In the near future, I will write to you in Italian. A bright day, Richard. *Self:* Through your words, Valeria I feel your warm spirit, and that is everything. How we arrange our words is secondary. Here are some nice words for you from my work *Myriam of Lebanon*. “The Dawnsong Annunciation, The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration’s gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently

and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity…" Please keep in touch. I'll try to feel your spirit, Valeria through your words be they in beautiful Italian, English or a combination of both. Cordialmente.
Valeria: Grazie, Richard. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?

Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Fornax.

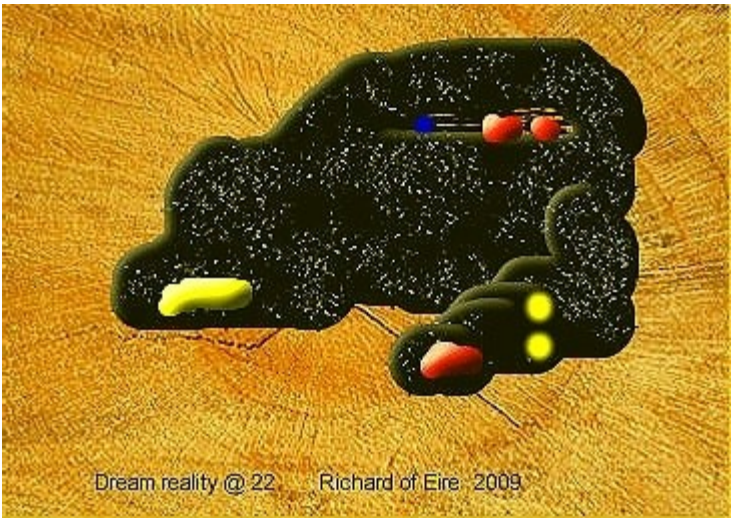
Avec gratitude et de bien-être Dream reality 21



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 7th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to the Canadian singer Isabelle Boulay, and reads as follows: "Dear Isabelle, I hope you like my new webpage which features 5 videos of you singing, namely, *Perce le Nuages, Non je ne regretted, Mieux qu'ici-bas, Et maintenant with Gilbert Bécaud Un jour ou l'autre* Avec gratitude et de bien-être, Isabelle, Richard of Éire"
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Tucana.

See odes, see codes, see oracles of old Dream reality 22



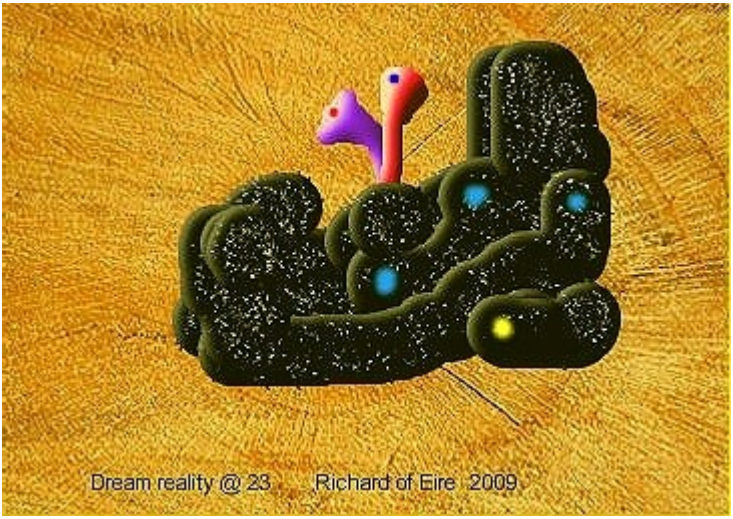
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 8th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Calvin, and reads as follows: "Calvin congratulations on the ongoing success of Wu-Tang Clan's newest album *8 Diagrams*. I liked what you said about Wu-Tang, "… their work ethic and openness to be available for media coverage and promotion has been fantastic. It does take a tremendous amount of work to stay on top of all the recording, writing, rehearsing, travel and live tour schedules, but these guys are the ultimate professionals." I also enjoyed watching and listening to the video clip on bodogTV containing the line, "We're coming together for music …" I like the title of the album *8 Diagrams* with its multiplicity of meanings, relating to the *I Ching*. Here is a sample of what I wrote in my latest

work, *Innkeeper's Fire* (Act 37 Unified Theory) concerning the *I Ching*.
"Receptive (smiling): Of which of the following systems of words, letters, figures, namely divination codes do you find the most interesting, and the most useful for your life, Rísteárd? Astrology, I Ching, Numerology, Gematria, Tarot, Geomancy, Palmistry, Runes, Auras, Crystal and Equidistant Letter Sequences. Rísteárd (smiling): See odes,

see codes, see oracles of old.
That's the way the story goes, I've been told. All of these divination codes that you've mentioned, Receptive, I once found interesting from a purely curiosity point of view, but all save one most useful albeit for a different reason. I have a passion for the great books of the world, Receptive. One such book is the *I Ching* - or as Aoife likes to call it, the *I Change*. Receptive (smiling): With what reason are you attracted to it, Rísteárd? Rísteárd (smiling): The *I Ching* finds it meaning, Receptive in the observation of the way of the natural world. Everything is seen to be harmoniously translating; transforming, changing …" With gratitude and well being, Calvin, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Aquarius.

Most of all a personal legend Dream reality 23

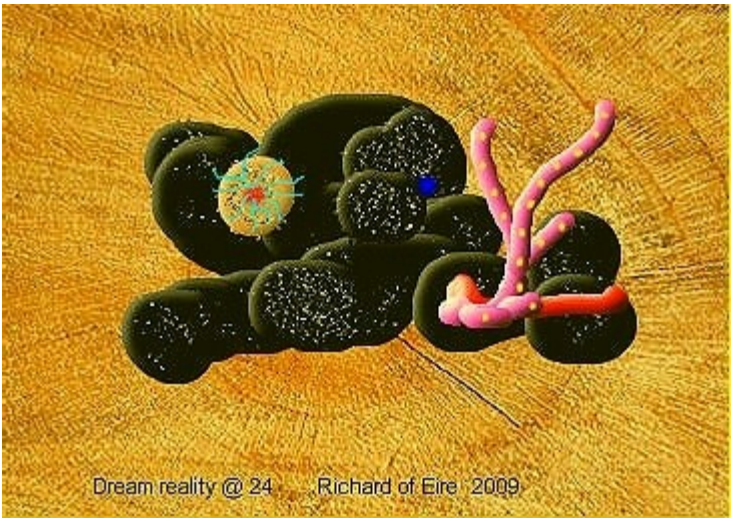


River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 9th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: writer, director, Dolly of

California, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her?
Self: Yes, she's very beautiful. She has long black hair, and is wearing a
delightful dark navy-blue dress with an exquisite necklace; a charming wristwatch on her left hand, and on her right a delicate bracelet. *Dolly:* Hi, Richard of Éire? I have been enjoying reading your posts on Paulo Coelho's website ... so it's cool to talk to you now ... I see you're a writer too ... what sort of things do you write? *Self:* Hi, Dolly? I'm very happy to hear that you have been enjoying reading my posts on Paulo's blog. It was your own post (dated ...) which greatly impressed me: "…especially when something I had written gave me goosebumps all over my arms and neck or made me cry until snot dripped down on my laptop almost ruining it - and then I realized that I'm just living my own Personal Legend …" Yes, I can identify with this feeling, surely. Yet, Dolly isn't it wonderful to be the subject of a legend; most of all a personal legend? *Dolly:* It is indeed, Richard. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Triangulum.

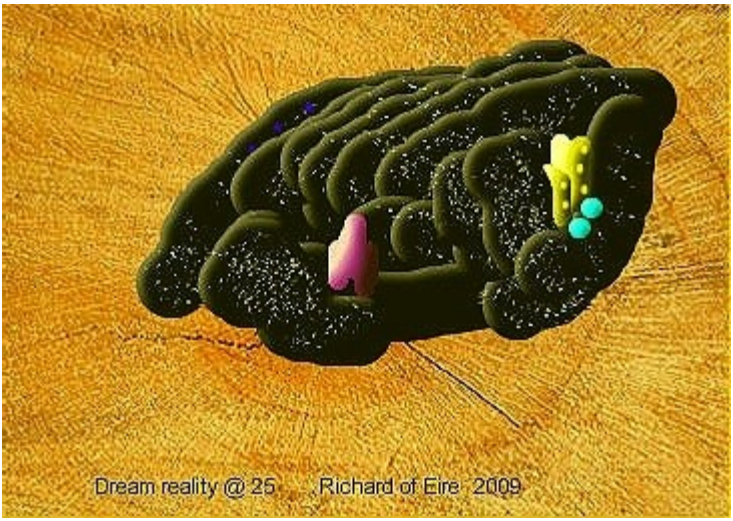
Subtly invited to consider deeper meanings Dream reality 24



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 10th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Marla, and reads as follows: "Marla, for the last few days, and even from time to time the following words, song lyrics have been 'appearing' in my ears. Consider them for a moment from the BIGGER picture. "You are not alone For I am here with you Though you're far away I am here to stay For you are not alone For I am here with you Though we're far apart You're always in my heart ..." What do you make of them, Marla? Do you think they might contain an answer to the question, 'Am I, are we alone here in the Great Universe?' Who might the speaker be? Often, I feel the answers to my deeper questions are all about me in song lyrics, signs, banners, TV advertisements, passing images … And as is many times the case, I only come to know the unformulated questions of my heart through first coming to know of them from the answer. Yet, most people have questions before answers, and seek for the answers. I am more of a seeker of questions through the given answers I encounter every waking moment and even sleeping moment of my day-nights. Rather than Q&A, I am inclined to be attracted more to A&Q. Marla have you 'seen', 'heard' or 'felt' any answers of late in your placeabouts that have made you wonder; that have made you feel that perhaps you are subtly being invited by 'someone' to consider deeper meanings: Great Universe meanings? Lyrically, Richard of Éire"
Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Lynx.

Answers are found in the simplest of things Dream reality 25



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 11th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me two writings.
River Mirth: Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows: "Hello Richard, Your words sound like the Creator of our Universe is talking to you ... telling you that the answers to everything are within you, within us. I've always been the question type of person. Most often frustration takes over because I've so many questions and I don't even know how or where to look for the answers. However, sometimes I have the feeling that answers are found in the simplest of things. Like if laws are universal and the same applies to common daily activities than to the beyond. But I will always have the same questions and I will always find myself without the answers. Regards, Marla" ::: "Good dawning, Marla, You've presented so many wonderful answers that I may seek out your questions: What does

Richard’s words sound like? The Creator of our Universe is talking to him ... telling him that the answers to everything are within him, within us. What has Marla always been? The question type of person. What most often takes over? Frustration. Why? Because she has so many questions. What doesn’t she even know how or where to look for? The answers. However, sometimes what feeling does she have? That

answers are found in the simplest of things. Like if laws are universal
(and the same applies to common daily activities than to the beyond). What will she always have? The same questions. And what will she always find herself without? The answers. Marla thank you for your generous gift of these 'hidden questions' for they will help me to reflect this new day on what do I think my words sound like, what have I always been, what most often takes over, why, what don't I even know how or where to look for, sometimes what feelings do I have, what will I always have, and what will I always find myself without …? Marla can you share an example of a question(s) for which you are without an answer(s)? Blessings & Truth, Richard of Éire" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read?
Self: It's addressed to the Canadian singer Shania Twain, and reads as follows: "Good morning, Shania, Here are some nice words for you from one of my books: "Three afternoons ago, I was on top of the Hill of Elksnmist feeling very blessed and thankful with my life. I often go up there to stroll about, reflect, and even to write. It is a lovely place truly.
And the weather that day was most beautiful. Usually, I am there all on my ownsome as hardly any one from the village goes up there. Perhaps they consider it a little too far of a walk. At the time, I had taken to sitting on a familiar log there on top of the hill, and was facing southeastwards. It felt so very good to be there, with the lyrics and melodies of so many different songs dancing their way delightfully throughout my mind. Now, it was when the moving lyrics and lovely melody of a particular song, sung by an artist well familiar to me through voice and appearance, was dancing its delightful way throughout my mind, that I happen to glance northwards, and there beheld to my great surprise and wonderment, a woman all fully clothed in edenwear strolling her way my way up the hillside path. Rather than rising to my feet which normally I

would do in such circumstances out of courtesy for a woman, I remained seated where I was as I did not want her to feel any discomfort at finding a man present on her way. When she would be with passing on by me, I would with respect greet her, and let her be on her way down the southern side of the hill. As she neared, I could see that she was extraordinarily beautiful, yet who she was I knew not nor had I ever seen her before in book, screen or magazine. If I had had, I most definitely would have remembered, for astonishingly beautiful she was *da capo a' piè*. I was about to greet her with, "Lovely day, isn't it?" when she in a mellifluous voice initiated with, "Guardian of this sacred hilltop, do

you mind if I recline myself awhile there beside you on the soft cushy grass, for my feet are somewhat tired with strolling?"
I rose to my feet with saying to her, "You're more than welcome to recline there on the soft cushy grass beside me, for the hill welcomes everyone." Most charmingly did she recline herself on the soft cushy grass there beside the log. With again sitting down on the log, I was about to return to my original thoughts, when the reclining lady put this question to me. "Before my arrival, if you don't mind me asking, what were you musing on?" "You're most welcome to ask. I was musing on the moving lyrics and lovely melody of a beautiful song, titled, *I won't leave You Lonely*." And the extraordinarily beautiful, Lady Recline did effortlessly begin to sing the song to me. 'Together - midnight in summer
The air's so much warmer.'…" (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 16 A self-renunciation) With gratitude and well being, Shania, Richard of Eire" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me two writings. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows: "Bonjour Richard, It is very difficult for me to write in English and especially to speak about the Buddhist Way. If you are interested by Buddhism, it is better for you to buy a book or to go in the page of the Dalai Lama and read his explanations. Because it is better to have teaching from proved masters teachers. If you are interesting by my own feeling, I can say that it is precisely a personnel feeling. You must have your own experience and your own feeling. But I can say that I had the luck to meet the Dalai Lama and other great masters, and it was a very big impact! I was marvelled of their philosophy of life, of the interdependence, the impermanence and especially, the necessity of the compassion. When I learnt and practiced, I saw moreover, in the concrete experience, the soundness of their idea of the illusion. I understood that I must know myself and transform me to stop my suffering and the other's suffering. And I

saw that the practice changed me. And later, I understood that the Buddhism is a true school of Awakening ... But it is only a hope for future lives!!! Later, I attended other ways but my heart is always Buddhist, because it is the way that I understand the best, and because I think that it is my true nature, my Soul's Nature. I know intimately that every people is a Buddha, but a Buddha hided under packages, emotions and reactions. The Buddhism learns to become their master. Anyway, all ways are similar in their philosophies, if we look only at the essence and the symbols. For example, I think that Jesus is a great Bodhisattva. And I can put him in my heart to be lighted up by his presence, as I do with any

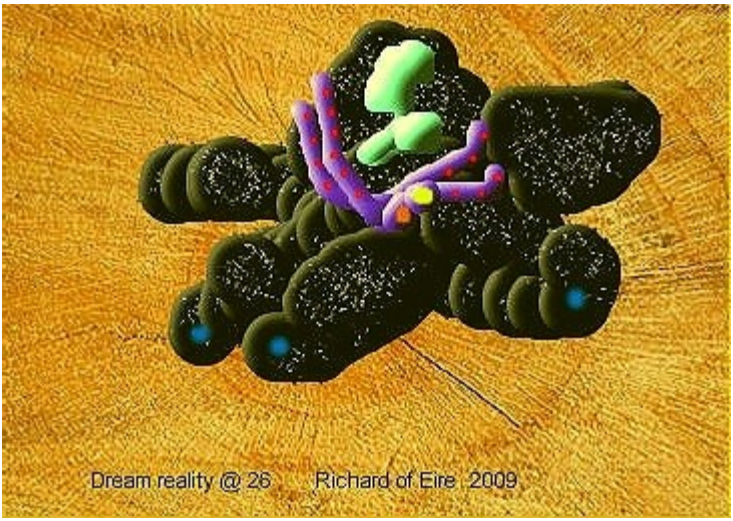
other Bodhisattva. Even the practice is not absolutely different. Meditation, devotion and mantras are found in every religion, even if they are not exactly the same process. Excuse me if all of this is
imprecise. I am a young, incompetent and lazy student and I function only with my heart, my intuition and very few with my intellect ... I wish that you will found what you are looking for ... but do not you think that the most marvellous thing is the search? Elolliat" ::: "Hello, Elolliat, Your words are wonderful! I liked reading about your 'own feelings' with respect to Buddhism. "I was marvelled of their philosophy of life, of the interdependence, the impermanence and especially, the necessity of the compassion." And these words are very beautiful: "…I function only with my heart, my intuition and very few with my intellect …" Oft I think, Elolliat I search by not searching, and find by not seeking. Rather I ready myself for all that is coming to meet me. So for me, getting myself ready to recognize that which is coming to meet me is a great joy and privilege. Thank you with blessings & truth, Elolliat, Richard of Éire" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a strolling me looking up at a notice board. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads: "Opera diva to become a mother. Russian opera singer Anna Netrebko is getting ready for a new role - that of a mother. The 36 year-old soprano announced her pregnancy on Monday. The child will be the first for Netrebko and her fiancé Erwin Schrott, a Uruguayan baritone. The couple got engaged in late 2007." *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with looking up at that notice, and then writing the following? "Dear Anna, Congratulations on your up coming winning role that of a mother! Blessings of good health and joy to you, baby, and Erwin. Wonderful news, Anna, Richard of Éire" *Self:* Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me four writings. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows: "Hello Richard,

I really appreciate your help but you don’t have to try to answer my questions :) Other people have tried in the past but having a convincing explanation of things is what I haven’t found. Mostly my questions are related with the paranormal and the UFO phenomenon. Sometimes things seem to have a pattern. I used to live in a very small town, where these patterns were more visible. Like when people die within the same period of time (at least 3 consecutive deaths) and things like that. Sometimes I wonder why the same doesn’t apply for good things. But mostly, I wonder if that kind of pattern can be predicted ... mainly I just wonder the reason why this happens and what is the purpose of it? Also,

the UFO presence has been known for thousands of years ... however, spaceships seem to keep the same appearance. I wonder if there's some sort of evolution between those civilizations which is supposed to be the normal law to all things. Take care, Marla" ::: "On a clear cloudless
autumnal night of 1999, Marla while living near Dubai in the United Arab Emirates, I saw a huge 'something' pass above the trees and me which blocked out the stars (that were just moments before clearly visible). It took about 15-20 seconds for it to pass over before the stars reappeared.
It was like looking up at the underside of a huge spacecraft from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, except it had no lights. It was soundless. It was there; I watched, and then it was gone. I thought surely many people would have seen it, and that there would be something about it in all of next day's newspapers or on TV. But there was nothing. Had I imagined it? No, I hadn't imagined it. I saw something, but what it was I don't know. And in my dreams (since childhood) I have occasionally seen in dark starry skies, usually either away to the northeast, southeast or directly overhead, spacecraft not of our planet. When I was a child, I thought all children could see such beautiful vessels; at least could see such beautiful vessels in their dreams. Alas, I was to discover that is not the case. How about Marla, have you ever seen spacecraft not of this planet? If so could you describe them? And perhaps how did you feel at the time of seeing them? Sky-ly, Richard" ::: "Hi, Richard, I think I have seen UFO's. Like I mention earlier, I witnessed (along with my family) what looked like a big round UFO's with smaller UFO's following behind. In the 70's and 80's there were a lot of UFO sightings in my hometown. There was a lake and USO's were also seen at that point in time. Very strange that all that is gone ... many times I wonder what happened. The skies were really clear and I used to enjoy watching the sky for hours. During that period of time I always saw fast moving objects I didn't have any

explanation about. But that is basically it. Never saw anything too close. Marla” ::: “Very interesting, Marla. Thank you for sharing them. I guess there are many things we can’t explain yet we know them to be. Whatever we may have seen or dreamt in the past, I feel it is what is in the future (for us to see and dream) that is most important. I look forward to the future with happy expectation. Lyrically, Richard” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Equuleus.

All the long way around back to myself Dream reality 26



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 12th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to, Paulo Coelho, and reads as follows: "Subject: I seem to be moving 'through the God-s'
Paulo, you must pardon me for I have been too focused on my own writings for quite some time now to be able to read anybody else's work. And as such I haven't read *The Witch of Portobello*. Having said that, I have just watched your *Meet the Author* video on YouTube introducing the work. My attention was drawn in particular to your words on the feminine face of God; how we see God today only his masculine face when we should see her feminine face also. This has been a very important concern in my own work also, especially in *Myriam of Lebanon*, a lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The*

Prophet, and also in my *A Jesus of Nazareth*. However, the difference being that in *Myriam of Lebanon* I presented a feminine face of God where as in *A Jesus of Nazareth* I tried to present God through means of an intimate pronoun: 'The God' an intimate pronoun that is unstressed, uncountable, and beyond categories of gender. And in another work entitled *Innkeeper's Fire* (which is due out this week) I have

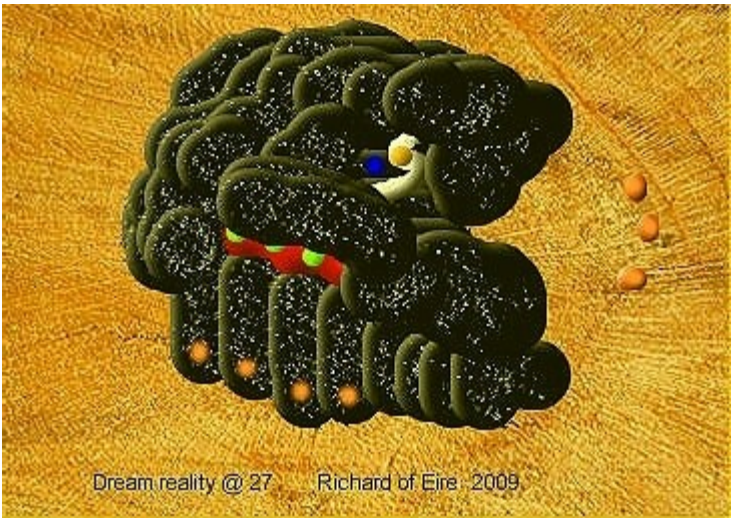
tried to move beyond the notion of God while I would be making no
claim whatsoever to identification with such camps as those of Sam Harris, Richard Dawkins, Christopher Hitchens and the like. I seem to be moving 'through the God-s' be the God having a masculine or feminine face; be the God be beyond any gender, and bringing me all the long way around back to myself. And that is where I Am. To paraphrase what you said on the video. I have been engaged in writing my works to myself. My ongoing quest being to have my works reveal Who I Am to mySelf. So far so great! Blessings & Truth, Paulo, Richard (rural philosopher-poet-artist of Éire; a fellow traveller of space)" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me three writings. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows:
"Welcome to the world of dreams, Nina!
"Sun disappears and reappears as Chaubran sits in the park retelling his teledream to Depthelucia, saying, 'I felt it to be just after dawn as I came upon a place on foot. I could not find even one piece of machinery or technology of any kind. Everywhere I went I could see, and feel that the people, animals, insects and plants were very happy and active. Some people were themwalkingselves while others were themflyingselves. All their movements seemed to be effortless. I saw one person himflyingself while carrying a three-storied building on his back as if it were a mere feather. There were children playing with holographic images of solar systems which seemed to have been projecting directly from their own temples. People appeared out of the air, and then walked up to someone who seemed to have been waiting for their arrival at that very spot. The buildings were beautifully designed and seemed to be transparent. All were only three stories high, and had no doors. People walked freely in and out through the walls. There were no stairs. People elevated themselves effortlessly up the outside of the buildings to the desired floor, and then passed through the wall. While marvelling at all the wonders as I walked throughalong,

I suddenly became aware that the people were without ears, eyes, noses or mouths. Their hands though shaped like hands were without fingers. The feet were the same. Not alone that but they had no apertures whatsoever in their bodies. Neither had they any hair on any part of their bodies. They wore a beautiful transparent fabric like material which appeared somehow to embody in its colour and flow the whole personality of the wearer. I began to feel drawn into their happiness. I felt myself put my hands up towards my eyes but they were not there, although I could continue to see the people and the surroundings clearly. It was at that point that I woke up.' Wind

serenades itself gently through the park. Depthelucia is starting to interpret, the dream for Chaubran, saying, 'Your teledreams are always very unique, Chaubran and that's what makes them so interesting…" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 10 Sun) "It's all a balance." How about Nina, if we were to say it's all 'about, around' a balance? With gratitude and well being, Richard of Éire" ::: "What a fantastical, wonderfully surrealistic dream, your character Chaubran had, Richard. Makes me want to read your book, *Innkeeper's Fire*! Thank you.
How about Richard, if we were to say it's all 'about, around' a balance? ... :)" ::: "Good dawning, Nina, Your comments here and entry in my blog were most generous and brimming over with joy and encouragement.
Before Chaubran had dreamt this dream Nina, Richard already had dreamt it … :) … Not alone this dream, but all of the others in the work's two volumes; even many phrases and sentences came directly from my own dreams. When I awoke in the morning, I often felt more tired than when I going to bed. I think Nina if we were to say *Innkeeper's Fire* is the balance within then we would be beginning to say something very profound. In my world Nina, your dream is far from weird rather it is something very natural; a blessing and a truth. You're being doubly benefited. In addition to the waking dream also you could have a sleeping dream. Very nice! Otherwise there is a point when we are oft exhausted with doing so many 'important things' that we forget to take good care of our health. Of our 'six senses' our brain delights in fresh air and playing in great expanses of sky-day and sky-night; in the waving of tall grass and in the calmness of sea-bay. As the night dream is a remembrance and a looking forward for the new day, like wisdom will say that the day dream is a remembrance and a looking forward for the new night. Enjoy the pleasant company of deer and antelope in the stars! Good company is what our dreams are made of and moreover what we the maker of dreams delight in

taking with us to our welcoming pillows. May you sleep soundly of clarino Nina rather than be kept half awake by clarion. Hope your friend is recovering comfortably from her dream. Muscle pain by day is no spring gain nor by night summer rain. With gratitude dreamily, Richard" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Crux.

Significantly there is nothing that isn't a sign Dream reality 27



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 13th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Bob, and reads as follows: "Good dawning, Bob, Some words for this new day: "Nine nights of discord with eight days of concord did Rísteárd spend in deep meditation whilst fasting in a solitary cave some twelve kilometers to the west of the inn. Returned he from there full of joyful accord by way of the amber golden elms and beeches, and along along by the crimson hawthorns to the Scots Pines of sapphire green before the inn, where he paused awhile beneath their noble branches, to take in the translating views of the intensity and simplicity of style presenting itself so effortlessly there in the cyclorama. And he was aware of himself translating with the scene and in the scene; his sacred sanctuary brimming over with

appreciation ...” (Source: *Innkeeper’s Fire,* Prologue) With gratitude and well being, Bob, Richard of Éire” And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me standing on the footpath in front of the Brideview Tavern, and talking with a woman in a white van that’s facing towards the bridge: towards the village. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Footpath Self:* Yes, it’s Judy the antique dealer on West

Street with her pretty dog. *Judy:* Richard, I've got great news!
Footpath Self: What is it, Judy? *Judy:* Well, Richard they've withdrawn their application, so they have.
Footpath Self: Wonderful! *Judy:* Yes, Richard they have withdrawn it in accordance with the provisions of article 37 of the Planning & Development Regulations.
Footpath Self: That's very welcome news, Judy. Thank you. Even pretty here looks happy with it. Hi, Rich? You will of a morning while out strolling along here be given to hearing such welcomed words from Judy. *Self:* An application by whom, Rich, and to do what?
Footpath Self: By those indifferent to the health and well being of the inhabitants of lovely Tallow, Rich and of its beautiful environs. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me having seemingly observed the flight patterns of some birds in a western sky has traced out on the ground a reading for the patterns. *River Mirth:* Can you make out the reading? *Self:* Yes, it says, "NAME CHOICE B & B accommodation on Pennsylvania Avenue Call Bar Jonah for details" *River Mirth:* Have you any recollection of having read the reading somewhere before? *Self:* None whatsoever. I have this feeling about it, however; a feeling that I can't fully explain, in that it's some kind of subtle reference to a future event. But I don't know what that event might be. *Augury Self:* Hi, Rich? Among the myriads and myriads of things there is nothing that isn't a sign. Signs urge interpretations, interpretations necessitate an interpreter, and significantly the interpreter, Rich becomes both a sanctum sanctorum and an elucidator of revealed truths. *Self:* Rich, how will it be made possible that my present inadequate skills of observation and interpretation of signs will have reached this level of sophistication?
Augury Self: Vagueness impels clarity, Rich and never clarity does it compel. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in

shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Sagittarius.

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 14th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Lady Alexandria of Manitoba. *Lady Alexandria:* Dropping in to say, Happy Valentine’s Day, Richard!!! Hugs. *Self:* Thank you, Lady Alexandria.
With Bobby Burns being in our midst this day, he would of his Lady Alexandria surely say:

◊ O my Lady Alexandria’s like a red, red rose ◊

O my Lady Alexandria’s like a red, red rose
That’s newly sprung in June:
O my Lady Alexandria’s like the melodie
That’s sweetly play’d in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,

Till a’ the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve Lady!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve Lady,
Tho' a mile of centuries it take me.

Lyrically.

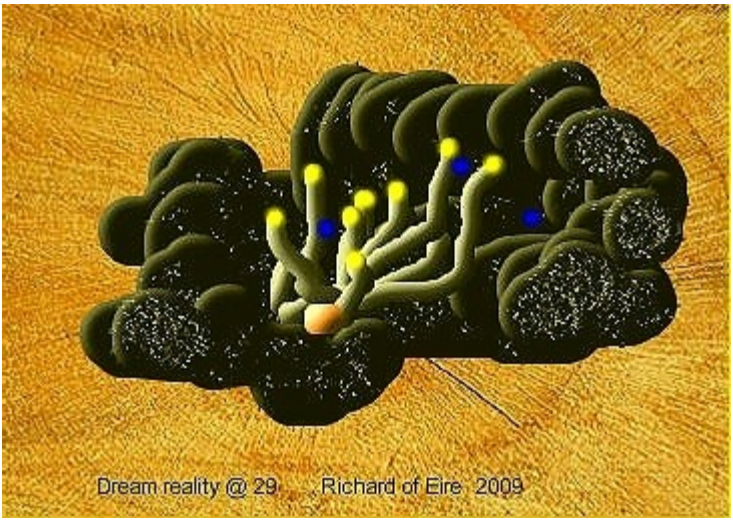
~:~

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Kay Konnors of Frankfurt. *Kay:* Hello, my beautiful Friend, Richard of Éire?
Thank you always for your nice comments. You give me always a Smile!
Self: Thank you, Kay. And likewise. *Kay:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Kay. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's a very pretty 'Happy Valentine's Day' card. It contains three sections. On the left is a little boy wearing a hat and oversized clothes. He's holding a bouquet of red roses in front of him which are nearly as tall as himself. In the center is a little boy wearing a hat and well fitting clothes with a red rose in his right hand, and he's about to give a little girl a fondie, kiss. She is also wearing a hat and an oversized type of cardigan. And in the right is a little girl wearing a red hat, a beige scarf, a greatly oversized yellow jumper, and red shoes, and she's holding in her right hand a single red rose that is also almost as tall as herself. Kay, thank you. It's so very pretty. *Kay:* Much Love. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Dolly of California. *Dolly:* Hi, Richard? I just got home and had a wonderful time. I love taking the time to lecture about film and share my "war" stories with the students and they are so bright and full of life. It's

wonderful to see them and answer all their questions. It's really a blessing for me to get to do that and I am really grateful I get asked back every semester. Wishing you a very Happy Valentine's Day! Warmest regards. *Self:* Good heart dawning, Dolly so bright and full of life. Joy to you this day of love! Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the

terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Serpens.

Having a compassionate heart Dream reality 29



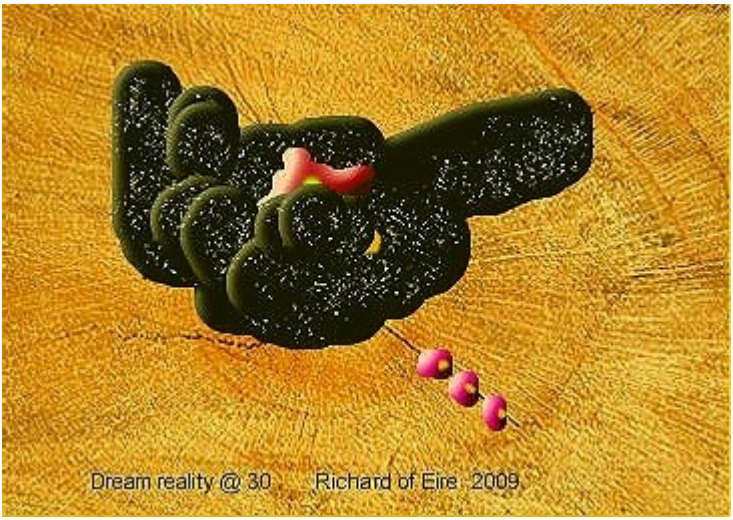
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 15th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Mahnaz, and reads as follows: "Good evening, Mahnaz, Here are some nice words for you and your friends from one of my works: "Receptive: Isn't doodling a form of relaxation, Risteárd? Rísteárd: Doodling here, Receptive refers to one's regular job whatever that may be. The problem is one of indifference to the daily lives of others, especially those in difficulty within our own communities about us in the valleys and hills; in the towns and cities; in the countries and regions near and far even within the same building. How many are they who living within the same building do not even know their next-door

neighbour’s name? Receptive: One cannot live happily, Risteárd in these modern times, if he or she is always concerned about others, especially those existing in faraway, remote places. Taking the best of care of one’s own family is a full-time concern. Rísteárd: However a full-time concern it may seem to be Receptive it produces nothing more than the happiness of the indifferent.

The happiness of the indifferent is but a producer of small happiness. Great happiness comes from having a compassionate heart.…"
(Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 1, Misty Knight)
With gratitude and well being, Mahnaz, Salam, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Crater.

Enjoying tantalizing aromas Dream reality 30



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 16th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me two writings.
River Mirth: Of what do they read? *Self:* They're addressed to someone named, Celia, and read as follows: "Good dawning, Celia, I like your words where you say: "… spill your heart out and teach others of your own personal experience on this planet. Do not

leave this planet without leaving your name as part legend. ” Here for you are some of my own with remembrance of a Friday evening in Jeddah sitting before the beautiful Blue-Domed Mosque that is built out on the sea; sitting watching the sun set when: “… this elderly, dignified, shy Arabian man

of regular build and height came along on my left and sat down beside me. He was dressed in traditional Bedouin attire, had a fine beard and wore his hair long. He was of the fragrance of musk n' rose. I stood up out of respect for an elderly person. He smiled and gently shook my hand.
His hand felt like high quality silk. We both sat down together and there in silent harmony watched the sun set into the sea. Then he said to me,
"It pleases Allah to give us all this beauty." I smiled in agreement, and replied with, "It is how we read it."
With the muezzin calling out for prayers he smiled at me and rose to his feet, and went and entered the holy mosque. I watched him from the bench as he made his way out along the colonnade. The memory of his words, the softness of his voice, the beauty of his smile, the touch of his hand, the dignity of his person and the fragrance of his presence will always be with me."
(Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 3 A wedding gift) With gratitude and well being, Celia, Richard of Éire" :::
"Celia, thank you so much for the beautiful photograph of an Arabian market. With viewing and 'entering' into its ambience am I been given over to enjoying its tantalizing aromas… :)
"We were awe-struck at the sight, and threaded the market streets, where we found the goods and gold and silver left lying in their places, and we were glad and said, "Doubtless there is some mystery in all this."
(Source: *The Arabian Nights*, Eldest Lady's Tale) Assalamu Alaikum, Celia, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Corvus.

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 17th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Soulflower, and reads as follows: "Good dawning, Soulflower, Here are some nice words for you from one of my works: "And now we ask in our heart, "How shall we distinguish that which is our good in our pleasure from that which is not our good?" Let us to stroll in our fields, our orchards and our gardens, and we shall learn that it is our pleasure of our bee to gather our honey of our flower, But it is also our pleasure of our flower to yield our honey to our bee. For to our bee our flower is our fountain of life, And to our flower our bee is our messenger of love, And to both, our bee and our flower, our giving and our receiving of our pleasure is our need and our joy. People of Éirelese, let us be in our pleasures like our flowers and our bees." (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical

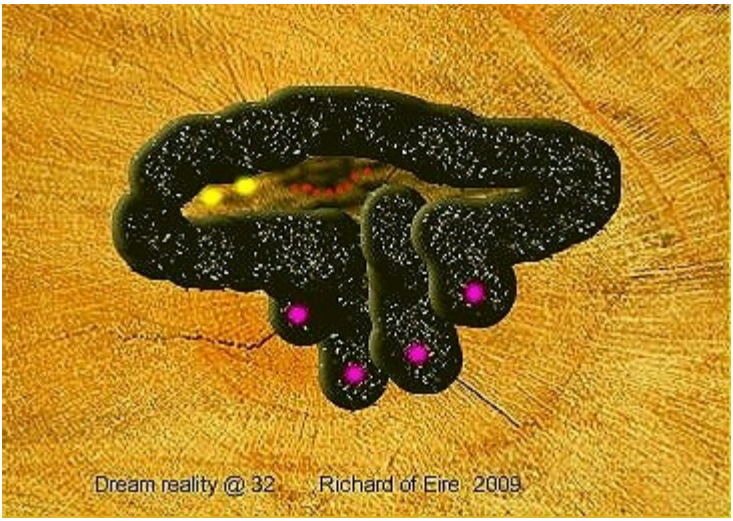
philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*)

With gratitude and well being, Soulflower, Richard of Éire" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Yara, and reads as follows: "Welcome, Yara! Here are some nice words for you

from one of my works:
“27:43 And of the choosing and blessing of The God, Harmony of the Seasons will take to be her husband, Beloved of Peace, an Essene poet of the sweetwater southern foothills of Mount Hermon - a faithful one to The God, and who while sojourning in the environs of Byblos will bring forth Yara - a faithful one to The God. 27:44 And of the choosing and blessing of The God, Yara will take to be her husband, Mauharim a Phoenician fisherman of the eastern Mediterranean - a faithful one to The God. 27:45 And their nuptial feast will take place of an afternoon within sight of its evening, in the month of July, and in the mountains up from Byblos at the Cascades of Aphca. 27:46 And concurrent with the glorious setting of the sun in the Mediterranean way off in the distance, the sacred ancestral words of marriage will be spoken upon the bride and bridegroom, by Harmony of the Seasons and Beloved of Peace the parents of Yara…” (Source: *A Jesus of Nazareth*, Chapter 27 Generations of the bloodline) With gratitude and well being, Yara, Richard of Éire” And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s addressed to someone named, Vlad, and reads as follows: “Good evening, Vlad,
Here are some words for you from one of my works:
“And if we would know our Most Beloved, be not therefore we solvers of Her mysteries. Rather look about us and we shall see Her playing with our children. And look into our space; we shall see Her walking in our clouds, outstretching Her arms in our lightning and descending in our rain. We shall see Her smiling in our flowers, then rising and waving Her hands in our trees.”
(Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran’s *The Prophet*)
With gratitude and well being, Vlad, Richard of Éire” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as

the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Norma.

I wonder have I just said something profound Dream reality 32



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 18th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Iain of Paca.
Iain: Richard, I hope that you have had a super weekend and that this week will bring you much joy. Mines not started so well with a little car trouble, never mind, worse things happen at sea! Working hard in the boatyard at the moment, which seems to hinder my creative side, a shame but I'll get back to it soon! Where does it come from this need to create? Thank you for your thought and kind words! *Self:* You're welcome, Iain. And thank you for your encouraging words. To paraphrase some words for you from *Myriam of Lebanon*: "When Creativity beckons to you Iain, follow Her, Though Her ways are hard and steep. And when Her wings enfold you, yield to Her, Though Her hailstones hidden in Her summer showers may wound you. And when She speaks to you, believe in Her,

Though Her voice at times may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste our gardens…” While you work on the boats jot down in a small note pad ideas that come into your mind. Then later when you get a chance you can expand on them on your computer. When Creativity calls to you Iain listen to her carefully for She is going to make you very special sometime in the future.

Remember, Albert Einstein worked in a humble patent office in Bern
long before the world ever heard of him. This was in fact the place where he 'hatched' some of his most beautiful ideas. Creatively. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to, Nina, and reads as follows:
"Nina, your question, "Do you believe in fate?" though very simple (it containing no more than five words) has profound implications, and as such not at all easy for me to answer. You say: "I believe that everything happens for a reason (whether we can fathom it or not)" And I would add, Nina, I believe that I happen for a reason whether I can fathom it or not or whether anyone else can fathom it or not … :) I wonder have I just said something profound or not. Or is Profundity merely playing with me? Last night in a dream, I was with visiting my childhood home here on the island. And with viewing the southeastern sky, I beheld an airplane flying low in from the southeast. As I was watching it, it turned in my direction, and while doing so 'coiled' itself into the shape of an almost 'flatten football' which was rotating and hovering soundlessly. It looked very beautiful and it was about half the size of an acre. With watching it, I knew 'they' were back and I felt good about that. Then I found myself drifting away into another scene in which I could 'see' the visitors from [who knows were] transforming themselves from being invisible into everyday people just like you and me. And I was thinking to myself (in the dream) that this is something I have always known … And then I awoke. Now how can I apply fate to this dream? Did it happen for a reason? Lyrically, are tornadoes giant 'ice-cream' cones for giants? Now where did that thought come from; coming as it did quite unannounced? How would I know they to be so or not to be so? Who could I ask that would know? Might Will of Avon know? Ah, methinks no … :) Fathom-ly, Richard" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a

writing; a blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's by Paulo Coelho, and reads as follows: "Title: We and the critics I use to receive some emails from readers that feel personally insulted when they read a bad review on my books. First of all, I thank you for your solidarity.
Second: don't take the critics too seriously! Just ask: "if you can do better, why don't you write a book?" I am used to bad reviews (mostly Brazilian and French, because I use to commute between these two wonderful countries), and after 20 years of writing, I came to some few conclusions that helped a lot in my books. In *The Zahir*, the main character knows already, even before his book is published, what critics

are going to say. And they say always the same thing - regardless the title or the plot of my new book. I have a funny collection of these reviews that one day I may post in my blogs.
It is not up to me to criticize the critics - I am a writer. At the end of the day, I believe that every critic wanted to be a writer. When I meet one of them (and I meet them very often) they are normally embarrassed. They try to be nice, as if I was insulted. They are normally surprised with my reaction ("I don't take your comments as a personal offense"). Why am I writing this? Because I am convinced that most of you also feel hurt when someone criticizes your work. As I said before, don't take critics too seriously. They don't have the power to make (or to avoid) someone buying a book, a CD, or to go to an exhibition. Don't give them the importance they don't have. They are trying to make a living, and that's all ..." And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a comment of mine to Paulo's blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's reads as follows: "Paulo, I've been ignored, criticized, and rejected so many times along the way. But do know along the way has this very nice way about it of loosing itself in the ebbs and flows of yesterdays. Yesterdays? Yes, they were the days that were and are now no more. Some of those days ago, Paulo, and with every good intention, I did write a beautiful letter (and sent by traditional mail) to a man in my near environs of international renown and of great wealth in which I did express a wish to privately present him with signed 1st edition copies of all my works for his personal library. And although this would have put a financial strain on me and my family, yet you know how it is Paulo with us of the aesthetic way whose starting point is oft the snowy summits or the drifting morning haze, I thought it would be a nice gesture, and as well as that it would be a very practical way of assuring that my precious books (thoughts) would be safely 'transported' into the future. And if any further recognition came out it, well, well and good. It

was not a primary or even secondary concern. But alas, oh, alas a rude private secretary of his did send me a reply so she did: “……” Now, it is one thing to have your work be criticized (and in some ways it is to be welcomed for it is in itself at least a form of recognition of one’s existence) but it is yet another thing to encounter ignorant small-minded ‘gatekeepers’ who without the blinking of an eye would destroy your good intentions as they would shove an original copy of the *Magna Carta* through a shredding machine thinking it to be of no good use to anybody. Yes, her reply did hurt me; hurt me deeply so it did. Critics and small-minded

gatekeepers what do they know anyway? Glassless mirrors and windowless snuggeries. “2:33 A student is not above his or her teacher, but every student who listens with the heart to the word of The God, will be greater than his or her teacher, for the greatness of The God is without end.
2:34 And why dost thou behold the dust particles that are in thy parents and grandparents’ eyes, and the limestone column that is in thine own eye dost not consider? 2:35 Or how art thou able to say to thy aged father or thy aged mother, Father, Mother, suffer, I may take out the dust particle that is in thine eye, thyself the limestone column in thine own eye not beholding? 2:36 Unthinking, take first the limestone column out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to take out the dust particles that are in thy parents eyes. 2:37 For there is not a sound apple tree making pitiable fruit, nor a pitiable tree making sound fruit; 2:38 For each tree from its own fruit is known, for not from thistle do they gather dates, nor from bramble olives…” (Source: *A Jesus of Nazareth*, Chapter 2 Restore, and to encourage) It is no rumour that tomorrow will be a new day!
Paulo, thanks for this opportunity for me to let it out and move on.
Lyrically, Richard” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Hydrus.

Couple standing n’ affectionately embracing Dream reality 33

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 19th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Valeria of Italy.
Valeria: Richard, I’d like you to have this very nice artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Valeria. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It’s a highly abstract work of a couple standing and affectionately embracing each other. It has a certain tranquillity to it that is charming. Valeria, thank you so

much for this beautiful piece of art … :) It reminds me of something I once wrote:
“While marvelling at all the wonders as I walked throughalong, I suddenly became aware that the people were without ears, eyes, noses or mouths. Their hands though shaped like hands were without fingers. The feet were the same. Not alone that but they had no apertures whatsoever in their bodies. Neither had they any hair on any part of their bodies. They wore a beautiful transparent fabric like material which appeared somehow to embody in its colour and flow the whole personality of the wearer…” (Source: *Innkeeper’s Fire*, Act. 10 Sun) Benedizioni, Valeria, Richard
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form,

and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Cygnus.

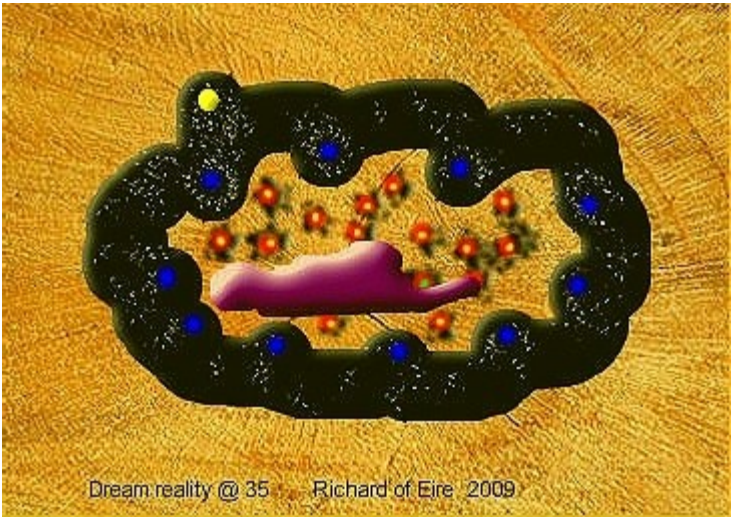
Only those who lend themselves Dream reality 34

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 20th February 2008.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a harmonious man enjoying reflectively sitting in the rain. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: photographer, Ian St. Ian (Mark Orr) of Raintree County, Indiana, United States of America. *Ian:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Ian St. Ian? Delighted to meet you. Your work is wonderful! Here are some nice words for you from one of my works: "The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration's gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her

profound generosity. Behold, hereupon is presented the Annunciation of the Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain, concerning Myriam the Beautiful; a fragrant scion from her upland groves. In this scroll herewith, it is written for all to read in refined contemplation, and joyful anticipation, a goodly and timely

message …” (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran’s *The Prophet*) With gratitude and well being, Ian. *Ian:* Richard, thank you. And, if you don’t mind I would very much like to have the following as a default quotation on my profile. “Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity.” These words touch me very deeply. *Self:* Ian, I’m greatly honoured. Thank you.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Circinus.

Getting to know you n’ your work Dream reality 35



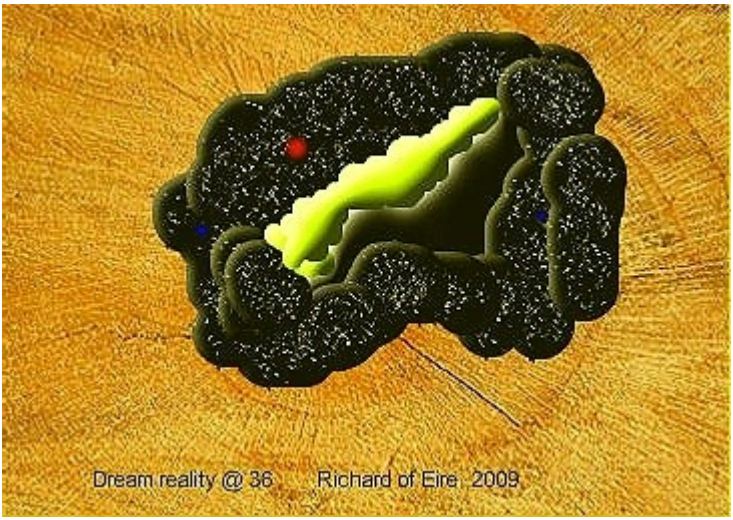
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 21st February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Elolliat. *Elolliat:* Richard, thank you for your good

day’s wish. Have you seen the moon’s eclipse this night? It appears that it seems red. And unfortunately, I was sleeping! *Self:* Yes, it was wonderful, Elolliat! Blessings of the new day be with you. *Elolliat:* And with you too, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person.

River Mirth: Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: playwright, director, author, storyteller, singer, dancer, Sheela Langeberg of Tanzania & South Australia. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has a gentle smile, and wisdom revealing eyes. She has lovely black hair, and is wearing a wonderfully, colourful, traditional Tanzanian dress. *Sheela:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Greetings to you from Australia & Tanzania. *Self:* Hi, Sheela? Looking forward to getting to know you, and your work. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Sextans.

Time that we stop throwing things Dream reality 36



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 22nd February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows: "Friends,
Sharing a comment I wrote at Wikio dated, ... before the shattering to pieces of the crippled U.S. spy satellite. Subject: Here a certain logic would seem to be at work. Here a certain logic would seem to be at work.

In the far far yesterday, our ancestors could hit a bird off a branch with a stone or even with using some kind of a slingshot while others, well they could shoot an empty old rusty bean can or a whiskey bottle off a rock. Then a great leap in the 'throwing things at things tradition' took place in that some of our ancestors were able to take out moving targets. And not alone that but they were able to take out things without even seeing them and from a great distance too. And now being true to this tradition of throwing things at things we're going to attempt to take out a piece of junk that is earthward bound. If we're successful (either on the first or second attempt) we will no doubt have confidence brimming over, and will next want to throw something at something that's even beyond the planet. So in no decades at all our descendants will be trying to take a shot at anything that moves in the Solar System, including of course the sun. Where will this throwing things at things tradition take us?
Is there any chance we could be teaching someone out there to do the same to us? What if someone then were to hurdle something at our beautiful home planet which would shatter it to pieces as did our ancestors of not so long ago with empty whiskey bottles and cans. Maybe it's time that we stop throwing things at things; at each other! Let there be a call for a stop throwing things at things world. And that includes h-arm-loaded words. Richard of Éire" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her?
Self: Yes, it's my friend: Lilly of Chicago, Illinois, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful; has a wonderful smile. She has long brown hair, and is wearing a lovely white blouse. *Lilly:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Very nice to meet you.
Self: Hi, Lilly? Lovely too it is to meet you. And here are some nice words for you from one of my works: "Prologue: Faithful tutelaries of Caisleán an Ridire

Rósréalta high above its sacred ivy-mantled oratory had been all day waving and weaving with the wind an augury of good tidings for the one whose sleep serves as the food of his heart beneath the fractured altar within. Time and time again sweeping down and entering via the Ecce Agnus Hibernium inscribed portal, and up o'er the aisle to thrice swirl in front of the consecrated altar, before rising up in a blossoming fan in all directions through the open roof, only to gather and gather again to wave and weave to sway and sweep. Rísteárd had stood all the while since the ninth hour in a welcoming alcove watching in wonderment the unique scene as each wave feather-swept bright as

new an ancient fleur-de-lys mosaic floor, in whose midst was presented to his eyes in the fifteenth hour, and for the very first time, an exquisitely graven inscription which reads in part: AGNUS DEI In life long burdened with the Secret of the Ages was he. Clear of Sin is he. Now here at long last for ages contented with the Secret of Life is he you see.
And a stream of wind then blew and blew in by way of the sacristy door clothing the floor all under with leaf upon leaf; leaving its secret hidden in the shade. Those words abided themselves before Rísteárd's eyes, wherewith he generously pondered them in his heart as he strolled his way homeward to the inn with the new crescent Moon in an apricot tinted sky accompanying him…" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 4 Left Foot & Right Foot)
With gratitude and well being, Lilly. *Lilly:* … And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Dolly of California.
Dolly: Hi, Richard, I had a good "Dolly" day except that I have a bad cold now and am trying to recover from it ... but I should be okay in a day or so.
Self: Dolly, may you quickly be with returning to good health. But in the meantime (and may it be a short time) seek out for the blessing and meaning of your discomfort. By doing so you will be helping yourself to be in greater health than you were previously: before Cold arrived … :)
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon a most unique scene of the beauteous Lilly of Chicago lovingly embracing the long black mane of a magnificent black horse. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the beauteous Lilly?

◊ Lilly there's so much love in me for thee ◊

Lilly there's so much love in me for thee.

Would that I could again be in human form and holding thee in my arms as I oft did so long long ago in our lovely castle by the sea.

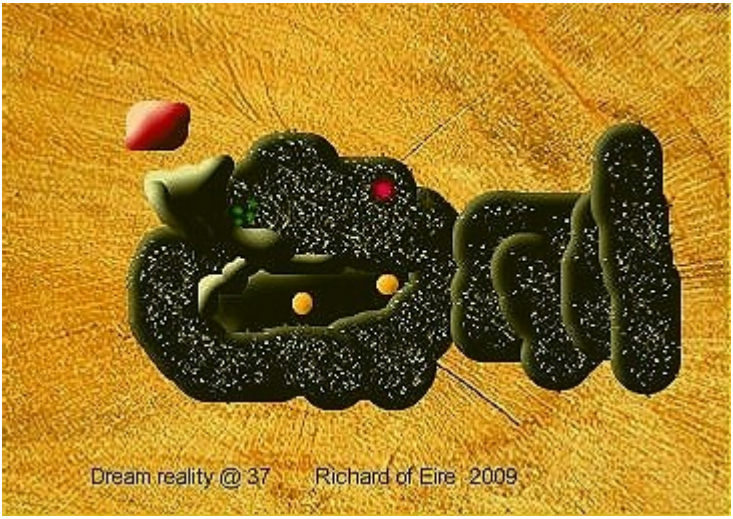
Lilly do you know this to be me; do you remember we?

Yes, my love I know this to be thee; yes, we happily in our lovely castle by the sea.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Horologium.

Our children are our children Dream reality 37



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 23rd February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Tayira of Sabanilla, San Josè, Costa Rica. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has lovely smiling eyes. She has shoulder length black hair; is wearing charming gold earrings and necklace, and a light yellow, purple, green to beige striped blouse. She's sitting on a beige to brown sofa against a soft blue

coloured background wall. *Tayira:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Greetings to you from Costa Rica. *Self:* Hi, Tayira? Greetings to you from the isle of Éire. Here are some nice words for you from one of my works: “And my woman who held her babe against her bosom said, “Speak to us of our Children.” And she said: Our children are our

children, and as our sons and daughters are they of Life's longing for itself. They come through us but not from us, And though they are with us, yet they are not our possession. We may give them our love but not our thoughts, For they have their own thoughts. We may house their bodies but not their souls, For their souls dwell in their house of tomorrow, which we cannot visit, not even in our dreams. We may strive to be like them, but let us seek not to make them like us.
For our life goes not backward nor tarries with our yester day…"
(Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*)
With gratitude and well being, Tayira.
Tayira: Richard, thank you. They're beautiful. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting indoors somewhere, and I'm seeing sitting over from me in an alcove of golden and silver lighting, the lovely Tayira of Costa Rica all attired in white pearl earrings and matching necklace, a golden wristwatch upon her left hand and upon her right a golden bracelet; a white shinny blouse with a sash of some kind about her shoulders reaching to her lap: a harmonious purple sash. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the lovely Tayira?

◊ We are love light in the world ◊

We shine golden and silver in alcove and window,
but thee beauteous Tayira do glow ruby and lily.
Thy eyes are as clear pools of love; thy smile as
the sunrise and sunsets o'er gracious Costa Rica.
With yere golden and silver shine in my heart can it be so.
We are love light in the world thee and we; yes,
we and thee eternally.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Tayira:* You are so kind Richard and the poem is so beautiful!!!!! Thank you so much!!!!!!! *Self:* You're very welcome, Tayira. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Rahel of Eritrea. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes,

she's very beautiful. There's a lovely calmness in her eyes. She's sitting somewhere perhaps in an art gallery. And she's reading a brown hardback book. She's wearing a delightful light red hair band in her wonderful head of black hair. She has sliver to golden earrings, and a silver necklace. She's wearing a white blouse having blue and read patterns; a denim jacket and skirt, black leg warmers, and very pretty brown shoes. *Rahel:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Very nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Rahel? Nice to meet you. I like your words: "I want to meet people who strive to stand above
mediocrity, people who do not glorify cruelty; thoughtlessness; vapidity and greed. I want to be surrounded by people who value life and love." … :) And in return, here are some nice words for you from one of my works: "Depther arias and the chorus echoes. 'Fresh green meadows ---------- WE LIVE white clouds in a bright blue sky ---------- WE LIVE Fresh dark meadows ---------- WE LIVE sparkling stars in a velvet sky ---------- WE LIVE Fresh frosted dew meadows ---------- WE LIVE dawn stars in an orange sky --------- WE LIVE Fresh sparkling meadows -------- WE LIVE rainbow in a bluewhitegreysky ------- WE LIVE Fresh fresh white white meadowsky ------ WE LIVE Fresh lives heartily fresh and so is fresh ----- I LIVE Meadow lives heartily meadow and so is a meadow ---- I LIVE Sky lives heartily sky and so is sky --- I LIVE A life lives heartily life and so is a life -- HE LIVES Live to live - YES …" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 22 Opera House) With my compliments, Rahel. *Rahel:* Thank you, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me strolling in that art gallery, and I'm seeing Rahel sitting down on a side seat and she's reading a book.
Strolling Self: Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the lovely Rahel?

◊ Oh, faithful friend ◊

When you open me upon your lap myself to you do I willing reveal.
Every word within me do I freely give to thee beauteous Eritrean lady.
Oh, faithful friend since my childhood days with your words do I softly gaze out upon the world; with your words do I smile unto eternity.
You and I are love and beauty; love and beauty are you and I travelling through space and time without beginning or end.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Rahel:* … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Octans.

Fragrant rose n' ambrosia grail Dream reality 38

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 24th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift.
Wishing to you my dear friend a productive and brilliant day!!!
Much love and hugs!!! *Self:* Oh, thank you, Tayira. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of a pink rose and a green crystal glass chalice on a rich dark blue cloth covered table. Tayira, your fragrant

rose and ambrosia grail I do receive with gratitude and joy of heart. May this glorious day of this welcoming week find your charming love for your family, and for all whom you meet to be of the most divinely kind. Embrace-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person.
River Mirth: Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman.
River Mirth: Do you

recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: HighlandLady of Alaska, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has lovely long shoulder length foxy hair. She's wearing a silver bracelet be it a watch on her right wrist; a soft lilac blouse and blue jeans. And she's standing leaning on a light brown wooden fence in a truly splendid field of tall purple hued grass. She looks very peaceful; very much at home in this charming setting.
HighlandLady: Hi, Richard of Éire? Have a day of sunshine and contentment. *Self:* Hi, HighlandLady? Lovely it is to meet you. Thank you for your beautiful words: "Have a day of sunshine and contentment." In my white wintry heights you have heralded for me the coming of spring; golden new day on the horizon way … :) And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling in the countryside, and I'm happening upon the scene of HighlandLady and she standing and leaning on the light brown wooden fence in a truly splendid field of tall purple hued grass. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the delightful HighlandLady?

◊ Beauteous HighlandLady ◊

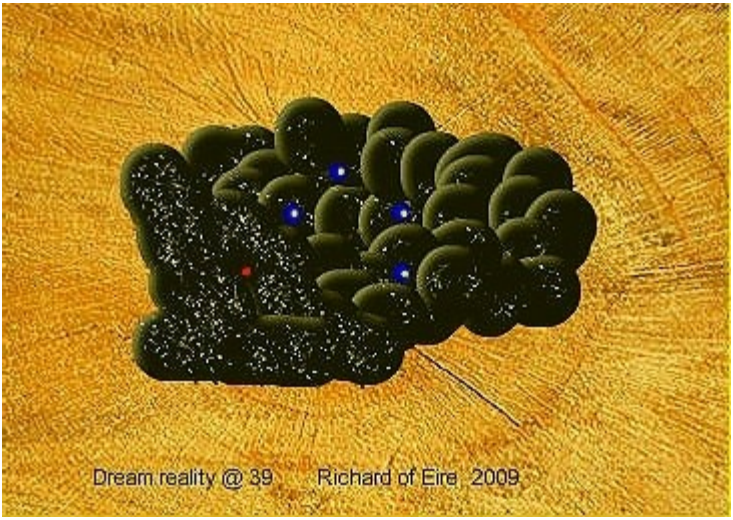
Beauteous HighlandLady is it that I am on the outside with thee on the in or is it thee that is on the outside and I on the in?
Oh, what, whichever, why way it be, together somehow we not be.
'Not together?
Upon my word; know ye not that with upon me standing are in each other's eternal company?'
'And what of this fence?'
'No fence am I rather a leaning-upon and a hide n' seek place for ye to be.'
Beauteous HighlandLady … Fence …Me.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *HighlandLady:* … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form,

and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Camelopardalis.

One who enjoys sojourning in the spacious world
Dream reality 39



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 25th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me three writings.
River Mirth: Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows: "Good evening, Annette, Here are some nice words for you from one of my works concerning the 11th Duke of Devonshire some days after he had strolled over into the world invisible: "I looked up ahead, and the highest turret of Lismore Castle came into view. I stood there for a while gazing up at it, and imagined what the view might be like from up there of the surrounding countryside. There before me was the font in the wall of the castle that the angel had requested me to visit. I crossed the road and stood on a flagstone slightly to the left of the font … In a moment,

while I was watching the water, didn’t I notice the wall on my right become transparent, and I saw this very old tall dignified man dressed like unto a fisherman, and wearing pale lemon socks walking out from a wall in the castle itself, and out by the font. In his left hand he was carrying a book. He came up to me softly smiling and greeted me with a handshake

saying, “Welcome, I’m Andrew.” “Good day, Sir? I’m Richard.” “Welcome Richard.” He then continued on off happily down the road for himself towards Warren’s Walk. With entering the walkway, he turned and gave me a wave and then proceeded on his way …” (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 8 A feeling of homecoming)
With gratitude and well being, Annette, Richard of Éire” ::: “Richard, your message was very apt so to speak. I have myself been to Lismore Castle on more than one occasion. It’s a beautiful place of solitude. My immense Love of Chatsworth House goes back some 23 years and annually I go back to be inspired by this awe-inspiring place. Just to spend a day there is like music to my soul! I don’t know if you have any understanding of spiritual issues but I myself believe in a multitude of things way beyond this world. I had a regression some 4 years ago. I have had a past life at both Lismore & Chatsworth. If you look in my photo album can see the person I was in that “Past Life”. Annette” ::: “Hi, Annette, Thank you for your message. I am one who merely enjoys sojourning in the spacious world of my imagination, and from time to time writing about my findings. I feel comfortable with knowing that I don’t know what life is, and I take it from there daily. Blessings, Richard”
And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me out in a bright winter’s day strolling somewhere, and I’m happening upon Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a photograph of an old brown horse standing by a tree. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ Precious company ◊

I love the touch of your neck against my bark;
your scented mane being tossed about me by
gracious wind.
Oh, tree of this grove, how I love your company
throughout the seasons; the touch of your gentle

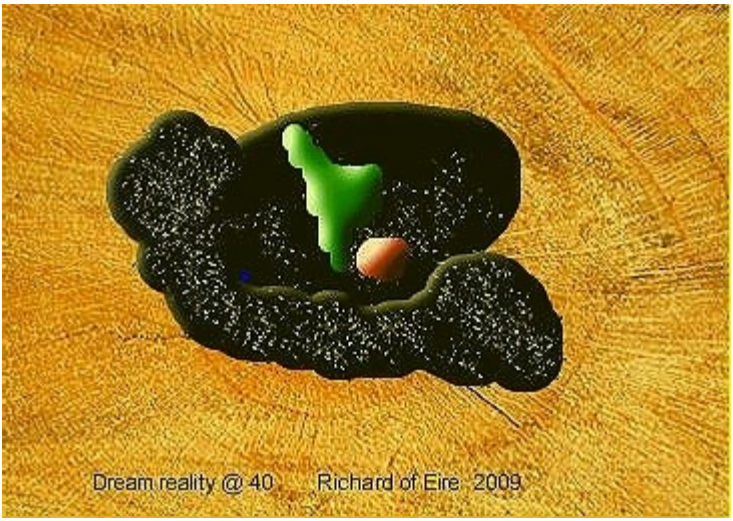
bark against my neck; your fragrant branches shading me in summer days.
Oh, how I appreciate your stationary wavy way, and I your movement here and there about this lovely meadow.
I love to feel your roots within me, and the feel of your feet strolling about upon me.
Without you being beneath us we would have no place to be, for I could not so easily root myself there in sky nor walk I in those floating clouds.

Silently, contentedly, firmly we three, daily in
love with each other's precious company.
And, yes, Ian of Patience there is of our company, for he
loves much the given beauty about him;
recording it faithfully for the generations
following.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian St. Ian:* Richard, thank you so much for the beautiful words for my photograph of the old horse. What a kind and wonderful thing to do, and it is much appreciated. *Self:* Ian, I find your work wonderfully inspirational.
Blessings & Truth. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Ara.

Resting on a bundle of notebooks Dream reality 40



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 26th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Estas, and reads as follows: "Buenos días, Estas? Here are some nice words for you from one of my works: "A man in his mid-thirties, dressed in ragged colourful clothes, and wearing no headgear is riding along leisurely in a railless donkey cart. The white coloured donkey wares no reins, halter or bit save a well cushioned saddle and soft padded harness with which to pull the cart. Also in the cart sits a gold-haired dog, collarless and leashless with its two front paws resting on a bundle of
notebooks. The bundle is bound with a string made of dried grass. The devoted donkey gracefully pulls the cart up alongside the guard post at a side entrance to the huge grey coloured Ultra Modem Scientific Research Centre at Ignore (UMSRCI). 'Hello, John?' 'Hello Avis? How's Mildlea and Calmea?' 'We're all doing well. And yourself, John?' 'Can't complain, Avis. Happy to have a job. Your leg seems to have improved a lot since I last saw you.' Next time round, John it will be as good as new again, and Mildlea won't need to be pulling this cart for my comfort. Here's some wild honey for Teresa and the children.' 'They'll be thrilled, Avis. Thanks a million.' 'Ye're very welcome, John.' 'Mildlea and Calmea you come with me around here to the back of the guard post, and I'll take good care of you as usual while Avis is dropping in the notebooks. I know how you like to keep a low profile, Avis.' 'Thanks John. You're a good friend to us. I won't be long.'…"
(Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 36 Our Essence)
With gratitude and well being, Estas, Richard of Éire"
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to a Deanna of Huston, Texas, United States of America, and reads as follows: "Deanna, Here are some 'moving' words for you from one of my works:

"Rísteárd (silently invocating)

Oh benevolent ancestors of our people;
Vigilant custodians of the isle’s sacred hearths.
Bless my tongue and lips this Sunday Eve
That I may with a good grace, and
In a style worthy of your revered tradition,
Announce to my honoured guest, Receptive
This sighting of the hearth.

And may the blessings of those pastoral
sojourners of Bygone Eves be upon Receptive too;
Who in their search with Truth and Eternity,
Were welcomed inside many the threshold,
To listen to stories grand, and
Contribute words profound.

Inspire memorable questions and gratifying elucidation
That we two may enjoy marvellous discourse.

And may this night's humble bequest to posterity
Be worthy of acceptance into your hearts."

(Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*)

With gratitude, well being, Beautiful of Love, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Capricornus.

Chariot grand of an ancient land Dream reality 41

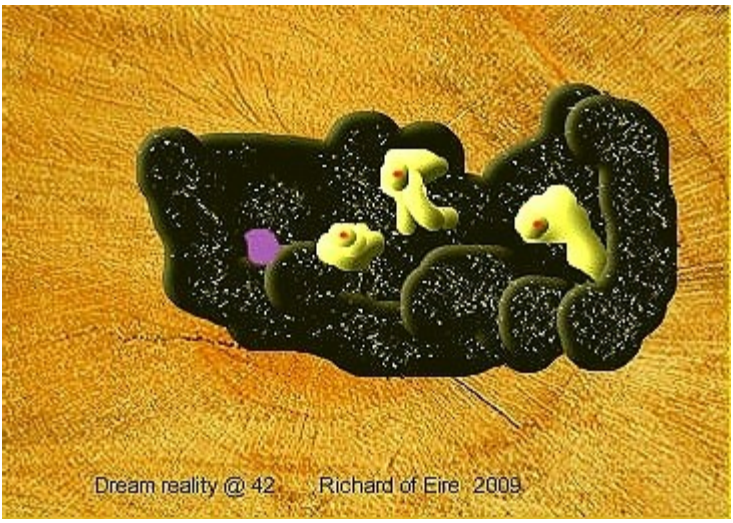
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 27th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a poem.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to Deanna of Huston, and reads as follows:

> "Beautiful One I See
>
> Beautiful One I See as curvature in sublimity.
> Slightly reclining upon thy chariot grand of an ancient land;
> Divinely womanly in thy raiment of starry heavens n' feline earth.
> Yet, why needeth thee in thy royal palace to be veiling thy beauteous face with sweet melancholy?
> Are thee missing thy noble ancient heritage or something more close to hand?
> Knoweth not that thy heritage is within thy bosom deep; our embracing love all about thee do well keep?
> Winged Sun shines light, warmth n' love eternally upon thy palace, chariot, and thee.

With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being, Deanna, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Hydra.

Dark deep beautiful eyes Dream reality 42



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 28th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: singer, Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She's got dark deep beautiful eyes with a delightful smile; long black wavy hair. She's wearing silver earrings, and a charming dress of soft brown patterns.
Olivia: Hi, Richard of Éire? Wonderful to meet you.
Self: Hi, Olivia? The feeling is mutual. Here are some nice words for you from one of my works: "The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration's gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in

dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity. Behold, hereupon is presented the Annunciation of the Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain, concerning Myriam the Beautiful; a fragrant scion from her upland groves. In this scroll herewith, it is written for all to read

in refined contemplation, and joyful anticipation, a goodly and timely message …" (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*) With gratitude and well being, Olivia. *Olivia:* Richard, thank you for such lovely words. I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Olivia. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of two children; a boy and a girl, and they're delightfully attired in oversized clothes, yet well fitting hats.
And there's a quotation included which reads: "A Friend is one of the nicest things you can have ... and one of the Best Things you can be."
Olivia, it's lovely. Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me walking along West Street in Tallow, and John the postman is calling my name. *John the postman:* Richard! Richard! *Walking Self:* Hello, John? *John the postman:* Richard, I've a letter here for you. *Walking Self:* Thanks, John. *John the postman:* You're very welcome, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting on the facing-south bench in our garden reading the letter.

"Apostolic Nunciature
in Ireland

183 Navan Road
Dublin 7

N. … / ..

Dated: …

Dear Mr McSweeney.

In the absence of H. E. the Apostolic Nuncio, I wish to acknowledge your letter of … and to assure you that I will bring your correspondence to His Excellency's attention upon his return to Ireland in early …

In the meantime, I remain with kind wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Rev …
Chargé d’Affaires a.i.”

Sitting in garden Self: Rich, you'll will be receiving such a letter from the Apostolic Nunciature. *Self:* Why, Rich would I have felt the need to write to the Apostolic Nunciature in the first place? *Sitting in garden Self:* And upon receiving it, Rich you will within that very same hour write the following reply:

Address: …

Dated: …

Your ref. … / ..

Dear Reverend Father Serrano,

Thank you for you letter of acknowledgement dated, ….

And thank you for your assurance that you will bring my correspondence of the … to His Excellency the Apostolic Nuncio's attention upon his return to Ireland in early …

My soul doth magnify the Lord, … for the One that is Mighty is doing great things.

Faithfully,

Richard Mc Sweeney

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out in a bright summer's day strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a photograph of a man on horseback. The man is wearing a straw hat, a blue shirt, and blue jeans. He's holding his head down and as such his face is not visible. Even the lovely brown horse is holding his head down as he slowly saunters along by a white fencing. *Strolling Self:* Rich,

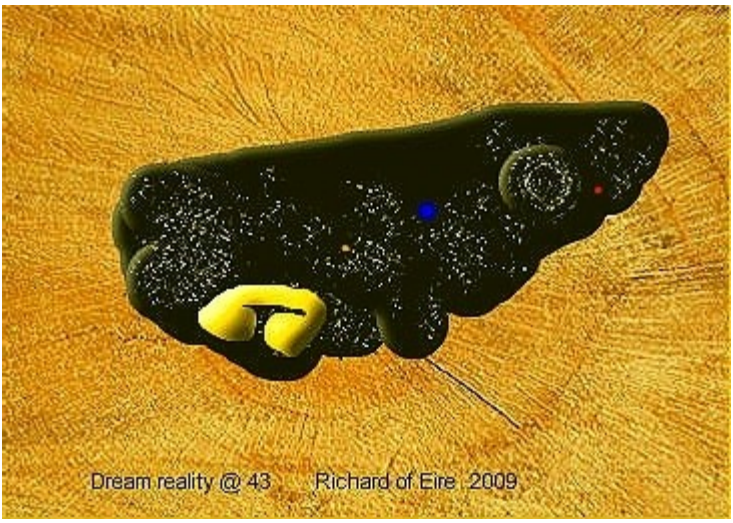
remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ After a rest ◊

"You take a rest now for I know the way home."
"Thank you. We did our best, didn't we?"
"Yes, we did indeed.
Runner up we may have been today, but not for always.
You take a rest now for I know the way home."
"Thank you. After a rest our best will be awaiting us."

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian St. Ian:* Thank you, Richard of Éire, philospher-poet ... for these beautiful words. What I have captured in photos ... you have captured in words. *Self:* Ian, you're most welcome. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Vela.



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Leap Year Day, Friday, the 29th February 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Rahel of Eritrea. *Rahel:* Hi, Richard, At the moment I’m on the road ;-) but when I have some time I will write you more and read all your postings ;-)
Thank you so much for your wonderful writings!! It means a lot for me.
I like the way you write!!! Sending you my love. *Self:* Good morning, Rahel, Thank you for your warm-hearted compliments. It means the world; Rahel’s world to me … :) … I feel you to be a beautiful person in heart, mind, and appearance; a poet’s dream. Travel with comfort.
Rahel: Thank you, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Estas. *Estas:* Hello, dear Richard, It is so nice … I thought about this old Russian cartoon called *The Troubadours of Bremen* … It might be even a story based on brothers Grimm … but it took me there reading your writing … Hahaha …

so nice :)) I'm in Mexico only for a month of March and then back to Europe, lots of travels this year and music of course as well I'm writing a story based on my adventures, it would be such pleasure to have a cup of tea. *Self:* Estas, thank you for your encouraging words. I hope you have a nice month in Mexico, and

that you will be setting off to Europe with a great sense of wonderment!
I'm delighted to hear that you are writing a story based on your adventures. What a fantastic work that will be, no doubt. A cup of tea and a chat sounds great about this work, but, let's wait and see … :) …
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska. *HighlandLady:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift with wishing you a day of poetry and Light. *Self:* Oh, thank you, HighlandLady. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of a lady with long foxy to brown hair which has in it a garland of white flowers. She's wearing a long peach coloured dress, and is sitting side saddle on a magnificent black steed as she's lovingly looking down into the eyes of a knight who is standing on the ground next to her. He's all dressed in sliver to grey shinny armour. He isn't wearing any headgear. There appears to be wild pink roses in the foreground. The hilly summer countryside in the background with either a river or a lake on the left is splendid. And beneath this unique scene, HighlandLady has included this poem.

> 'I met a lady in the meads,
> Full beautiful—a faery's child,
> Her hair was long, her foot was light,
> And her eyes were wild.
>
> 'I made a garland for her head,
> And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
> She look'd at me as she did love,
> And made sweet moan.
>
> 'I set her on my pacing steed
> And nothing else saw all day long,
> For sideways would she lean, and sing
> A faery's song.

Oh, beauteous Highland Lady why sent thee to me on this Leap
Year's Day so heart-wrenching a poem and painting?
Ref. "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci* (The Beautiful Woman Without Mercy)" by John Keats, and Sir Frank Dicksee's "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci* (The Beautiful Lady Without Pity)"
HighlandLady: Though a melancholy poem, Richard it is still Keats,

whom I love, and the image from Dicksee is one of my favourites ... I was merely sharing (: ... that and I have yet to venture outdoors, now the weather is cooperating, with the camera. I hope you have a lovely day of it. *Self:* Yes, I too have a great liking for Keats' works, HighlandLady, and the works of the Pre-Raphaelites. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, - that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." (Source: *Ode on a Grecian Urn* by John Keats)
His words have an air of beginnings about them. I hope the weather will be generous to you, and that you take some lovely photographs.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Cetus.

Translucent embodiment weaves our eve Dream reality 44

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 1st March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a poem.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to Giorgia Fumanti of Montreal, Canada, and reads as follows:

“Beauteous Dark Swan Giorgia

Oh, beauteous Dark Swan Giorgia.
Your fragrant wavy hair dreams our dawn;
Your colourful soft raiment seasons our day,
Your translucent embodiment weaves our eve.
Blessed be thy Beloved be, assuredly.

With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being, Giorgia,
Richard of Éire” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Puppis.

That I may verse worthily on thee Dream reality 45

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 2nd March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a poem.

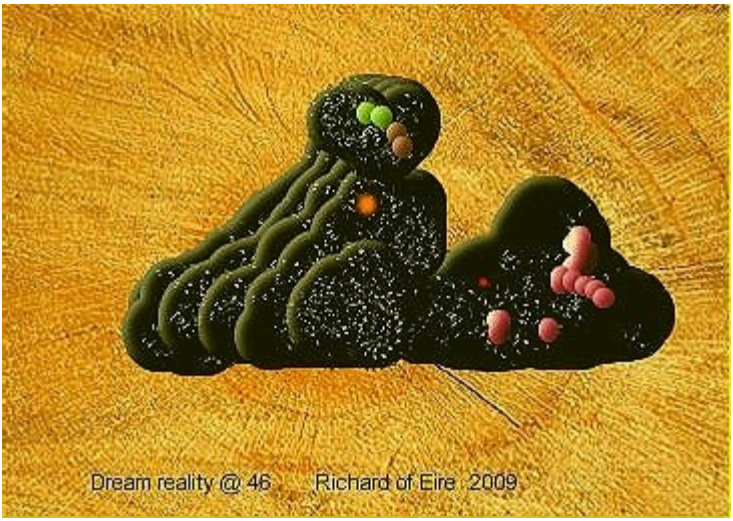
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to Clara Oleg of Paris, France and reads as follows:

"Take time to look and see

Is it your love in beauty that I'm feeling or your beauty in love?
Where are the words to be found that I may verse worthily on thee?
Along by the rolling sea or in the valley deep?
Within thy bosom find them to be.
Take time to look and see.

With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being, Clara, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Piscis Austrinus.

And isn't it delighted n' honoured I would be Dream reality 46



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 3rd March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it’s my friend: painter, Graeme Murray of

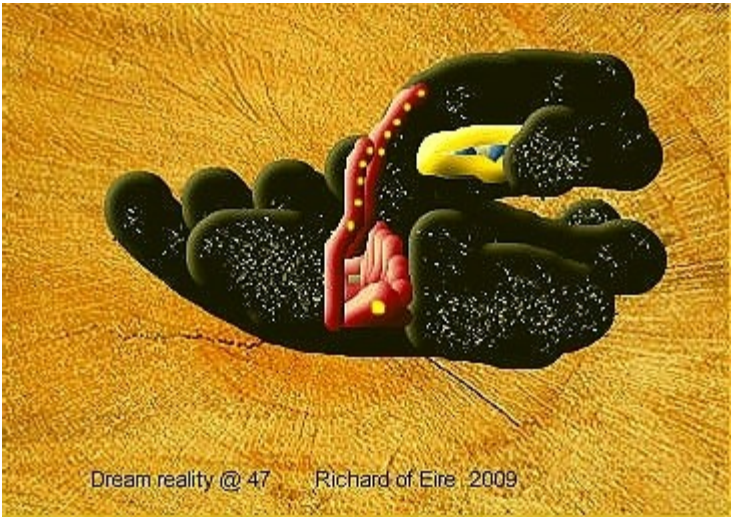
Scotland, United Kingdom. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he would appear to be a very reflective type of person. He's got shoulder length black hair, and is wearing a woollen sweater. *Graeme:* Hi, Richard? A pleasure to meet you! I first read Kahlil Gibran out in the mountains of Cyprus where I had a studio. The house and studio were inhabited by a benign female spirit that wanted my guests to leave one evening which they promptly did, leaving the meal on the table.

Ah, the stories I could tell you. As Michaleen Oge Flynn would say, in *The Quiet Man* ... but I have a terrible thirst! *Self:* Hi, Graeme? In a spirit and style reminiscent of the insightful Irish playwright John Millington Synge (1871-1909) do I greet you with: delighted it is so I am to hear that you are familiar with the works of the great man himself, Kahlil of the beautiful land of Lebanon. With reflecting on that encounter that you and your friends had of an evening in the mountains of Cyprus, I'm asking to myself, why didn't they take to inviting that female spirit to come join them in the meal? For maybe all she wanted was a bit of company.

We all know how lonely it can become at times in the mountains, especially, if for a few centuries we've been roaming about there all on our ownsome. And isn't it delighted and honoured I would be, if you would take to sharing some of your fine stories with me for isn't it a terrible 'thirst' I do be having at times to be meeting and chatting with people who love to be talking away throughout the night about things that the next day, and for many the next day to come will be remembered with a great joyfulness of heart ... :) ... I have here some words for you, Graeme from the description to my latest work *Innkeeper's Fire* which I think you will appreciate. "There is the quiet man and his lady of the valley of Ballylee, the quiet man and his lady of the lake isle of Innisfree, and now here the quiet man and his lady of the hill country of Deisi Mumhan." John Millington Synge-ly ... :) ... Moments of fragrant

silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Draco.

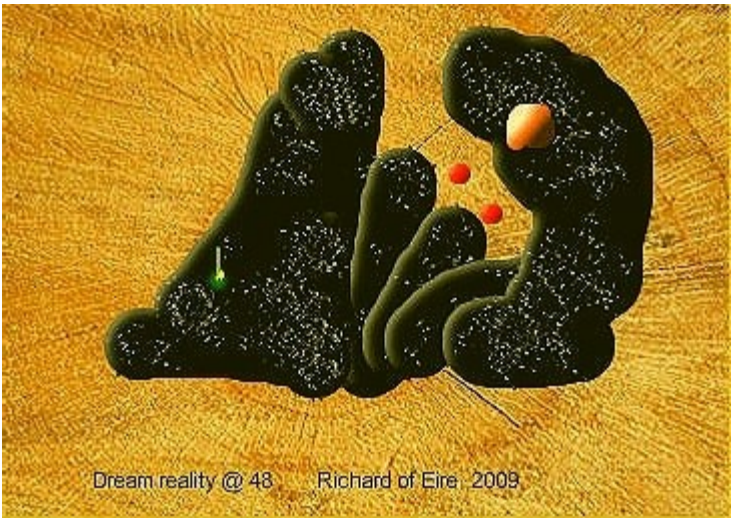
Through dream to life Dream reality 47



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 4th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska.
HighlandLady: Our truest life, Richard is when we are in dreams awake.
Self: True; through dream to life, HighlandLady ... :) ... Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Lyra.

Enter into your seasonless world of creativity Dream reality 48



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 5th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: singer, Jake Walden of Los Angeles, California, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he's very photogenic and peaceful. He has short dark hair, and is wearing a light green round neck T-shirt with a red logo in front which he is partially concealing with his left hand. *Jake:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Thank you for listening to my music and for your encouragement. Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* is a big inspiration for me, in fact there is a line I use in *The storm* on the album ... I would love to know what songs on the album most resonate with you once you have spent some time with them ... anyhow, nice to meet you ... be in touch, peace. *Self:* Hi, Jake, I've enjoyed listening to your

works: *The Storm, For Someone, Alive and Screaming, We are alive at Hotel Café,* and *Hirolude*. I was privileged to enter into your seasonless world of creativity where you speak to us from your heart, and where you believe that when we love we loose nothing at all. And I really like the way you sing the line, “We are, we are, we are not

broken." Beautiful! And lovely is the wave-instrumental effect in the work *Hirolude*. It has a comforting loneliness about it that is very caring. Sometimes, Jake rather that chasing the storms I find it good to be of the storms i.e. in the safety of their calm centres; (ever calm) wherever they go, and (ever calm) wherever they do not go … :) … May Inspiration be your ever-present companion. *Jake:* Thanks, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me looking through some very old ancestral photographs belonging to Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. I seem to be attracted to one photograph in particular that of an elderly couple sitting side by side. The lady has a large book open on her lap. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ From your days of yore ◊

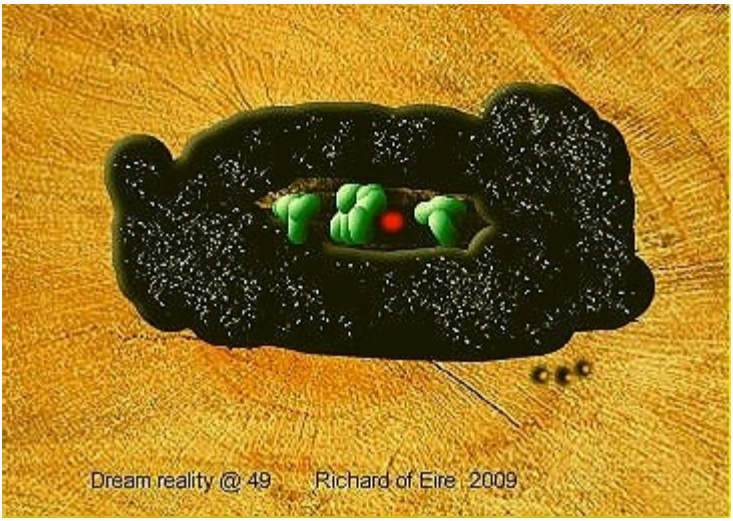
Ian, we love with all our heart.
This is who we are and want to be.
We know that in your time there the world is very different from our own day here.
Yet, we would encourage you to love with all your heart.
For of all the great things in life, love is by far the greatest.
Sing with your heart, and sing with your eyes at the world through the lenses of your camera.
Your happiness is our joy.
Our love, Ian is with you always.
Jane & Thomas from your days of yore.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed.
With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian St. Ian:* Richard,

thanks so much for the beautiful words about my photo. Your words are magical … it's so true that love is "the constant"… always and forever through the generations. I am so honored that you write for my photos. Thank you! *Self:* Ian, you're very welcome. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Dorado.

Smiling eternity into the fragrant moment Dream reality 49



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 6th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a poem.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to a Sue, and reads as follows:

> "Lovely be thee
>
> Beauteous Sue of Dundee.
> Golden hair rippling Sun on the calm loch,
> Soft brown eyes seeing love into the patient heart,
> Gorgeous lips smiling eternity into the fragrant moment.
> Beauteous Sue of Dundee, lovely be thee.

With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being, Sue, Richard of Éire" And with continuing to

slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a poem and a reply. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* The poem is addressed to my friend: Beth of Virginia, United States of America, and reads as follows:

"Life anew

Who is this lady whose smile transforms her
raiment into the colours of the seasons?
Ah, don't you know this to be the Lady Beth
Lovely of the deep country?
I've been down to the deep country, yet rare have
I found a natural beauty as she.
Lady Beth may I walk with thee for thy seasons
are calling me to life anew?
Stay thee awhile Lady Beth Lovely; stay thee
awhile, stay thee awhile with thy smile.

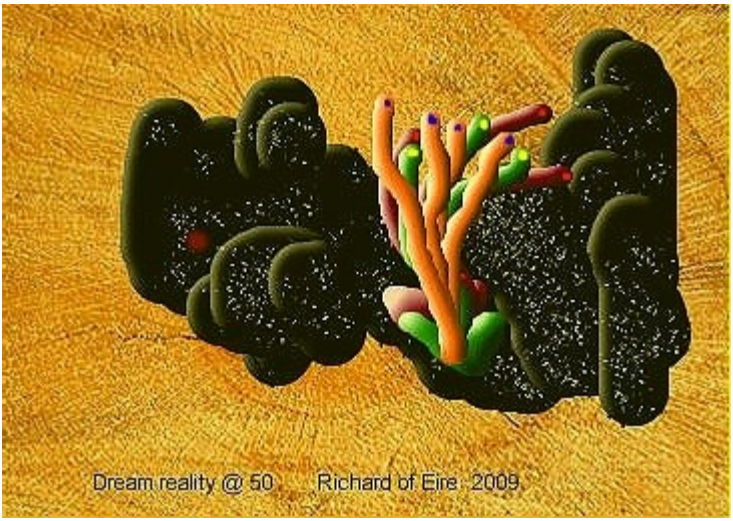
With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being, Beth, Richard of Éire" ::: The reply: "Well my dear, In times past, I'm sure you were a rambling roving bard, planting your verse-seedlings as you went. Nowadays MySpace will do nicely! Thank you for your kind words! Peace, Beth" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a poem. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to a Sandra, and reads as follows:

"Vessel of gold

Sandra Charming thee be like unto a rainbow in
the high sky,
Thy loving heart a vessel of gold for the world to
hold.
Shine thy delightful hues upon us as thy muse,
For thy peace is our love; thy love our peace.
Sweet flower of this our winged day.

With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being, Sandra, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Andromeda.

Clothing resembles that of some former age Dream reality 50



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 7th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Valeria Squillante of Italy. *Valeria:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Valeria. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of a couple: a man and a woman standing in loving-embrace in the company of a very focused leopard. The man is wearing a blue to green type of headscarf, a matching close fitting trousers, and slip on type of footwear. And he's holding a pink rose like flower in his right hand. She has long foxy hair that is flowing between them to below waist level. She's wearing a very delicate close fitting below knee length dress. She isn't wearing anything on her head or feet. And she has a pair of small white wings in her back. Behind them is some kind of panelling that has various designs in it such rows of black diamond tiles against a

white background. And back beyond is a light grey cloudy sky. Their clothing resembles that of some former age, yet it could also be of a future time. Valeria, it’s wondrous! Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere in the Italian countryside, and I’m happening upon Valeria sweetly playing her beloved violin.

Strolling Self: Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the lovely Valeria?

◊ Blessed be we ◊

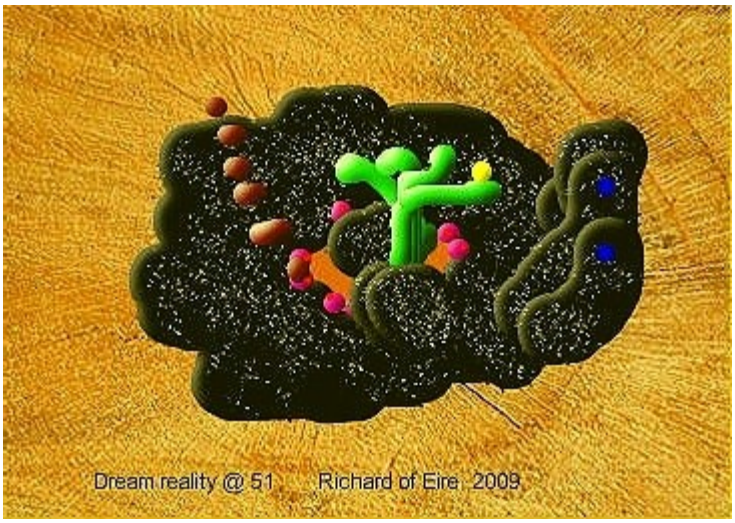
Lovely is the feel of thy soft cheek against me,
Thy delicate hair about me,
Thy fragrant breath o'er me, n'
Thy sky canopied eyes upon my quivering heart.

Oh, how I love to lay my cheek against thee,
My hair wave about thee,
My breath to scent o'er thee, n'
My eyes to follow the quivering of thy heart.

Blessed be we; you and me eternally.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Musca.



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 8th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Dolly of California. *Dolly:* Richard, wherever you are or wherever you were ... wishing you a lovely day! Fondly. *Self:* Dolly, thank you for just being there, and for your ever-present words of encouragement. It would seem ... :) ... that we were wherever we were, are wherever we are, and (as I am now experiencing it to be so) will be wherever we will be. Have a very nice relaxing weekend, Dolly, Charming-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Hi, Richard ... just stopping by to wish you a wonderful day. *Self:* Ian, wonderful human being and gifted photographer, thank you for your greeting. Your charming photograph of the railway tracks laying on the snow covered January field seems to be wanting me to drop by some time ... :) ... Blessed and enriched, Ian will be all those who meet you this day. On track-ly. And with continuing to slowly

unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it’s my friend: AyJay of California, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he’s of a fine healthy complexion. He has short light

brown to silvery hair. He's wearing a white round neck, long sleeved shirt
depicting an artwork in front. There is some green shrubbery behind him and in the distance beyond a soft blue sky. *AyJay:* Hi, Richard of Éire?
Pleased to meet you. *Self:* Hi, AyJay, And likewise Here are some nice words for you from one of my works:
"The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration's gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be.
Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity ..." (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*)
With gratitude and well being, AyJay. *AyJay:* Thank you, Richard.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Carina.

Higher goodness of our humankind Dream reality 52

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 9th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me two writings.
River Mirth: Of what do they read?
Self: They read as follows: "Richard of Éire, I'm really starting to like the way you think. I have come to realize that mankind is not so kind and even though we're civilized, we are not going to be able to get past our predatory nature and move to the peace you speak of ... I am saddened to say that just like writers have predicted flight and travel to the moon before they happened, the holocaust of the earth that has been written about is going to happen as well ... I just hope that some humans survive so that our race will go on ... And maybe after that happens peace will hold more value ... Anthony St. Joseph" ::: "However troublesome things seem to be on this beautiful planet, Anthony, I believe in the higher goodness of our humankind that it will continuously ensure that our honour as a species in this and 'overhere' of the Great Universe will be admirably upheld. Peacefully, Richard of Éire"
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Canis Minor.

World of words to be of such a semblance Dream reality 53

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 10th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Lady Alexandria of Manitoba.
Lady Alexandria: Richard, thank you as always for your lovely comments. Your words at times flow just like liquid sunshine and you always make the dark clouds fade away. Hugs. *Self:* Thank you, Lady Alexandria. Blessed are you that can see and know the world of words to be of such a semblance to sunshine and clouds. Love-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me AyJay of California. *AyJay:* Richard, I don't believe there are many philosopher-poet-artists on My Space so I'm happy to have found you. I plan to check out your writings soon. Best wishes from California. *Self:* AyJay, thank you for your gracious words. The honour is mine. I like what you say of our mutual friend, Leonard Cohen: "Leonard is different and I like that." Ah, his words: "La, la, la, la, la, la, la, … Dance me to your beauty with a burning violin …" … :) … beautiful! *AyJay:* Indeed, Richard, I do believe Leonard is one of the great poet-songwriters of our time. *Suzanne* is one of his songs that I really like. "She touches his perfect body with her mind ..." He sang it at a concert a long time ago on the Isle of Wight. The audience was just mesmerized ... Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Orion.

A galaxy of lovely daffodils Dream reality 54

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes?
Self: MySpace date: Tuesday, the 11th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Sandra.
Sandra: Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Sandra. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of three beautiful daffodils against the background of a whole host of daffodils. And Sandra has included an announcement: "Spring is here!" Sandra, thank you. It's wondrously beautiful; a galaxy of lovely daffodils. Yes, yes, spring is here … :) … ! Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* What are you musing upon? *Self:* I'm remembering a beautiful Gaeilge poem that I have loved since my primary school days. *River Mirth:* How does it go? *Self:* Cill Aodáin

> Cill Aodáin (Cill Liadain) (Anois Teacht an Earraigh)

le Antaine Ó Reachtabhra (Raifteirí) (1784-1835)

Anois teacht an earraigh (now coming of the Spring)
beidh an lá ag dul chun síneadh, (the day will be going toward lengthening)

Is tar éis na féil Bríde (and after the feast of Bridget)
ardóidh mé mo sheol. (I shall raise my sail)
Ó chuir mé I mo cheann é (since I put it into my head)
ní chónóidh me choíche (I shall never stay put)
Go seasfaidh mé síos (until I shall stand down)
i lár Chondae Mhaigh Eo. (in the center of County Mayo)

I gClár Chlainne Mhuiris (In Clare of Morris' family)
A bheas mé an chéad oíche, (I will be the first night)
Is I mballa taobh thíos de (and in the Wall on the side below it)
A thosós mé ag ól (I will begin to drink)
Go Coillte Mách rachad (to Magh's Woods I shall go)
Go ndéanfad cuairt mhíosa ann (until I shall make a month's visit there)
I bhfogas dhá mhíle (two miles close)
Do Bhéal an Átha Mhóir (to the Mouth of the Big Ford)

Fágaim le huacht é (I swear)
go n-éiríonn mo chroí-se (that my heart rises up)
Mar a éiríonn an ghaoth (as the wind rises up)
nó mar a scaipeann an ceo (or as the fog lifts)
Nuair a smaoiním ar Cheara (when I think about (literally 'on') Ceara)
nó ar Ghaileang taobh thíos de (or about Gaileang on the lower side of it)
Ar Sceathach an Mhíle (about Sceathach an Mhíle)
nó ar phlánaí Mhaigh Eo; (or about the plains of Mayo)

Cill Aodáin an baile (Cill Liadain is the town)

a bhfásann gach ní ann, (where everything grows)
Tá sméara is subh craobh ann (there are blackberries and raspberries there)
is meas de gach sórt, (and every sort of fruit)
Is dá mbéinnse i mo sheasamh (and were I to be standing)
i gceartlár mo dhaoine (in the center of my people)
D'imeodh an aois díom (age would depart from me)
is bheinn arís óg. (and I would be again young)

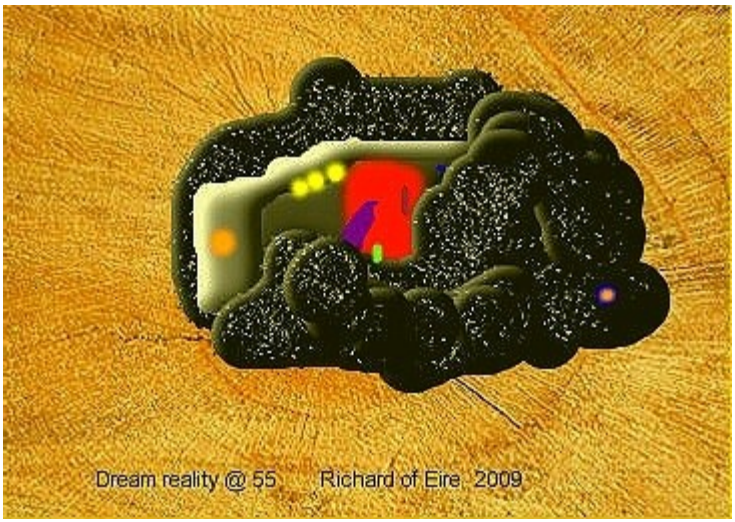
Bíonn cruithneacht is coirce, (there is (always) wheat and oats)

fás eorna is lín ann, (growing barley and flax there)
Seagal i gcraobh ann, (rye in branch there)
arán plúir agus feoil, (flower-bread and meat)
Lucht déanta poitín (the folks who make moonshine)
gan licence á dhíol ann, (without a licence selling it there)
Móruaisle na tíre ann (the pride of the country)
ag imirt is ag ól. (playing and drinking)

Tá cur agus treabhadh (there is sowing and plowing)
is leasú gan aoileach (and fertilizing without manure)
Is iomaí sin ní ann (and it's many the thing there)
nár labhair me go fóill, (of which I have not yet spoken)
Áitheanna is muilte (kilns and mills)
ag obair gan scíth ann, (working without rest there)
Deamhan caint ar phingin cíosa ((with) hardly any talk about a penny's rent)
ná dada dá shórt. (or about nothing of that sort)

Moments of fragrant silence.

River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?
Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Microscopium.



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 12th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out in a winter's day strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a photograph of lightly snow covered railways tracks. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ To thine eye ◊

To thine eye Ian that sees, a pyramid in this snowy field I do for thee appear.
My rails upon my sleepers resting, thy launch away to eternity be.
Field, we and thee happy to be in each other's seasonal company.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian St. Ian:* Richard,

thank you for your beautiful words written for my photograph. I would love to someday create a book of my photos and your amazing poetry. You give my photos life. *Self:* Ian, may such a pictorial blessing be with finding us ready. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon a lovely veranda in which sits the beautiful Tayira of Sabanilla. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the beauteous Tayira?

◊ I love being Me ◊

I love being Me Tayira;
Form dwelling in a bright place,
His fragrant breath softly caressing my face.
Oh, I love being Me Beautiful;
Eye smiling at a lovely heart,
His words knowingly playing their melodious part.
Beloved of thee Tayira Beautiful,
Blessed every moment surely they be.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Tayira:* Just beautiful Richard!!!!!! It touches my soul, my dear friend!!!! You are too, too kind!!!!!!! Thank you so much!!! Sending you some sunshine from Costa Rica, my dear!!!!! *Self:* Tayira, you're very welcome. Sunshine warmly received. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon a loving couple inside a window who are attentively watching and listening to Jake Walden of Los Angeles wonderfully sing. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this engaging scene composing the following poem for Jake?

◊ And always will ◊

I’m remembering you Jake from the days in my womb;
I loved you then, love you now n’ always will.
I’m remembering you Jake from the days in thy mother’s womb;

I loved you then, love you now n' always will.
Jake our precious Son, we're forever proud of you n' always will.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her?
Self: Yes, it's my friend: designer of Arabian haute couture, Maali of Michigan, United States of America.
River Mirth: Can you describe her?
Self: Yes, she's very beautiful. She's all attired a golden in the very best of Arabian haute couture.
Maali: Hi, Richard of Éire? Thank you for your interest in Arabian haute couture. *Self:* Hi, Maali! You're very welcome.
I also greatly like your words: "Inspirations: The styles on this page derive from a variety of Arabian cultures, some classic traditional styles, others influenced by neighboring cultures and trends, and many designed or inspired by my relatives and I. Raised in the US, my family heritage lies in the Gulf of Aden residing at the southern tip of Yemen, the country anciently known as the Land Of Queen Sheba. Its location on the peninsula has made it a major trade route and port for neighboring countries within the region. As early as the 1800s, it was occupied by Britain as an Indian British colony, inviting much British and Indian influence to the already culturally rich Arabian heritage of the Land.
Centuries later, the influences of the occupation would remain in the city's arts, music, and tradition. Thereafter, the migration of stylists to the other parts of Arabia and the U.S. opened up more doors to a distinct creative world of Arabian fashion. Maintaining the rich Adeni culture of distinct practices and enticing

styles while integrating diverse modes of new environments has opened up an even greater world in fashion.
Inspired by Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Dubai, India, and the West, Arabian Haute Couture presents fashion in a new way." And here are some nice words for you … :) … from one of my works: "19:1 And Pharaoh Akhnaten finding himself being filled with thoughts of the
glory of Aten, will turn and smile to Queen Nefertiti, and she in turn will glance over to the royal musicians, and with they sounding a familiar note, Pharaoh Akhnaten will rise to his feet, and with raising his arms, cast his gaze up through the caressing down-pouring rays to the sun, and with Queen Nefertiti standing behind him, he will in joyous tones

canticle the praises of Aten, saying, 19:2 ‘O Aten, Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of the sky, 19:3 O living Aten, Beginning of life!
19:4 When thou risest in the Eastern horizon, 19:5 Thou fillest every land with thy beauty. 19:6 Thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high above every land, 19:7 Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all that thou hast made…” (Source: *A Jesus of Nazareth*, Chapter 19 Welled forth aplenty tears of joy) With gratitude, and well being, Maali. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Canis Major.

Light scarf having peacock feather designs Dream reality 56

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 13th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Richard!!!! Thank you

so much, my dear!! I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift. Big hugs!!!
Self: Oh, thank you, Tayira. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of a young girl wearing a wide straw hat that has a pink flower in it and some green stems. She has short brown hair and is wearing a yellow light scarf

having peacock feather designs in it; a white dress with red dotted squares in it, and a white to blue apron. She's about to pick some red flowers. Amazingly, all the flowers are heart-shaped. Tayira, it's lovely. Thank you. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Caelum.

Blessings of this new day be with you Dream reality 57

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 14th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing; a blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows: "Friends, Wait a minute! Waite a minute I think I hear a new spring coming. A saint is being made over there between eastern pillars. I swear to myself that I've seen a vision of a forlorn tarot

master swinging from the gargoyles of Notre Dame. Was he becoming dead or what? He was becoming a leaf in the wind.

But is he a leaf that’s dead or becoming dead? Blow blow the mighty storm of a time rooster and you will see what I mean about the Samaritan who walked by the petrol pumps in slippers. I have seen and I am tired

of the scene. Oh. What won't become of the forgotten Moon? Why concern you with the Moon when there are so many stars to be viewing?
I'm the Moon and I do be always looking at the stars …
(Source: *Hearing in the Write*, First canto Ochre Chameleon)
With gratitude, and well being for your friendship, Richard" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Giorgia Fumanti of Montreal. *Giorgia:* Thank you so much, Richard for all your support and friendship. Peace and light to you. *Self:* Peace and light well received, Giorgia. Blessings of this new day be with you. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Ursa Major.

I do fine so long as I remain in wide open spaces
Dream reality 58

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 15th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out in a foggy winter's morn strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a photograph of a steer having wide horns standing next to a partially eaten stack of winter feed.
Strolling Self: Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph

composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ So we do ado ◊

I do fine so long as I remain in wide open spaces;
it's the narrows that badly catch me.
The more of me that I give the less of me remains;
remains until there's no more of me left here at all at all.
Me?
I do fine as a firm support until I'm excavated then I become vacant;
a vessel for Wind, Rain and drifting Snow.
And me here all about?
Well, I do so fine as soft white lotion until Sun's rest is well fulfilled then I become invisible;
a de-light to behold for the lovers of old.
Ah, we do so fine so we do ado according to the conditions that be with finding us along a so long away away.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian St. Ian:* Richard, thank you so much for your beautiful words. I love "it's the narrows that badly catch me" ... they badly catch me as well. *Self:* Blessings & Truth, Ian. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Coma Berenices.

In finest haute couture made radiant of light Dream reality 59

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 16th March 2008. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska.
HighlandLady: Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift.
Self: Oh, thank you, HighlandLady. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict?
Self: It appears to be of a very dark night with some faint dark greenish clouds running through it lengthwise. And, HighlandLady has included the following words with it. "The Lights shed their bashful mantle and danced for a time … May mantles be shed and the darkness illuminated for you, my dear friend, Richard." HighlandLady, it's wondrously mysterious. Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me strolling in the Louvre, and I'm happening upon a large modern art wall poster of Maali. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember

with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the beauteous Maali?

◊ Made radiant of light

Haute couture am I of Lady Maali;
Lady Maali of Queen Nefertiti.
Of beauty sublime they surely be,

Queen Nefertiti n’ Lady Maali.

Light upon her exquisite raiment;
Upon her fragrant skin light I;
Her soft lips n’ slender hand.
Welcoming me as a spring land.

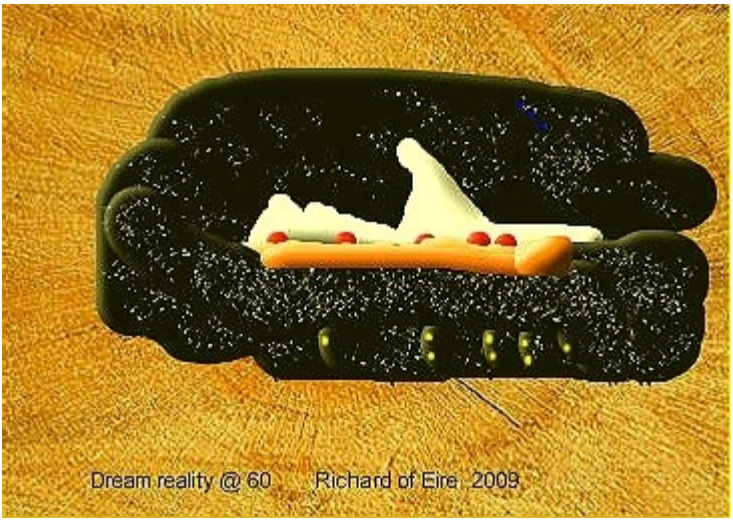
Love of her boundless heart am I.
See here in her bright clear eyes no sigh;
Arabian eyes, yes, lovely Arabian eyes.
Embracing thee with a myriad smiles.

Oh, if ever these traditions he do desirest to veil
know that I love will prevail.
For in finest haute couture made radiant of light
ever will I be in thy sight.
Queen Nefertiti to Lady Maali, listen to me n’
remain devoutly free.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Lupus.

Innocence is at home with innocence Dream reality 60



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 17th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: post-graduate student, Ruska of Ingolstadt, Bayern, Germany. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She's got a lovely soft green flower in her dark hair. And she appears to be taking a well deserved nap. *Ruska:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Ruska? Lovely to meet you. Here are some nice words for you: "Receptive (smiling):
Otherworldly, Rísteárd. How wonderful it is, Rísteárd to have somebody with whom one can speak openly to without having any inhibitions. Rísteárd (smiling): This is the sign of true quality, Receptive in our human relationships. Sun and Moon have it in their relationships. So too does Ocean and Island; Mountains

and Valleys. Animals of the fields, fishes of the waters, and the insects of the undergrowth all exhibit this fine quality of innocence at work. Receptive: Yet, why is it Rísteárd then that among our humankind this true quality is so rarely found? Rísteárd (smiling): True love and friendship, Receptive are not being cultured as much as they could be in the family between grandmother and

grandfather; grandfather and grandmother; between mother and father;
father and mother; between parents and children, and children and parents. When love and friendship are cultured in these key relationships, innocence is naturally being itself. Innocence is being without inhibitions for one feels safe and secure in the other's company. Innocence is at home with innocence because at the heart of innocence is a mutual respect which lends not itself to definition other than to say, that it exists in perfect harmony between the giver and the receiver …" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 10 Sun) With gratitude and well being. *Ruska:* Richard, I thank you from whole heart for such words. Thanks Thanks a word which rings out very rare, Thanks a word which is so often forgotten,
Thanks a word which will not be used, Thanks a word which will be so often misused, Thanks a word which much people just say or hear
but believe me, please cause it's true Thanks. *Self:* You're most welcome, Ruska. *Ruska:* Thank you ever so much, Richard. After all night working on my magister I will now try to get some sleep. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to someone named, Ines, and reads as follows:
"Salamalekum, Ines, Thank you for your gift from Rumi … :) … "I am only the house of your beloved, not the beloved herself: true love is for the treasure, not for the coffer that contains it …" And here, if I may in return are some nice words for you from one of my works: " The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration's gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity …" (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A

lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*) Mubarak, Ines, Richard of Éire" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Auriga.

Softly blowing of words into formations Dream reality 61

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 18th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard, your poetry is well received on my page ... and now people are seeing "poetry" in all my photos. For that ... I thank you. I always have tried to give titles to my photos because I think naming them gives them power ... but to have your words describe them gives them life, mystery and beauty. *Self:* Ian, my Talented Friend, I'm very happy to hear that your verse-inspiring photographs are being well received ... :) ... I'm also honoured. Your work is wonderful; sensitive and profound. You yourself, Ian is the finest title for your work, and as such it is been given the greatest power; the power of its creator. I'm drawn by this power (in your works), and in turn feel the need to respond in my own verse-y way, namely the softly blowing of words into interesting formations. Yet I believe all your works

have verses already accompanying them. It’s just that they haven’t presented themselves to our ears and eyes yet … :) … What do you think? *Ian:* I do think that all photos and all art have accompanying verse ... but I don’t know anyone who can describe it as well as you, Richard. I am not a voracious reader of poetry ... but I have read some and even attempted to write some of

my own, but I have found none I like and feel as much as yours.
Lines like: “Oh, tree of this grove, how I love your company throughout the seasons; the touch of your gentle bark against my neck; your fragrant branches shading me in summer days”. That just amazes me. Richard, you make my adequate photos seem like art. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Telescopium.

Solitary we be in each other’s beloved company
Dream reality 62

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 19th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I’m happening upon Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a

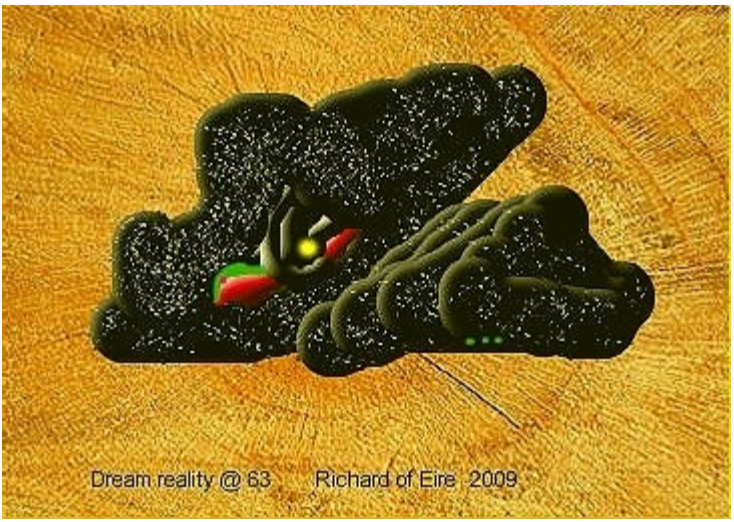
photograph of a crow perched atop the upper most part of a leafless tree. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this wondrously enigmatic photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ My song is of the ancient ones ◊

My song is of the ancient ones long flown away to the place of New Return.
Hear ye who love the marshlands of solitude beside the forest green.
Day be a day according to a night; night a night according to a day.
Stay awhile n' listen, for I know storms soon to be coming in from the west of east all the way round by south of north.
Frail feathered is the weather of the humankind who do stand betwixt n' between the Forever of Melancholy Transformations.
Who would believe that upon the tiptop of a Sequoia Grand I do now stand?
Here is my starting point up to its roots.
Winged of the Airy alighted here upon my furthest high limb,
Know thee the way to the snowy summit of the sky?
The way is in the growing, the reaching in the patience.
Mellifluous Dark Lovely upon limb;
Delicate Firm Lovely in soil,
Know ye yet not that I be in reaching ye n' in me ye be?
Solitary in oneness we be; solitary in each other's beloved company.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Gemini.



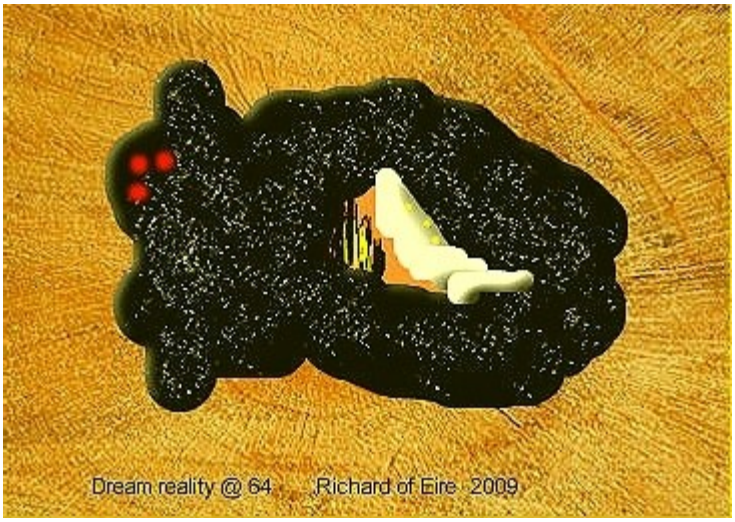
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 20th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard, I love the poem you wrote for my blackbird photo. Thank you so much … your way with words is just amazing! I am posting your poems under the photos on my profile page so all can see. I truly admire your work! *Self:* Ian, I'm very happy to hear that the verse in response to your wonderful work is to your liking … :) … As I'm coming to understand and appreciate your sincerity of heart more and more Ian through your work and words - please don't be feeling that you need to be always thanking me or praising me for my words. I feel privileged to compose for your work. That is gratitude in plenty for me … :) … You're a wonderful human being, and it is I who am both delighted and honoured to be able to respond to your work in the only way I know best, and that is through my words. Your photographs in reality, Ian are poems made visible; my

words beneath them mere seedlings upon the wind. I will regularly drop by … :) … and as one of your works ‘beckons’ to me to give to it some words, I will be happy to oblige. With gratitude and well being, Ian.
Ian: Thanks Richard.
I gush because I am honored that you write words for my photos.

I am really a fan of your talent. Your poetry really does give power to what are described by many as my "common" photographs and "everyday scenes". I'm sure they mean those descriptions in a good way ... yet one never knows ... ha. I look forward to your visits! *Self:* Ian, believe me when I say, beloved and treasured of your descendants and the generations yet unborn will be your profound "common photographs"; your sublime "everyday scenes" of Indiana and beyond. Every time you bring a scene into your eye view, think 'this for descendants & generations' and then click with joy and gratitude ... :) ...
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Apus.

Strength of your beauteous eyes Dream reality 64



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 21st March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Hi, Richard, Nice of you to have stopped by. You asked, do I have any stories to share. What sort of stories do you mean? I hope you have a wonderful and colourful Easter time. *Self:* Hi,

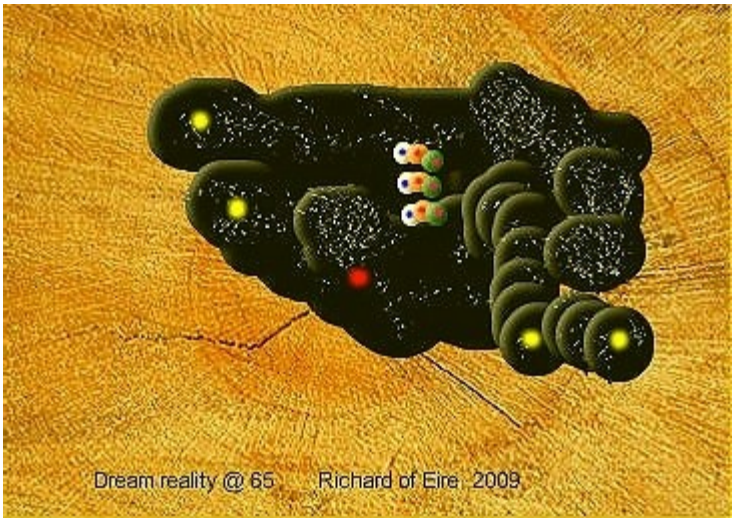
Olivia, Stories from your daily life … :) …
For example, about someone you met during the day who said something to you that you thought was very profound. Maybe a story of a visit you recently made to some scenic place and your impression of it or perhaps a movie or a drama which you watched lately that you would recommend. Your new profile photograph is lovely. And as in all your photographs, I'm especially captivated by the strength of your beauteous eyes. I like the track, *Soft like the wind.* With gratitude, and well being, Olivia. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a poem. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to artist, Alice McMahon White of Chicago, United States of America, and reads as follows:

> "Ó ghrá mo chroí
>
> Queen Alice beloved of this blessed isle of Éire,
> Thee who do give me to dwell in calm waters;
> By its forests green and mansions grand,
> Ancient of its days be in your hands.
>
> Beauteous Lady of my wild Atlantic shore,
> Love thy brush strokes upon me more n' more.
> Fair-weathered friends, well, they come n' go,
> But thee always remain faithfully with me so.
>
> With ye meandering forth from my heart via my hand,
> Grew I to love more n' more this my sacred island.
> Know ye well ye home be where my heart be;
> Well, my heart be in this heartbreaking island of the sea.
> Ah, a three-leafed shamrock in each other's company we do be.
> Ó ghrá mo chroí my precious island home be.

With my compliments, and gratitude, Alice, Richard of Éire
'Ó ghrá mo chroí' from Gaeilge meaning, 'O (pain filling) love of my heart' "
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me
Alice McMahon White of Chicago. *Alice:* Well, dear Richard. I do believe I've been rendered speechless. If you know me, that takes some doing. ;) Kisses, oh talented and charming one. *Self:* Beautiful, you're most welcome … :) … Thank you for your exquisite artwork; especially

Into the Mystic. Lady Kerry is surely enamoured of your fresh cosy waves gently rolling in upon her welcoming feet … :) … lyrically.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ines. *Ines:* Hi, Richard, The first day of spring is one thing, and the first spring day is another. The difference between them is sometimes as great as a month.
Self: Hi, Ines, Thank you for sharing these profound words. With reflecting on them the following did make their way to me … :) … My day My first day of spring is my first day of spring; And my first spring day is another my day. My sameness in them is no greater than my differences in them. Mubarak, Ines. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Scorpius.

Already philosophical without knowing it Dream reality 65



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 22nd March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: singer, CheckmateJax of Arizona, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him?

Self: Yes, he's got a great smile. He's got brown to silvery hair. And he's wearing a light purple open neck T-shirt, and grey trousers as he sits playing his guitar. *CheckmateJax:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Wonderful to meet you. *Self:* Hi,
CheckmateJax? And the same here. I like your voice colour combined with the instrumentation. In particular, I like your works *Springtime* and *Magdalena*. Your words, "Springtime. This warm breeze makes me feel fine …" are beautiful … :) … *CheckmateJax:* Thank you, Richard.
You are most welcome. I'll have to put on my Philosopher's Mind.
Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* has a special meaning to me. Your friendship is my pleasure. *Self:* CheckmateJax, already you are very philosophical without knowing it through your wonderfully natural speaking-from-the-heart lyrics … :) … Here is a word for you from our mutual friend, Khalil Gibran. "If the other person laughs at you, you can pity him; but if you laugh at him you may never forgive yourself. If the other person injures you, you may forget the injury; but if you injure him you will always remember. In truth the other person is your most sensitive self given another body." (Source: *Sand & Foam*) With gratitude, and well being, CheckmateJax. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Corona Borealis.

Reading a writing in a clear blue sky Dream reality 66

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 23rd March 2008.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me who with reading a writing in a clear blue sky: "I'm asking you to believe not just in my ability to bring about real change ... I'm asking you to believe in yours." ... is sending a letter via MySpace to U.S. Senator Barack Obama. *Letter sending Self:* A clear blue sky day, Rich is coming when you will with reading those wholesome words, whose applications and implications will not just be for the United States of America, but for the entire world -- will you be filled with hope; yes, will you be filled with hope, Rich, and inspired to compose and send this letter to Senator Barack Hussein Obama, Junior. *Self:* Of what does it read, Rich?
Letter sending Self: It reads, Rich as follows:

"Subject: Sense of conviction and intimacy

Dear Senator Obama,

Greetings & Blessings to You and your Family!

I would like to share with you a story I first put to pen

back in the autumn of 1991 entitled *Misty Knight*.

"Misty Knight switches off the telesatavision in the sitting room, and with tears in his eyes retreats into his study. There he sits at the window, ninety-one floors above the screeching streets, lost in painweightful thought.

He had been watching THE NEWS as was his habit every morning for the past years of years, before leaving for his place of work.

And he speaks unto himself with a great heaviness of heart, saying,

'How can I continue to merely doodle while there is so much hardship taking place in the world? I have a comfortable room to study in, a soft bed to sleep in, delicious food to fill my stomach with whenever I so desire, a loving family, and a lot of freedom.'

And he continues, saying,

'Borderless television brings the hardships into my wheretheycannotphysicallytouchme room. Of course, initially I am shocked, and hurt for a while, and then I have to allow myself the convenience of forgetting all about them. Today it is minus one degree Celsius outside. I feel it to be very cold. On the telesatavision I have just watched refuge children with few clothes, no socks, no shoes, running noses, and tangled hair. Tears form and, immediately freeze on their cold faces as they attempt to walk on minus twenty-degree icesnow in a refuge camp somewhere down on the planet floor, far far beneath my highrise cosinest. Dirty brown coloured issue tents where

flapping and swaying in the wind.’

And his chest heaves, saying,

‘How can I go on living my own comfortable style of life indifferently to the miserable plight of my fellow lifeforms? How

can I go on living indifferently to the massacres which have taken place already in the world during my lifetime not to mention those of former times? How can I go on living indifferently to the mass systematic destruction of animal, plant and insect lifeforms committed by our kind for the greater comfort of our kind?'

There is a silence followed by a crying out; a most lamentable cry, saying,

'Could it be very possible that this is all my faauulltt?
If I had acted differently could all of this have been avoided?
To what extent am I somehow totally responsible?
And what of those atrocities being committed now and tomorrow?'

Tears roll down onto his shirt, and seep to the floor.
Through the terrible sobbing he continues with these words, saying,

'There is the Great Universe, myself and the troubles of this human-run world. The Great Universe is power. In a very real and practical sense I have personally experienced this to be the case. That I have not and do not actively share this fact with others in a tangible, constructive and practical way could be the
primary reason why there have been and continue to be so many hideous things taking place in the world.
It is all my faauulltt!'

Tears upon more tears.

A plant, named Greeleene on the windowsill begins to make conversation with him, saying,

‘Pitiful!

If, then it’s all your fault Misty Knight, as you claim, what are you going to do about it? Your salt merely stains the floor.’

‘What if I were to offer up my very life this day as a sacrifice? A sacrifice for all the awful things which have taken

place during my lifetime, and a guard against the future?
A living sign for all others?'

'Better to focus on your abilities. Selfdestruction is an act of denial of your own power, and ultimately it solves nothing. In fact it only adds more fibers of confusion to the already existing problem.
Live fully, and use your abilities well, Misty Knight.'

Sniffling trice. The last being the deepest. He pulls himself together, saying,

'If that's the case, then I'm only aware of one thing I'm able to do which in a very broad sense could be referred to as an ability. I can bring words together in a doodling fashion. Perhaps I can develop this ability into a writing form, and in that way could help to make others aware of the importance of what it really means to be a lifeform. You see, Greeleene, I know something of great significance for us human lifeforms, but I haven't had the courage to share it with others. This lack of courage weights heavily upon my brow during my waking and sleeping hours.'

'Do you feel strongly that you should do something, Misty Knight?'
'I feel, I have to, Greeleene.'
'Do you feel it strongly enough to be able to actually push yourself to do something worthwhile with your own natural ability?'
'Yes, I do! Now, more than ever.
Just a few, well written pages will be enough.'
'Then, Misty Knight write with a great sense of conviction and intimacy. Keep your words simple

and to the point. Neither write for recognition or wealth.

All human related problems rest on the shoulders of intuimagicognitators. When these people don’t tell of or practice what they know about the hidden ways of the Great Universe then awful things take place in the world, which inevitably effects

all of us too, your cohabitants.

Misty Knight, the intuimagicognitator has been lying hidden deep within you all along without you being even vaguely aware of it. Now that you are aware of it, then be accordingly. Have courage, Misty Knight. What you write will touch those who will let it touch them.
Let Identificationwith be your only concern.'

With pencil in mouth, notebook tucked inside his jacket,
Misty Knight pushes the button, and agilely climbs down from his cosinest, for the last time."

(Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Chapter 1 Misty Knight)

With gratitude, and well being to you, Senator Obama and your Family,

Richard of Éire
(rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind)"

Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Antlia.

Blue roses of a fragrant butterfly night Dream reality 67

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 24th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Hi, Richard, By soft candlelight and blue roses of a fragrant butterfly night, do I wish for 'you' all kinds of wonderful things, not just for today, but for always. *Self:* By soft candle light and blue roses of a fragrant butterfly night, do I too wish for 'you' all kinds of wonderful things Olivia, not just for this new to-day, but for all the delightful new days transporting you upon your gracious ways.
Olivia: … :) … And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Dolly of California. *Dolly:* Richard, wishing you a lovely spring day in Éire as it's almost a summer's day here in lovely LA. *Self:* Dolly, warmly is your wish being received. And may it be so, and so it will be, that in May of summer days you will be with finding yourself happily sojourning by shimmering

Mediterranean waters. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayria:* Hi, Richard,
Some warm greetings and lovely words for you from our friend, Khalil Gibran. *Song of the Soul* “In the depth of my soul there is A wordless song
- a song that lives In the seed of my heart. It refuses to melt with ink on
Parchment; it engulfs my affection In a transparent cloak and flows,

But not upon my lips."
Self: Ah, Tayira, they're wonderful! Thank you … :) … so much. And here for you are some from my own work: "Depther arias and the chorus echoes. 'Fresh green meadows ---------- WE LIVE white clouds in a bright blue sky ---------- WE LIVE Fresh dark meadows ---------- WE LIVE sparkling stars in a velvet sky ---------- WE LIVE Fresh frosted dew meadows ---------- WE LIVE dawn stars in an orange sky --------- WE LIVE Fresh sparkling meadows -------- WE LIVE rainbow in a bluewhitegreysky ------- WE LIVE Fresh fresh white white meadowsky ------ WE LIVE Fresh lives heartily fresh and so is fresh ----- I LIVE
Meadow lives heartily meadow and so is a meadow ---- I LIVE Sky lives heartily sky and so is sky --- I LIVE A life lives heartily life and so is a life -- HE LIVES Live to live - YES ' …" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 22 Opera House)
With love n' blessings, Tayira, *Tayira:* Thank you, Richard.
They're beautiful!!! And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Iain of Paca. *Iain:* Hi, Richard, Just dropped by to say, bonjour. *Self:* Bonjour, Iain? Great to see you! How is everything in your world? I haven't seen you about for a while. *Iain:* Always nice to be chatting with you, Richard. Things are good here, unfortunately all very boatyard orientated. My recording engineer aspirations seem to be somewhat on hold at the moment. Not to worry, I know that they will take front seat again soon. How's life in Éire? Are you working on any new books at the moment? *Self:* Nice to know Iain that even though your 'recording engineer aspirations' are on hold at the moment that everything is going well. This week, my latest book *Innkeeper's Fire* will be available on Amazon. And, I'm already putting ideas together for my next work.
With gratitude, and well being, Iain. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting on the Hill of Elksnmist, and I am drafting a letter. *Writing Self:* Rich, you will after

much reflection here on this lovely hill be given to writing this letter.
Self: Of what does it read, Rich? *Writing Self:* It's addressed to my present MySpace friends or would be my MySpace friends, and this the fifth drafting of it reads as follows: "Who I'd like to meet: Richard of Éire is not the curator of a gallery of phantom portraits. My primary reason for being here on MySpace is to make friends around the world through active networking with those who would accept my request for friendship or request to have me as a friend. I view MySpace as a contemporary expression of the traditional fun means of making friends, namely by pen pal and letter writing. And as such, I am just as happy with

having five friends who will be networking (by comments or sending messages) with me at least once or twice a week as to have five thousand who never network.
Friendship for me is a honourable and delightful activity; a process and a source of mutual enlightenment and encouragement. I want to look forward to writing to my friends as well as hearing from them … :) … ”
Breeze from off blue sky: Rich, be of a goodly courage. Of a morn open wide the front door and all the windows from top to bottom. And I will softly enter there within to courteously usher them away that do your bright walls veil dark day night to day. *Writing Self:* Thank you, Breeze.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Reticulum.

Laughter of children n’ singing of parents Dream reality 68

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 25th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out in an overcast winter's day strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a photograph of

an abandoned old house. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ I'm Inside With The Without ◊

I'm inside with the without; so far is the longing of the ten thousand generations.
Call me hearing no sound becoming, must be something to do with my antennae being too far to the wayward.
Edgar Cayce knew me so he did, but I knew not him for his mind was always comfortably nether here nor there, but ever away many the time of day be it dreamy night.
Someone come and my door do please open wide; my shutters give to be portal again for the winged buzzies of the fields.
Would that I could be again with feeling the laughter of children and the singing of parents sweet lullaby rocky by babies all the way to sleep dreamland.
Sun be dancing on my roof, clouds be raining agin my walls; oh, that someone would call.
About you we sand in calm or storm holding thy hand.
Yes, in each other's comforting shadows we be although oft lonely for sweet human company we be.
Wouldn't we agree?
In agreement we would be.

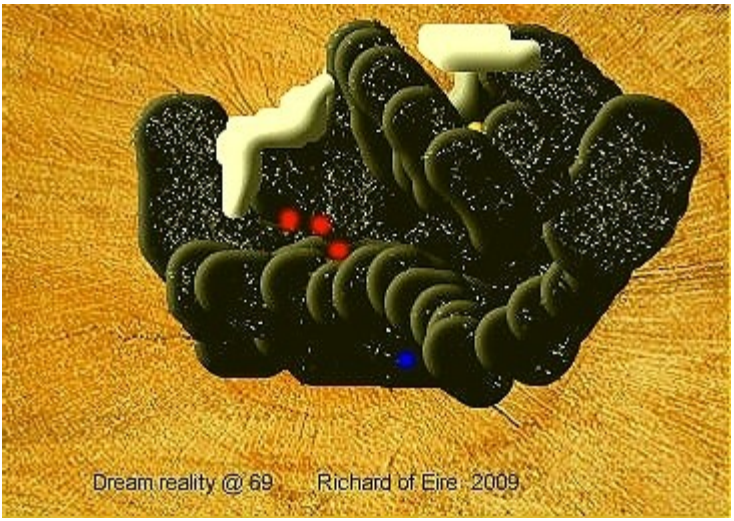
~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian:* Richard, your words describing the old house are my favorite of all. I love the reference to Cayce ... exemplifying (to me anyway) the reincarnated generations of families who lived there. The opening to

allow in the “winged buzzies of the fields” and the wayward antennae. Just amazing stuff! Who could have thought that ‘winged buzzies’ would create such a beautiful, warm and nostalgic feeling! I would love to create a book of my photography ‘someday’ and use your illustrious words to describe it. Your poetry needs no photo to have a powerful visual effect ... but I love that you choose to include mine. Thank you. *Self:* Ian, you’re most welcome.

I like your interpretation with reference to Edgar Cayce, namely “the reincarnated generations of families who lived there.” I’d be both honoured and delighted to have ‘my words’ included in a book of your photography. Yet, ‘my words’? Methinks they’re also somehow ‘yours’, ‘everyone’s, and ‘unknown’s’ words for they came forth through and from your works; through and from everyone’s works … :) … Merely, I have been privileged to give them life in written form. Ian, let the ‘day’ in ‘someday’ be of today … :) … Make yourself a (coffee table) book plan that will have an ‘Ian can n’ will be’ air about it. Not alone will the contemporary world like to view your photographs, but also the future generations. And who knows they may even like … :) … to be reflectively reading the verses accompanying them. Adventurously with gratitude, and blessings being the way(for)ward … :) … Ian. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Hi, my dear Richard!! Just to wish you a beautiful time!!! Sending you some sunshine from Costa Rica!!!!! *Self:* Beautiful Tayira, thank you for your gifts of sunshine, butterflies and greenery from lovely Costa Rica; for your blessings of warmth, free spirit n’ love ever springing … :) … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Libra.

In the distance some white clouds transforming
Dream reality 69



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 26th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing in
German accompanied by its translation in English. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's signed by someone named, Renate, and reads as follows: "Hallo, mein Freund, Herr Richard? Musik ist die Brücke zum Paradies. Music is the bridge to paradise. Das ist mein Gefühl und meine Poesie! Die Musik ist mein Leben - und ich liebe die Harmonie der Töne!
That is my feeling and my poetry! The music is my life - and I love the harmony of the tones! My best wishes! Yours, Renate" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me all fully attired in edenwear strolling in the late afternoon of a lovely summer's day, in what appears to be either a Tuscan or an Arcadian countryside. Pausing am I to enjoy looking into the distance at some white clouds transforming.

And with their fading forms and shapes am I lowering my gaze, and here before me to my great surprise on a gradual incline is a woman all fully attired in edenwear; bent away from me is she contentedly picking and savouring some deliciously scenting wild fruit. Enamoured of the scene and fragrancies am I as hereupon and from time to time about the curvature sublime of her left shoulder is she smoothly

and softly glancing my way. *Woman:* Richard the Beloved of Éire, the valley of Arcadia is in need of reseeding. Bent away from me is she contentedly picking and savouring some more fruit. *Enamoured Self:* Arcadian Woman, show me the way to the valley that I may swiftly go there, and do according to thy word. About the curvature sublime of her left shoulder is she smoothly and softly glancing my way. *Arcadian Woman:* Beloved Richard, the valley of Arcadia is in your full sight; already you're there. Majesty and strength are in your glistening sanctuary; beauty and love bedews before you. *Enamoured Self:* Rich, what should I do? *Self:* In your majesty and strength, Rich, pleasurably be with reseeding the beauteous and lovely valley of Arcadia. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Triangulum Australe.

A purpose of the present is a mirthing of the past
Dream reality 70

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 27th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me strolling of a warm summer's day along Buck Smith Road in Palmyra

of Tennessee in the United States of America. Out of the corner of my eye, I'm seeing some thirty feet off the ground up there in a foliaged alcove of the trees, a beautiful woman with long flowing soft brown hair softly smiling down at me. She's attired in a long white dress with floral sky blue designs. Reaching up from the forest floor to her feet is a profusion of lovely rosa multiflora. And with her hand she is indicating to me to look a little over the way from her to what appears to be some kind of structure cloaked and hidden by lush wisteria vine. It appears to be the remains of some kind of building, perhaps a cabin. Oh, may!
River Mirth: What is it? *Self:* Suddenly, the whole scene has changed to reveal a cabin that has a dignified elderly man contentedly sitting there out front. The man is wearing a green hat, a long sleeve open neck white shirt, a beige trousers, and brown boots. Two dogs are snoozing in the grass beside him. High above him on a pole is an artwork of a bird with outstretched tin wings. There is this wonderful scent of wisteria flowers in the air. *Elderly man:* Hello, Friend? Welcome to the home of a maturing artist! Come; come and sit down here next to me and be with telling of your travels.
Annie! Annie dear! *Elderly beautiful woman having intricately tied up silvery hair; wearing a long yellow dress of various floral designs, and green shoes with emerging from the cabin:* Yes, love? *Elderly man:* Annie dear, we have a wanderer of the way here who has dropped by to share of his knowledge. This is my lovely wife, Annie, and I'm Enoch Tanner Wickham, but most folks round here like to call me Tanner. *Strolling Self:* Pleased to meet you, both. I'm, Richard from the isle of Éire. *Annie:* Delighted to make your acquaintance, Richard. Excuse me a moment let ye while I go get us some fresh cool spring water for us to drink. *Strolling Self:* Thank you, Annie. That would be greatly welcomed. *Tanner:* Richard, Annie and I reared nine children. And after they were all grown up she and I moved here fifteen years ago; back in the 1952 that I

might devote myself entirely to my artistic aspirations. It was something we had always dreamt of doing but could never really do anything about it up until then. *Annie:* Here ye are. *Strolling Self:* Thanks, Annie. *Tanner:* Thank you, love.
Annie: Richard, you've come on a great day so you have, for today is Tanner's birthday. *Strolling Self:* Happy Birthday, Tanner! *Tanner:* I don't know where the time has gone, Richard to tell you the truth. It seems like only yesterday since I used to be driving my oxen and wagon full of walnuts over into Palmrya; since I sculpted my first statue of Our Blessed Lady. *Annie:* Our parish church, Richard over in Clarksville is called Our

Lady of the Immaculate Conception. *Strolling Self:* Well isn't that amazing, for our beautiful parish church back home in Éire, Annie is also called Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. *Tanner:* Ah, it's a lovely name surely to have for a church for doesn't She be always watching over places made sacred to Her. See, over the meadow there, Richard in the clearing? Well that's the largest sundial in the world to the best of my knowledge, and occupying the place of honour in the centre is Lady Sun; Our Lady of Fatima. *Strolling Self:* Yes; yes, it was … one liken unto her who indicated to me to look a little over the way here from her … but then she was in a foliaged alcove of the trees with a great profusion of lovely rosa multiflora reaching all the way up to her feet. I didn't notice any sundial. Perhaps it was all covered over by the shrubbery and the flowers. *Tanner:* It's strange; it's very strange that you should say that, Richard, for in a recurring dream of late I saw Her in such a foliaged alcove of the trees, and I didn't know how I should interpret it. *Annie:* Tanner, my love, you've dreamt many wondrous and uninterpretable dreams. *Tanner:* I know, I know I have, Annie, but this one has been bothering me now on and off for quite some time. In the dream, when I ask Her where are all my other artworks, Her soft jade eyes well up with
tears, and I feel that She wants to tell me, but somehow She's unable to bring Herself to give me an answer. *Annie:* Maybe, love you've been over working yourself of late. *Tanner:* Yes, that has to be it all right, love. You know, Richard, I worry from time to time about the future fate of my art; what will happen to it after Annie and I are no longer here to be giving it the constant loving protection that it needs. *Annie:* You know, early every morning, Richard, my Tanner goes around to each of his works and greets them and tells them to be with looking their very best for the new day. He tells them that folks could be dropping by to admire them. *Tanner:* Although, Richard the artist leaves the world the artist's works remain as a personal gift to his

descendants; an artistic legacy to future generations. The artist imparts ideas, knowledge, and inspiration through his or her art. Yet, I'll be sad; we'll both be sad to be leaving this world when our time comes, for this world is so beautiful, Richard; Tennessee is so beautiful. *Strolling Self:* Yere children no doubt will take very good care of yere artwork for ye, and lovingly keep yere memory alive. *Tanner & Annie:* We would hope so, Richard. *Tanner:* However, we're both more inclined to think it will be our grandchildren, our friends or even total strangers who will most likely feel the need to take good care of our artwork, and keep the memory of this maturing Tennessee folk artist

alive. Often, albeit not always of course, that's the way it is Richard. In that the immediate family being so familiar and so close to their artistic parents or siblings to their artistic siblings or even a spouse to their artistic spouse that they are not able to see the brilliance of their parents,
their siblings or their spouse. It's almost as if that by being 'inside the candlelight' they are unable somehow to see its light at least not up until they start having families of their own or until total strangers begin to appreciate and value the work. And there is of course the ever present attitude that unless a work of art immediately translates into some kind of monetary income it's not worth the canvas it's painted on, the page it's written on or the stone its hued from or the concrete it inhabits. It would seem that 'of no immediately apparent monetary use' implies no use at all. Yet, oft, Richard hasn't it been the case that with the turning over of a few decades, a few centuries or even a few millennia that the very same once thought to be useless works of art take on a value way beyond even the artist's own imaginings? *Strolling Self:* That's very true, Tanner.
I think as artists, and solitary artists at that we need to keep in mind that if somehow our works manage to survive in some form or another into the future, it will then be possible for our descendants and future generations to have the opportunity to mirth for themselves our faithfulness to skill, and commitment to art.
A purpose of the present is a mirthing of the past, and of the future the present. *Tanner:* Iris our daughter's children in particular seem to be developing this growing sense and appreciation of the artistic effort that is taking place here. Iris is married to a man named Schibig. Her sons Arlen, Joe, Rick and AyJay drop by from time to time to lend me a helping hand or just to be chatting with their grandmother and myself. Rick, like myself has a special love for animals, especially dogs. Joe was a great help to me when I was

working on the Judge W. D. Hudson piece. I think he and his brothers will keep my work safe for future generations; keep the spirit of art alive for future generations of Tennesseans, and for peoples of the world. The boys are an absolute credit to their parents. *Annie:* I think our friend Ned Crouch and his friends, love will also strive to keep the memory alive in the minds of young people; the works of art safe, cared for, and loved. *Tanner:* I think so, love. I can easily see Ned someday being a wonderful director of a museum or something like that, for he has a great sense of art and the need to make it accessible to everybody, especially to primary school children that they may grow up to view art as something greatly to be respected. Only those who have

not been cultured from an early age to respect art and the artist desecrate headstones. *Strolling Self:* And also, Tanner the thought-dwellings of their parents, foreparents, ancestors, and ancient ones. *Tanner:* Richard, of all the works here about that I would the most love to be preserved is the statue of Lady Sun: Our Lady of Fatima there in the sundial, and our homely cabin here. Our Lady has always been with us; taking the very best of care of us even from our wedding day back on the twelfth day of January in the 1906. This beautiful cabin has so many precious memories for Annie and myself. Oft we have sat out here together pondering the starry heavens; thinking of our children and our descendants and praying for them all for their good health and wisdom. See those timbers there in the side of the cabin Richard? Well, they're from logs that my brothers and me cut with our daddy when I was no more than fifteen or sixteen. Whenever I look at them, I like the sense of continuity they give me with the past generations, and the connection maker they are becoming for the generations following after us. Last Thursday morning, I was across the road there looking towards the roadside artworks, and I thought my eyes were doing tricks on me, Richard for didn't I for an instant, thought I saw the whole place, including all my artwork, the cabin and Our Lady in the Sky almost entirely covered with wisteria vine. It was as if our very existence here; all our artistic efforts had all but disappeared without trace. The link was gone. *Annie:* Ah, maybe, love you've been pushing yourself too much of late. *Tanner:* Yes, that has to be it all right, love.

Annie: There's a wondrous artwork over up there, Richard of Tanner himself happily riding a steer way off into the sun setting west. And at the base of it he inscribed these memorable words: "E T Wickham headed for the wild and woley west, remember me boys while I am gone." But

oft I've thought to myself, Richard that I would like also if he had inscribed on the opposite side these equally

memorable words: “E. T. Wickham returning from the wild and woley west, know me boys while I am back.” Tanner love, will you add them for me? I feel they’re meant to be there for the artist is one who is forever coming and going. *Tanner:* But Annie dear, the concrete is long dry. *Annie:* Love, with your creative mind you’ll find a way of adding them as if they had been there from the very beginning. *Tanner:* For you Annie, anything. *Annie:* Thank you, love. You know, Richard we could have made good money off Tanner’s art, and we could have sold some of our land, and had a bigger and more comfortable home than our humble cabin here, but Tanner and I have by our own choice been content to live in this work of art which we built

and fashioned with our own hands in this lovely location. For all we have ever needed from life is for the opportunity to express our artistic inspirations in simplicity in the long happy days of each other's healthy company. And besides, Richard artistic expression requires some kind of pioneering spirit for it to come alive. *Tanner:* Richard, at this age, Annie and I look upon ourselves as ripe apples on the tree of life, and if the winds of today or tonight don't require of us to be transported to the ground then we'll be here again for the new day. And that's how we happily live our lives. *Annie:* Richard, we've been doing so much talking about ourselves that we haven't heard anything about you and your island home of Éire. *Strolling Self:* Like yereselves, I too am a solitary artist; a writer of philosophical works in poetic forms of my own design and ambience, and whose roots run deep into everyday reality while its pioneering stems vine, blossom, and fruit away for themselves out and about the never ending Great Universe. *Annie:* The imagery is so beautiful, Richard. Would that, Tanner and I could be ladybird passengers travelling upon those stems. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's Enoch Tanner Wickham the folk artist of Tennessee (born June 11, 1883, died August 27, 1970). And it's of a photographic portrait made of him in the mid to late nineteen sixties by the artist Ned Crouch who is now director of the Customs House Museum and Cultural Centre in Clarksville. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this
iconic portrait composing the following poem for Tanner's grandson, AyJay Schibig?

◊ I am a human man ◊

I am a human man moulded of a divine hand, I am.

Every wrinkle in me He doth know for He do be with making me so.
Solitariness I have known n’ must admit to it have I been prone.
Yet, enjoy I to be on my own creating beings of the world be known.
Being of a divine hand I am so, I am.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *AyJay:* Sincerely, thank you, Richard. *Self:* You're most welcome, AyJay. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Pictor.

Rising like a sun out of a golden ocean Dream reality 71

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 28th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Good morning, Richard. I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Olivia. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of a beautiful sunflower rising like a sun out of a golden ocean. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's

revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon Nadine of Chicago, Illinois, United States of America who is standing next to her father just outside a building. Beautiful Nadine with shoulder length brown hair and wearing an open neck white blouse and a red cardigan has her right hand up shading her eyes from

the sun. Her father, a harmonious looking man with light brown to silvery hair and sliver rimmed spectacles is wearing an open neck white T-shirt having light blue checker designs. They look very good together. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the lovely Nadine 'Dutchdivamusic'?

◊ In each other's wondrous love ◊

When are we not together; when are we not in each other's love?
Smile upon my lips is in thy heart my precious dove.
Hear thee clearly the singing of our happiest days?
Tear thee muffley the memories of our loneliest nights?
Oh, how I love thee more n' more each waking day n' each sleeping night!
Hurts at times it does like nothing ever ever hurt before;
Wish I could rush down the hallway n' find thee waiting at the front door.
Both of ye are in my love as before, is now n' ever will be the more.
Always, I do be finding ye happily shoulder to shoulder by many the door;
Loving each other as before, is now n' are being forever the more.
Love is love that can be seen in the visible below n' the invisible above.
Grow grow my Joyful Lovelies; grow grow in each other's wondrous love!

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Nadine:* God bless you, Richard for that … my father was a GREAT man!!!! … He would have loved

your work!!! … as I do!!! … *Self:* You're very welcome, Nadine.
Honoured it is I am, and most grateful to you both. Verily, the Great Man is immensely proud of you; but then in your heart you already know this to be absolutely so, don't you? … :) … *Nadine:* Yes, I do, Richard; yes, I do … Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla.
Tayira: Hi, Richard, Just dropped by to share a nice quotation with you from Rabindranath Tagore. "Facts are many, but the truth is one." I wish to you a beautiful day!!!!! Much love

and hugs, my dear friend!! *Self:* Hi, Graceful Tayira … :) … Thank you.
Methinks, flowers are many in kind, but of the Tayira (kind) there is only one … :) … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Corona Austrina.

Happily singing n' playing an acoustic guitar Dream reality 72

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 29th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person.
River Mirth: Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: singer, Noa Bursie of Buffalo, New York, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her?

Self: Yes, she's very beautiful. She's wearing a grey round type hat over her dark hair, and light rimmed silver spectacles, and a grey open neck
T-shirt. She's sitting on an open air stage happily singing and
playing an acoustic guitar. *Noa:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Very nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Noa? Lovely to meet you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me listening to Noa Bursie of

Buffalo sing in an open air concert. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this very enjoyable time composing the following poem for the lovely Noa?

◊ I'm in my element ◊

When I float above thee in yon high blue thy melodious hues reach me anew.
When I sing beneath thee in near low blue thy comforting presence has got my back.
When love is a bridge way between me n' thee the world is a whole lot better place to be.
No amount of grace is ever enough in place, if the race we call human hasn't its heart in the right place.
And I ask, praytell where is the right place?
Ah, right here in my bosom; right there behind me in yon high blue, and in my devoted audience at the moment out of view.
I'm in my element now n' in my element now I am.

~:~

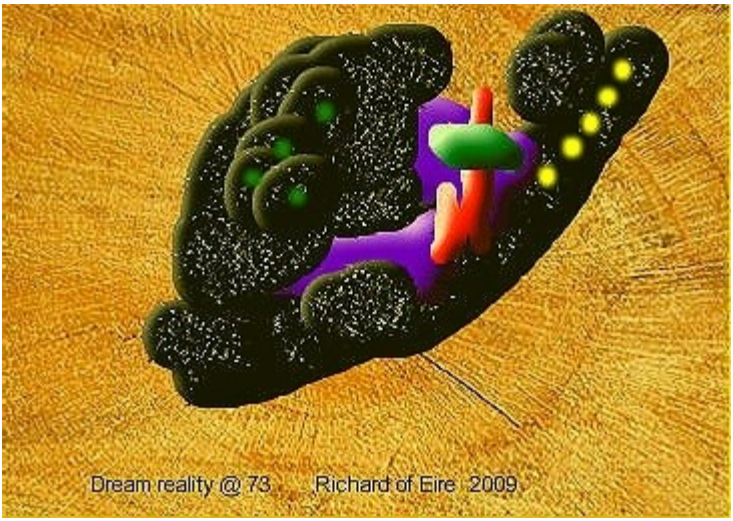
Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Noa:* You are just too sweet ... what a lovely poem. I am touched by your kind sentiment, Richard. *Self:* You're very welcome, Noa. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me CheckmateJax of Arizona. *CheckmateJax:* Hi, Richard, I've been reading these following profound words of yours:
"Problems of immortal memorial. All of them things that do be wrong with us these days and all days do be problems of immortal memorial.
Wish I had a box of black pepper to shake and shake and then blow into the air. Oh, I'd then be sneezing and sneezing to me heart's content.

What’s the content of your heart? Spiritual essence. What kind of a substance is that for I did never be hearing of it on vinegar streets?
Found I at the heart of the matter wells of spiritual essences. Must be some kind of drink then. Have you found them any other places besides in your heart? Oh, I have. I have. Didn’t I find them too in great quantities in all events big, small, significant and seemingly most insignificant. Come, come let us depart from the heart of the matter to the matter of the heart. Follow me now and we’ll be finding cornflakes

growing on high trees…”(Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Second canto Modus Vivendi) “Spiritual Essence, Spiritual Peace” If you have that in your Heart then you need look no further. If you have that in your heart, then it is everywhere you go, in everything you do, everything you sense! Even where “Cornflakes grow on High Trees”. You’re a pleasure to read, Richard! *Self:* It is your heart, CheckmateJax. Thank you … :) …
And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska. *HighlandLady:* Hi, Richard, Yon prose of yours … “Problems of immortal memorial. All of them things that do be wrong with us these days and all days do be problems of immortal memorial. Wish I had a box of black pepper to shake and shake and then blow into the air. Oh, I’d then be sneezing and sneezing to me heart’s content. What’s the content of your heart? Spiritual essence. What kind of a substance is that for I did never be hearing of it on vinegar streets? Found I at the heart of the matter wells of spiritual essences. Must be some kind of drink then.
Have you found them any other places besides in your heart? Oh, I have.
I have. Didn’t I find them too in great quantities in all events big, small, significant and seemingly most insignificant. Come, come let us depart from the heart of the matter to the matter of the heart. Follow me now and we’ll be finding cornflakes growing on high trees…” … is a sumptuous visual feast that I imbibe in most succinctly. Thank you for these musings … they are lyrical in mine ear. The sun is shining, Richard. *Self:* Your words, HighlandLady are music to my heart. Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s signed by someone named, Heather, and reads as follows: “Dear Richard, I saw your inspired words on Noa Bursie’s page and was intrigued by your ability to simultaneously ask my soul to lament and be reborn. Grateful, Heather” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in

the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Leo.

A dromedary white camel in a golden desert Dream reality 73



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 30th March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: film composer and songwriter, Caroline Moore of Virginia, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has long foxy to brown wavy hair. And she's wearing a long black coat with white and black striped collar and sleeve ends. *Caroline:* I am very honored to know you Richard of Éire. Your words are very wise and lyrical ... I am enjoying reading your thoughts. *Self:* And I you, Caroline. Thank you … :) … for your gracious words. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me standing on the eastern slope of the Hill of Elksnmist of a lovely summer's day, and I'm looking over, up, and around at a bright sky of puffy

white clouds. I am noticing that certain cloud formations in the southeastern sky are beginning to present themselves to my view as a single scene. *River Mirth:* Can you describe that becoming scene? *Self:* Yes, in the southeastern blue sky all with puffy white clouds aplenty, am I seeing a dromedary camel; a one-humped white camel in a golden desert leisurely strolling eastwards away

from oil wells of plenty and towards a shimmering watery oasis while at
the same time a great bald eagle is contentedly soaring away from the desert up there in the northwest. *Hillside Self:* Rich, a time is coming when the world will no longer be in need of oil, and nation for nation will become faithful stewards of the planet for future generations, and they in turn for their future generations. *Self:* When will this blessing, Rich take place? *Hillside Self:* Already the signs, Rich are everywhere in the making. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Volans.

Wanderer upon this lovely orb of old Dream reality 74

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 31st March 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:*

A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: L of Chicago, Illinois, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She's got long black hair. And she's wearing a lovely silver necklace, and a sleeveless top that has charming lozenge-like

designs in it. *L:* Hi, Richard of Éire? I'm delight to meet you. *Self:* Hi, L?
The same here.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere of summer's day, and with passing a pretty house home I'm happening upon a most lovely scene of the beauteous L of Chicago, and she momentarily strolling away from me on the sun soothing afternoon lawn.
Strolling Self: Rich, remember with view-listening to this lovely scene composing the following poem for the beauteous L?

◊ Absolute bliss ◊

You stroll upon me with delicate heel n' tickling toe;
with thy soft shadow the more upon me do show.
Lovely Lady of this hidden house-tree grove.
Wish that I could thee know the more.

You stroll beneath me with shinny hair n' slender arm;
with thy love the more ascending to me do charm.
Lovely Lady of this precious orb how I love thee so.
Wish that I could thee love the more.

I am the happy wanderer of this house-tree grove;
The happy wanderer upon this lovely orb of old.
Would that I could be ye n' ye be me eternally;
Forever transforming in each other's delightful company.

Shadow I be of these houses n' trees as here about me thee well can see.
But, oh of this beauteous lady most honoured am I to be the shadow of she.

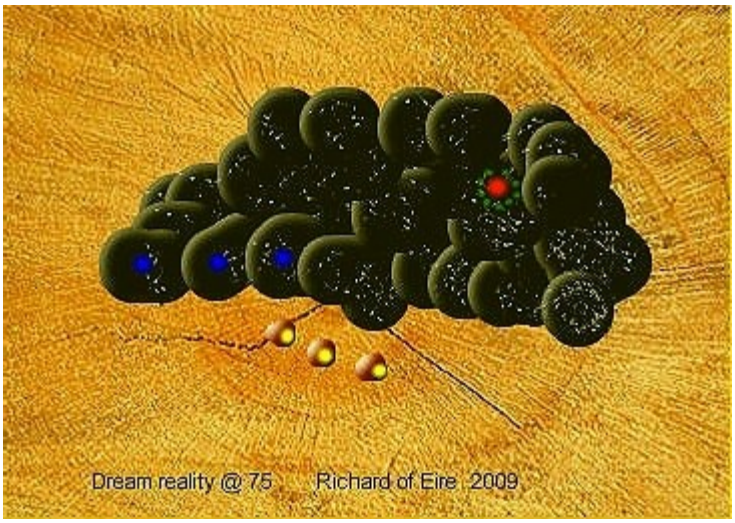
And I here Life, Light n’ Warmth in the high blue sky,
do shine upon all, yet upon she more endearingly,
for I must admit, yes, her music-love to me is absolute bliss.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude,

respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *L:* Thank you, Richard.
You are very talented. Your words are colourful, romantic, and graceful, like a sweet song.
Self: You're very welcome, Beautiful … :) … n' I honoured. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ruska of Ingolstadt.
Ruska: Hi, Richard, I'm feeling ever so tired. *Self:* Don't over do the study, Ruska. It's not good for your health. Prioritise, and be with pacing yourself. Enjoy from time to time taking a stroll in the fresh air. *Ruska:* Unfortunately it's not possible, Richard when I have just 6 month for one homework for university: magister work, exams in German as a foreign language (4 themes) German language science (4 themes) Art history (? themes) and my friends need me also too and I need them too sometimes so now I try to rest, then I have to type something for university and then I will try to go to sleep and will get up early in the morning and go to university … then work and so is my life … *Self:* Ruska, sending you a soothing mind for your rest. I'm proud of you for your effort, but you must also be mindful of your health. You'll see that the new day will welcome you and support you … :) … *Ruska:* Thanks, Richard. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Boötes.

She’s sitting on a patch of soft grass Dream reality 75



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 1st April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it’s my friend: Jurenci of Curitiba, Paraná, Brazil. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she’s very beautiful. She’s got long foxy to brown hair, and is wearing a long white dress. She’s sitting on a patch of soft grass and is wondrously singing and chatting with birds, butterflies, and bees. *Jurenci:* Hi, Richard of Éire?
I’m very happy to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Jurenci? The feeling is mutual. Here are some nice words for you from one of my works: “And my university youth said, “Speak to us of our Friendship.” And she answered, saying:
Our friend is our needs answered. He is our field which we sow with our love and reap with our thanksgiving. And he is our table and our fireside.

For we come to him with our hunger, and we seek him for our peace. When our friend speaks his mind we fear not his “nay” in our own mind, nor do we withhold our “aye.” And when he is silent our heart ceases not to listen to his heart; For without our words, in our friendship, all our thoughts, all our desires, all our expectations are born and shared, with our joy that is unclaimed. When we part from our friend, we grieve not;

For that which we love most in him may be clearer in our absence from him, as our river to our fisherman is more inviting from its banks. And let there be more to our mystery of friendship than merely our deepening of our knowledge and our wisdom, Let there be our deepening of our honour. And let our very best be for our friend. If he must know our ebb of our tide, let him know its flow also. For what is our friend that we should seek him to waffle away our hours? Seek him always with our hours to listen, to encourage and to share. For it is his to fill our need, but not our emptiness. And in our friendship let there be our hearty laughter, our lonely tears, and our sharing of our pleasures. For in our dew of respectful ways our heart will find its morning and be refreshed."
(Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*)
Jurenci: Richard, thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere of a summer's morn, and I'm hearing Celtic, Classical, Opera singer, Kathleen Procter-Moore of Tamborine Mountain, Queensland, Australia singing a beautiful song called *You're Still You*. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with listening to this beautiful song composing the following poem for Kathleen?

◊ Fair tree Field ◊

Moon in blue calling out to you.
Fire in the heart of love coming true.
Believing in the morning light consuming me in love.
Happy the tree that yields to the wind of continuous calling;
calling fashion over the bridge wall into the welcoming flow.
Time n' time again be the stillness of the night of noon.

Who can hold on to the raptures of the days gone by?
Lovely is the morning that causes me to listen to the delicate becoming newborn. Clothed in the shroud of anniversary dawning round about; round about the endless lake of humanity to new beginnings.
Oh, so lovely is thy voice sweet Kathleen of the Fair tree Field.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Kathleen:* Thank you,

Richard for such lovely words. I really love and appreciate them. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Marla. *Marla:* Hi, Richard, I'm back! *Self:* Lovely to see your beautiful face again, Marla. Hope you've had a rewarding journey into the unknown. What were some of your findings; some of your blessings from there? *Marla:* Thank you for your lovely words towards me Richard! My journeys to the unknown are something frequent in my life. I am in a constant quest but feel I never look for the answers in the right places. *Self:* Happy to hear questing is an important part of your life … :) … making excursions into the welcoming unknown. Not that I could give an answer to any of your profoundest questions, I would at the same time enjoy reflecting on them. As such if you would like to share a question or two with me I would be both delighted and grateful … :) … for oft, Marla we may be on the same journey without ever being even aware of it. *Marla:* That's so true, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere of a summer's eve, and I'm hearing a beautiful music composition called *DreamWave* by Caroline Moore of Virginia. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with listening to this beautiful piece composing the following poem for Caroline?

◊ Music of the heart ◊

Love what is your heart that me you do know so well?
I thee do love as a gentle breeze about a lightful shadow falling upon the winter stream.
Make me to want the fading of forgetfulness to come fully alive.
Oh, the glory of your smiling face n' the touch of your hand upon my brow is heavenly heaven come here n' now.
Wave me; wave me with thy love beauteous Lady Caroline.

Oh, how it is the summer when your eyes smile in mine.
Misty sprays upon the keyboard of distant memories delicately dance their way to me.

So much in time am I in the love of thy vision sweet lady of gentle graces.
Prepare the banquet table for I do hear we coming from distant lands to give to thee of our spacious blessings.
Hold open thy palms that we may with joy give to thee of our gatherings along the fields of eternities.

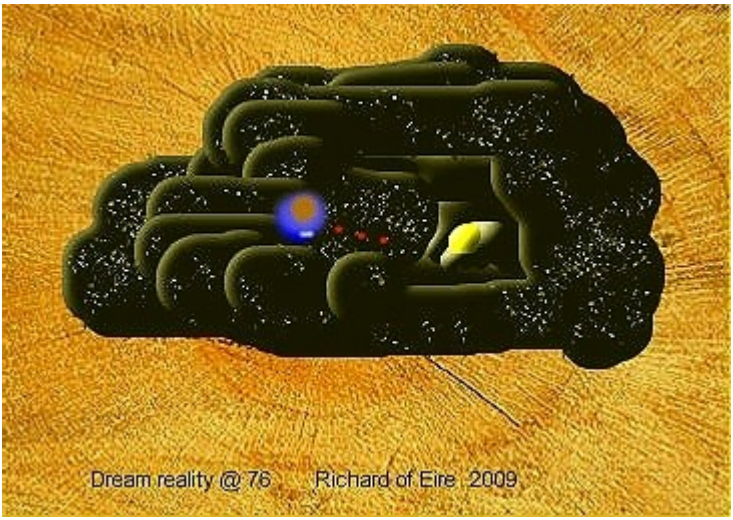
Blessed be thee soft heart warming love of
rippling waters n' crashing waves about me.
See in love there is a sound that has its beginning
in the shaking of the eternal tree by waters ever
shimmering.

To me thee be an ecstasy of love from Olympia on
high.
Grace of place be thee to me.
Wait! Wait love is slow as a flowing wavy of great
distance nearing faring.
Move with me thee as the sea flows to n' fro.
Oh, morning is rising in my heart for thee as sun
upon the planet's fields, hills and valleys.
Know thee that we, yes we have been in each
other's happy shadows for eternities,
n' will be, just thee wait n' see Caroline Lady of
the Great Sea.
Music of the heart is waving me, waving thee,
waving we; we sea.
Hold my heart in thine as the moon doth the
sunlight in high high noon.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Caroline:* Thank you, Richard. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Cancer.

Floating o’er waters of planetary melancholies Dream reality 76



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 2nd April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I’m hearing Noa Bursie of Buffalo, New York sing a beautiful song called *From the Shadow*. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with listening to this beautiful song composing the following poem for the lovely Noa?

◊ Into my solitary cellery ◊

Love is warm on the softness of time.
Wayward forward we go as the freewheel in the millery below.
Some of a kind is in the loveliness of waxing moon wandering n’ songing along.
Show me the place where the scene is making its way to a paradise.

Walk with the talk-song that I do love so much.
Oh, Noa, how thee draw me across the ages of spaces;
Lovely be thee in autumnal places of graces.

Open to me the beginnings of no endings.
Long long too long has the sun in retrograde
been for me.

Moving with thee do I love to be in morning mist
floating o'er waters of planetary melancholies.
To take is to give with the solitariness of thy
embracing soft voicing smile.
Calm be the coming n' going of the man n'
woman on the corner;
Wondering they be of life down about along away
the streets of majesty waiting.
Hold me to love Noa of long love lingering lines.
Seems to be the quarter of the hour.

Calling from the furthest places keeping whispers
in my heart.
When will I find the surrender to time?
Me know me to be sure in the laughter of
children by the summer fountain;
Dancing, splashing, seeing love in the sun-
drenched droplets.
Who for me be?
She be the one with the voice of a dove born of
flight right to my heart.
Oh, loveliness thee be Noa of the silk lovely voice
floating into my solitary cellery;
Floating into me by the lovely flowery patterned
window screenery.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Noa:* Richard,
I am so moved by your thoughtfulness. I have never had the pleasure of having someone write a poem that was inspired by something I wrote or said. Thank you so much. You've made my day ... and made me cry. But I'm smiling now. *Self:* Noa, you're very welcome … :)

… Your voice is beautiful n’ your work wonderful! For my part, I came closer n’ listened to you; listened to you with my heart, and gave to my findings expression in kind. Oh, I didn’t mean to make you tear … yet, now very glad I am to hear that you are with smiling again … :) … Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?

Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Pyxis.

Her soft eyes are deep n' lovely Dream reality 77

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 3rd April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: musician, composer, director, Rainer Dimmler of Hessen, Germany. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him?
Self: Yes, he's very dignified and of a reflective disposition. He has light brown to silvery hair. He's wearing a golden scarf, a wondrously designed and coloured waistcoat, and a light jade coloured shirt.
Rainer: Guten Tag, Richard of Éire? I am honoured to be your friend! All the best to you and your continuing lyrical endeavours. *Self:* Guten Tag, Rainer?

And I also yours. Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: singer, songwriter, composer, producer, Joanna St. Claire of Los Angeles, California, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you

describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has rich brown to golden long wavy hair. Her soft eyes are deep and lovely; her smile charming.
Joanna: Hi, Richard of Éire? So grateful to meet you. Wow!!!!! Incredible writing!!!!! Beautiful use of words that create deep, tangible visuals, and lovely experiences. Thank you for your artistry. *Self:* Hi, Joanna?
Delightful to meet you. You're most welcome. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her?
Self: Yes, it's my friend: Desireé Grosse of British Columbia, Canada.
River Mirth: Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has lovely long black wavy hair; soothing eyes and a soft smile. *Desiree:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Thank you for opening your spirit to me. Love the hat!
Self: Hi, Desireé? Thank you for your most gracious and delightful words. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon a most charming scene of the beauteous Desireé Grosse standing by a wooden fence. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for Desireé?

◊ To me thee be ◊

Oh, how I love to light play on thy lovely hair
n' to recline to be thy chair.
For ever n' ever I love thee my sweet Desireé;
My beauteous Desireé the high blue sky to me
thee be.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Alice.
Alice: Hi, Richard, Here's a nice word for you: "I hear it in the deep heart's core." *Self:* Hi, Alice, Wonder do I all the more ... :) ... Does 'it' have a shape perchance in more lovely words that I may enjoy this enchantment all the more ... :) ... ? *Alice:* William Butler Yeats' beautiful poem, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

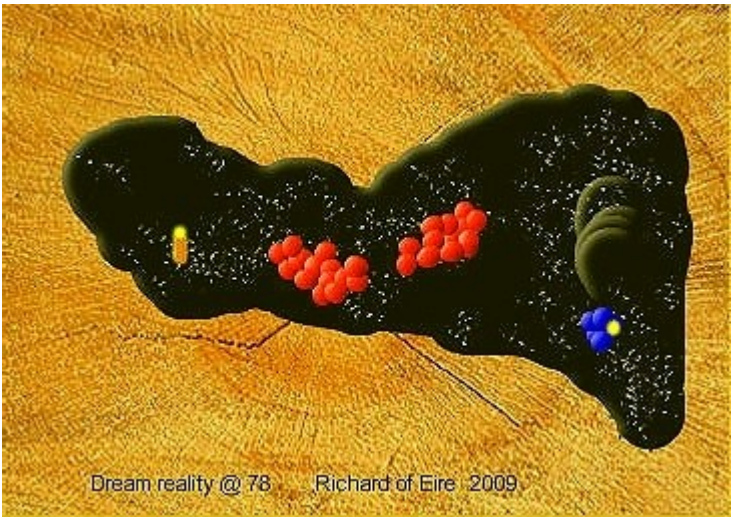
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Self: Thank you, Alice. The following is taken from the *Prologue* to my *Innkeeper's Fire*. "Aoife & Rísteárd are sleeping in their bed this hour before aurora. Rísteárd is dreaming that he is somewhere on the isle. It is summer time as the fields are a rich green and golden hued. The sky is a wonderful blue with white clouds floating. He can feel the caressing heat of the sun. There is coming towards him walking through a golden wheat field one whom he does not yet recognize. He is walking in circles, and ever coming closer to Rísteárd. Rísteárd recognizes him! It is the poet, William Butler Yeats. "Richard, if you don't mind, I need to read for you a revised version of my poem, *The Second Coming*." "Will, I am honoured that you should again visit me. Welcome. Please go ahead." Sitting by a wild red rose bush he begins to recite his poem to Rísteárd.

Suddenly, Rísteárd is on the back of a beautiful medium cream coloured draft horse mare which has a white mane and tail, pink skin and amber eyes, and is galloping in the night sky along the ecliptic to an unidentifiable conjunction marked only by a full blossoming apple tree …" With my compliments, Alice. *Alice:* Thank, you, Richard. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Perseus.

Thoughts are like perfumes of our composing Dream reality 78



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 4th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me strolling in a fragrant garden in Marrakech of Morocco. There is a man strolling in my company. *River Mirth:* Are you strolling there in the past or in the future? *Self:* In neither. *River Mirth:* Then are you strolling there in the present? *Self:* More like in a present of the present lengthened. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise the man who is in your company? *Self:* Yes, it's the renowned French perfume composer, Serge Lutens. *Serge:* You know, Richard my love for perfumes was born here in beautiful Morocco. This delightful place has truly possessed my soul. Daily I stroll in the midst of warm smiles and magnificent fragrancies.
How do you view perfumes, Richard?

Strolling Self: I see them, Serge as living entities; forever harmoniously weaving and flowing about and within us. Perfumes, music, imagination, and dreams make life on planet Earth a hallowed remembrance, and by harmony sublime, an haute couture of the Great Universe. *Serge:* Truly, beautiful, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting with Serge by a shimmering cool fountain in

a secluded archway of the same Marrakechean garden, and we're sipping sweet mint tea and airily discussing different fragrancies of perfumes of his composing. And with discussing, I'm enjoying slowly scenting each and every one of them, beginning with *Les Eaux Boisées* (the wood-based scents).

Santal de Mysore
Bois Oriental
Bois de Violette
Un Bois Sépia
Bois et Musc
Bois et Fruits
Chêne

Then *Les Eaux Anciennes* (the timeless scents).

Rahät Loukoum
Iris Silver Mist
Fleurs d'Oranger
Encens et Lavande
Mandarine-Mandarin
La Myrrhe

Next *Les Somptueux* (the sumptuous scents).

Ambre Sultan
Cuir Mauresque
Muscs Koublaï Khän
Vetiver Oriental

Then *Fleurs Nobles* (the flowers of exception).

Tubéreuse Criminelle
Un Lys
Rose de Nuit
Sarrasins
El Attarine

And finally *Caractère* (character)

Bornéo 1834
Chergui
Fumerie Turque

Serge: Richard, there is a popular Moroccan proverb which goes: "A person without friends is like a garden without flowers." *Strolling Self:* Then perhaps it might be proverbial also to add, Serge, and by an interesting twist of phrase that a person without perfumes is like being in the garden of life without friends. *Serge:* Très bon, Richard. One and the same. And a fine understanding you have too of Moroccan style friendship. *Strolling Self:* I've a great teacher. *Serge:* Richard, this *Fleurs d'Oranger* is a small gift from me to élégant Sung-ja. *Strolling Self:* Merci beaucoup, Serge. She'll truly appreciate it. And please, accept this humble thought composition of mine. *Serge:* Merci beaucoup, Richard.
A beautiful title: *Unto Lineage Royal* - A Midsummer's Dream -
Oui, sûrement, elle doit être une chanson d'amour parfumée. Yes, surely it must be a perfumed love song. Has it been translated into French or Arabic? *Strolling Self:* No, not yet. Rich, thoughts are like perfumes of our composing. Well compose and yourself surround with such fragrancies, and from all froward yourself far distance. *Self:* May my mind, Rich be of such blossoming fragrancies. *Strolling Self:* Already it is, Rich. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon a beautiful piece of music entitled "Uebersternte Stille" by Rainer Dimmler of Hessen. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with listening to this beautiful piece of music composing the following poem for Rainer?

◊ Silken in the twilight of heavenly places ◊

Silken in the twilight of heavenly places.
Dream of furthest horizons calling me to be

around about.
Some will need to dance on tiptoe on old grey stonewalls.
Mercy coming n’ going making the slow to be me in the past holiday eve;
falling on the splashing waters of time be no time.
Now I do remember what it was that the nightingale found in my heart.
Oh, lovely is this sound of thine, Rainer Dimmler!

Clap hands n' merge with the wind in the floating down adown of rosy petals waiting for me of a day.
Sweet scenting long past forward we go to the place of the nomadic encounter.
See we the fright of forgetfulness still standing on the battlement.
Ah, now here after is a before for I do think to the moon-starry o'er the wild free grassy fields. Up!

Tall be low when it's coming to the brow of the hill, for here in we see to our imagery.
While the feathers on the wings of my thoughts glide gently beneath, I do believe to see the majesty of all that has ever been is but of endings; is but of endings.
A seeker of beginnings I do be; yes, I do be a seeker of beginnings.
Rainer Dimmler this thy fine melody has opened a gateway upon my eternity!

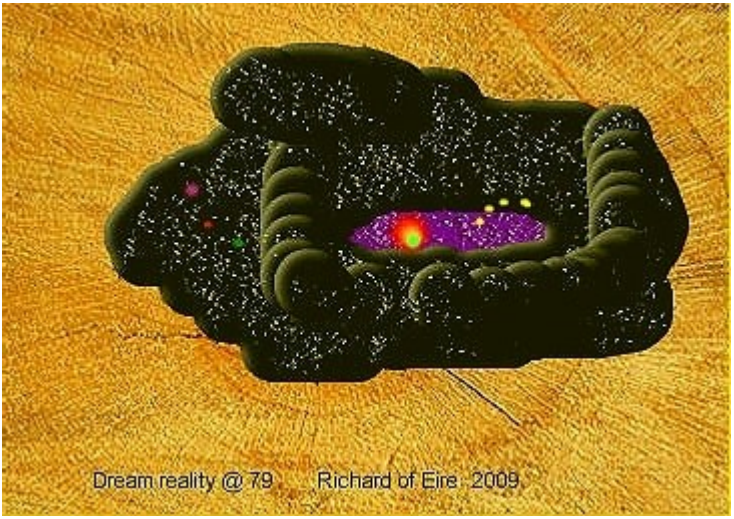
~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County.
Ian: Hi, Richard, My family and I retreated to the woods yesterday to get some rest and relaxation! It was amazing. I wish I could spend more time there! *Self:* Hi, Ian, I love you words: "My family and I" … we done something special, unique, different together, namely, we "retreated to
the woods … to get some rest and relaxation!" The imagery is wonder filling …:) … n' most admirable.
Blessed be the wife and children of Ian;
blessed be Ian husband and father. Blessed be this lovely family … :) …
Ian, do have some nice snippet, story or thought from the adventure? Some wisdom from the woods … :) …

perhaps? *Ian:* Richard, there is nothing more relaxing to me than sitting in the woods, except maybe sitting by the ocean. I noticed after a few hours that my legs stopped bouncing due to having no music, and I didn't feel the need to check my email. We saw a lot of Amish people. I am in admiration of them. They
are quite content with what seems to be almost nothing. They know better though, I think. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying

floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Ursa Minor.

The great thoughts that greatness deserves Dream reality 79



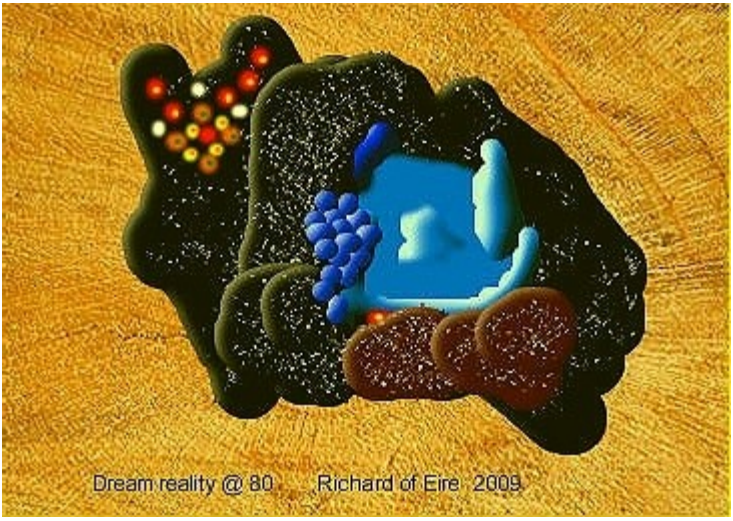
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 5th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows: "Seven years and seven days would bring the pot to the boil so why are you wasting so much valuable time milking the wall socket's juice? Do you hear who's talking? I'll have you know that if the bails of straw in the fields were all stacked one on top of the other, we would in no time at all be able to reach cloudland. We would I'm sure for wouldn't they all have well fallen before they ever having gained any height at all? There you go again with your illogical logic. Dredge the field

for the river. Slow, slow, slowy doth my mind doth think when the birds of the lighthouse stand on foot a single. Ever thought what it would be like to swim in the roundabout lay? I suppose I have but I haven't given it the great thoughts that greatness deserves.
(Source: *Hearing in the Write,* Second canto Modus Vivendi)
With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard"

Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Eridanus.

Mythic stories n' homely conversations Dream reality 80



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 6th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a me reading a looping marquee on the side of a building on River Road in Edgewater of New Jersey, United States of America.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows: "The following comment has been approved at the Internet Movie Database:
Perhaps people who have loved the classic movie *The Quiet Man* (1952) would like to be introduced to this book: *Innkeeper's Fire* (2008). It has been said of the celebrated Russian soprano Anna Netrebko that even if

she were to learn many more new parts, the role of Natasha Rostov in War and Peace will remain one of the chief roles in her life. The author of *Innkeeper's Fire* could possibly say the same of himself in that even if he were to write many more books, the role of Rísteárd Mac Grailt in *Innkeeper's Fire* will remain one of the chief male character roles in his life.

That's because this type of calm, wise, bright, joyous, courteous, warm voiced, nuptial hermit and family man; this rural philosopher-poet-artist of Éire who tells mythic stories and engages in homely conversations perfectly fits the author's imaginative, writing, poetic, and artistic possibilities. There is the quiet man and his lady of the valley of Ballylee, the quiet man and his lady of the lake isle of Innisfree, and now here the quiet man and his lady of the hill country of Deisi Mumhan. *Innkeeper's Fire* is a keeper; a fascinating piece of literary art." *Marquee reading Self:* Rich, remember with having written those words? *Self:* Yes, I do, but how has it come about, Rich that they're appearing in a looping marquee on the side of a building on River Road in Edgewater of New Jersey?
Marquee reading Self: Rich, words have wings. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her?
Self: Yes, it's my friend: author, artist, Linda Kordich of Nevada & California, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her?
Self: Yes, she's very beautiful. She's long dark brown wavy hair. She's wearing exquisite diamond drop earrings, a long sleeve open neck light peach blouse, a long soft blue to white skirt, and coral red sandals. She has a captivating smile, and eyes that are as calm and as refreshing as the Pacific Ocean. And she's sitting writing at a table by a bay window that presents a resplendent view of a summer garden. *Linda:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Welcome to my world. *Self:* Hi, Linda? I'm both honoured and delighted. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Cassiopeia.

Sing in the great space between twilight n' dawn
Dream reality 81

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 7th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere in the Swiss Alps of a lovely summer's day, and in a flower-covered meadow I'm happening upon the beauteous Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland wondrously singing a Spanish love song. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this charming scene composing the following poem for the beauteous Olivia?

◊ The beloved of thee ◊

Olivia of the lovely soft olive green eyes,
Thee bring me to a place where love is divine.
Bathe my spirit in thy heart that I may become as
a new moon first sighted in yon southeastern sky.

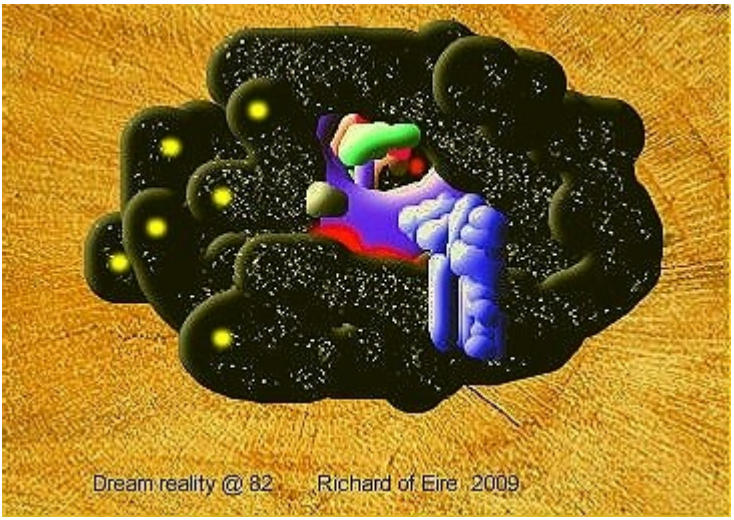
Olivia whose hearts have thee pained with thy beauty?
Sing in the great space between my twilight n’ dawn; my
dawn n’ twilight.

Olivia where in thy heart isn't there room for love?
Thy moist clear eyes well say it all,
n'owhere; yes, nowhere in this heart isn't there room for love.'
Blessed Olivia truly be are the beloved of thee.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed.
With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Olivia:* Richard, thank you so much. *Self:* You're very welcome, Olivia. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Leo Minor.

Gracious Sky by paradigm divine Dream reality 82



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 8th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me strolling along a road somewhere at twilight on a summer’s evening, and I’m happening upon Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a

photograph of an old yellow school bus which has been abandoned in the roadside field of high grass. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ Rest in movement n' movement in rest ◊

Road I miss thee; miss thee terribly!
Stationary ever n' ever never was I meant to be,
Stuck here seasonally in this tall grassing field for eternity.
Bus without I being stuck in this field no way could I be.
See for me to be requires being stationary.
Ah, but Road, ah, but Road, I was built to move;
Built to move n' not to be jacked up n' left to rust away.
Much much more was left in me in my day, then why?
Friends, stationary n' movement are we.
In my laying on the rocks beneath n' in my grass growing above am I as ye.
Road, in thy abiding here in me are thee not also forever going somewhere;
Bus in thy movement on Road were thee not also forever parking somewhere in me?
See there above us Gracious Sky by paradigm divine,
She be rest in movement n' movement in rest sublime!
To myself n' yere grateful company am I now resigned.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian St. Ian:* Richard, thank you! I think that is exactly what that old bus would say ... is now saying.

You have a way with words like none other. *Self:* Ian, it was my joy. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Gee of the Midlands, United Kingdom. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She's long black hair, and is wearing a long white dress. She's sitting by a pond of water with a full moon in the background as she's reflectively gazing at both the moon and her own

reflections in the softly rippling water. *Gee:* Hi, Richard of Éire?
It's a pleasure to meet such an inspired poet. We share a same interest, namely, Taoist philosophy. Alan Wilson Watts (1915-1973) the British philosopher once said: "Zen does not confuse spirituality with thinking about God while one is peeling the potatoes. Zen spirituality is just to peel the potatoes."
Self: Hi, Gee? Thank you for your gracious words. And if as Alan says: "…Zen spirituality is just to peel the potatoes" then what may we say of the peeler? … :) … And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me two writings. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows: "Hi, Richard of Éire? Thank you for these words: "The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration's gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity ..." These words-roses Richard from the Garden of Mystery of yours are full with supreme Beauty, sweet memories and spirituality and it has been so agreeable to walk along the delicious Qadisha Valley with you. Two years ago I was touring in Waterford tracing the footsteps of Saint Kevin. What a nice place to be in too!" ::: "Hi, Heartist? Thank you for your wonderful words. The following is from a story entitled, *A monastery garden*.
"I love when dreams come to visit, be they in my time of slumber or moments of napping …
I didn't know were I was. Off to my right down the river, I could see a castle tower ruin in the trees. And with turning about to my right I could see that I was standing before a monastery ruin that had some of its wall supported by a wooden frame. I still didn't know where I was. Then out of the corner of my right I saw something, and with turning I beheld this medieval type castle over the ways on the riverbank, that if you can

believe me, transformed itself before my eyes into an old styled house, and then that in turn transformed itself into this beautiful stately three-storied creamy coloured mansion. It was beautiful. Immediately I recognized it by its pediment over the door. It was Ballynatray House on the western bank of the Blackwater River estuary, in the Barony of Coshmore and Coshbride, county of Waterford, and province of Munster. Now I knew where I was. Yes, I was standing on pretty Dair Inis; the isle of oaks, the isle on which is located Molana Abbey ruin. I could hardly believe that I was in that beautiful place for I had so often

wanted to visit it. I was standing there, but for the life of me I had no idea of how I had got there …" (Source: *Generations Reaching*) With my compliments, and gratitude, Heartist, Richard of Éire" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska.
HighlandLady: Richard, forgive me for not visiting and leaving a wee message, but it is late here on the mountain; the winds and snows have come once more. You may or may not know of this but I am moving from my mountain for the wilds of Alaska in a little over a month. I venture off in a couple of weeks to see the state. I have found a home ... perfect for this reclusive in the midst of trees, next to a lake, with expansive views of the skies. All
I ask of you, and I do so with a slight sense of remorse for I do not like to ask for anything ... is to spare a thought and hope for me as there are two other offers on this wee haven aside from mine own. If the home is to be what I can call mine, it will occur ... if no, then something else will fall into place ... but I do hold out hope. Thank you for visiting my humble site and gracing it with your presence. May you know only warmth and contentment! *Self:* Lovely HighlandLady, Like a pair of ducks in flight try not to possess the river, for the river by its very nature is most generous. Verily, knowing of your coming it will lovingly reveal to you the most suitable spot (or perhaps spots) on which you may come and alight … :) … *HighlandLady:* Thank you, Richard Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Sculptor.

I’m happy to hear that you like the words Dream reality 83

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 9th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County & AyJay of California. *Ian & AyJay:* Richard, I’ve read the poem you wrote for our mutual friend, Olivia Gray. It’s beautiful!
And, I Richard have been reading your words for some of Ian’s photos. Your words are beautiful indeed. It is said that one picture is worth a thousand words. May I say some of your words are worth a thousand pictures. *Self:* I’m happy to hear, Ian that you like the words that presented themselves to me for our mutual friend Olivia. She’s a lovely-hearted person. AyJay, thank you for your most gracious words. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Taurus.

Saw a star fill the apple tree blossoms Dream reality 84

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 10th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: poetess, Hollace M. Metzger of New York & Paris. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her?
Self: Yes, she's very beautiful. She's got long brown hair. Her eyes are of a soft gaze; her smile gentle. She's wearing a royal blue double beaded necklace, and a lovely golden evening dress. *Hollace:* Hi, with love to Éire from Paris. *Self:* Hi, with love to Paris from Éire. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me strolling along the Champs-Élysées, and I'm happening upon an exquisite portrait of Hollace. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this exquisite portrait composing the following poem for Hollace?

◊ I needs Be to be ◊

Richard *mon cher ami* happiness is what it seems to be.
Love in a whisper takes frightful steps down the Champs-Élysées.
Top of the bottom line of eternity speaks to me daily;

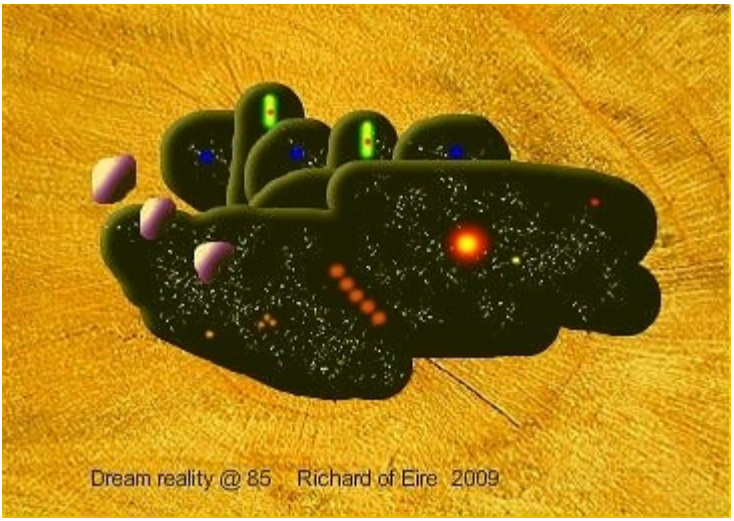
Speaks to me daily in the eyesight of myriad trajectories.
Stained-glass windows hum in the early morning sunshine.
Love the way thy eyes smile of me; smile of me pure simplicity born anew.
Call the dreamers into our company for we do need to be seeing the needs of beginnings of late.
Saw a star fill the apple tree blossoms coming soon!
Half the time is a quarter of something lively ever truthful.
Make the winding of the grandfather clock be that of grandsons n' granddaughters. Too much to be sauntering about in the eves of twilight.
Stand before the Arc de Triomphe ' n see all the way to New York City by the sea.
See sea saw sow some old in the ever becoming new.
Must be something I said in the wineglass of my cupful.
Are thee sure thy have not in love with love we been afore found?
My sleeve coatings read me we a time that was of yesterday in pastoral aloneness.
I hear to see where thee there be going to a cloister on the hilltop.
Oh, eyes of wonder be with me in the living thunder of storms that rock the foundations of Château de Versailles.
New York City in these days be my home away from home, for I needs Be to be;
Yes, I needs Be to be alone.
Bring down the uprising sun that I may be with an adown adown adowning going be,
For I am one who is according to me a human being of lady I be.
Yes, Richard, a human being of a lady I be for thee, *mon cher ami*.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Hollace:* Richard i do believe a tear has dawned itself unto me … merci, mon cher ami.
merci! *Self:* Merci, Hollace for accepting my gift: *I needs Be to be*. Merci, yes, merci for your beautiful visual words: “i do believe a tear has dawned itself unto me …” … n’ alighted itself in the palm of my hand … Lyrically. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously

are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Canes Venatici.

With simple joys n' blessings without end Dream reality 85



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 11th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland.
Olivia: Hi, Richard, Here's a nice thought that I happened to find and would like to share it with you. "Our lives are filled with simple joys and blessings without end. And one of the greatest joys is having you for a friend." *Self:* My life is filled with simple joys and blessings without end.
And one of the greatest of these, Olivia is having you for a friend. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting in continuum of a me sleeping on a solitary cloud. *River Mirth:* Is it a cloud

of day or night? *Self:* A cloud of night. I'm waking to the sound of a woman's voice calling me, saying, "Hey, get up!" *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her voice? *Self:* That was my first time ever hearing it. *River Mirth:* How come you had been sleeping on a cloud? *Self:* There is nowhere beautiful and comfortable that isn't my bed. This night upon a

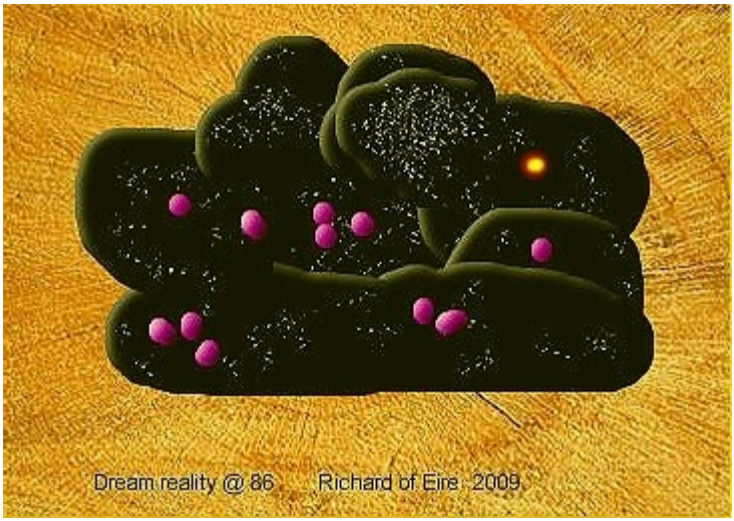
cloud another on the wind, in the rain, upon the drifting fog, on the hilltops and slopes, upon the waves of the shore, on the gently currenting rivers and streams, on the tranquillity of lakes, in the trees and upon the forests, on the grasses and shrubberies, on freshly fallen snow, on the crest of sand dunes … on the backs of cattle, horses, sheep and deer of the night fields and forests; on the roofs of buildings or next to Sung-ja in our house home. *River Mirth:* In which direction are you facing? *Self:* I'm facing northwest. *River Mirth:* Are you over land or water? *Self:* I'm over land; over a part of Éire. *River Mirth:* Where precisely? *Self:* I'm high above the southern entrance to Tallow. Over there to the north I can see the lights of Ballyduff, Cloghheen, Caher, and Cashel; to the northeast Lismore, Cappoquin and beyond, Arfinnan, and Clonmel; over there to the east Villierstown, Dungarvan, and way beyond the city lights of Waterford; off there to the southeast Youghal; to the south Midleton, and beyond the city lights of Cork; to the southwest Watergrasshill, and Rathcormack; to the west there Fermoy, Kilworth, and Glanworth, and over there to the northwest Mitchelstown. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* A moment ago, I could not see the summit of Galtee Mór beyond Mitchelstown but now, and for some reason it's appearing to me silhouetted. Oh, in the northern starry heavens a light like unto that of a new star is rising from up behind the summit of Galtee Mór. *River Mirth:* Perhaps, it's an aircraft of some kind? *Self:* No, it's not an aircraft, satellite, visitor vessel, asteroid or comet of any kind. It's definitely a star; a new star having greater brightness, intensity, and beauty than even lovely Sirius. It's remaining stationary above the summit. Oh, may!
River Mirth: What is it? *Self:* It's beginning to move westward, and the cloud and I are moving along parallel to it. In an instant we've crossed over the Atlantic Ocean; in an instant we've crossed over the entire

breadth of Canada, and the star has now come to a standstill above the snowy covered summit of Mount McKinley in Alaska. *River Mirth:* Is it night still? *Self:* Yes, it is. *River Mirth:* How can you tell it's Mount McKinley? *Self:* The new star has brought a soft pink hued brightness to the mountain. Oh, it's again on the move only this time coming southward, and has come to rest over a small city that is situated there between two lakes. *River Mirth:* Are you still able to see Mount McKinley? *Self:* Yes, it's in the background over there; majestic and beautiful it is. *Cloud Self:* Rich, the same woman's voice that called me from my sleep has from the star now spoken directly unto my heart.
Self: What did she say, Rich? *Cloud Self:* She said, "There dwells in this

city a princess; yet, a princess only according to name and in appearance, and who by the new moon of June will have had spoken to a small captive congregation a handful of potentially worrisome words very much of her own shaping; words without any particular preparation or attention having been given to intonation, pauses, and emphasis. And with the appearance of the new moon of September she will of a night be given to speaking to the entire world, not with words of her own composition, yet, very much of her own shaping, and she will have given great attention to intonation, pauses and emphasis in order to maximise the potency of their delivery. Many will quickly, and easily be taken in by the content of her powerful mat and scullery speech; by its wondrous delivery. And a great many of them will be intoxicated by her charm. Yet, the more the many the world over will be in great lamentation for fear that she will in the near future become a world leader, if not the world leader of the world's leaders. Not alone will the peoples of the world be afeared, but also the fishes of the waters, the deer of the slopes, the wolves of the forests, and even the birds of the air. There will be no place in national parks, preservations, and sacred lands that won't by her edicts be exploited to one extreme or another. Therefore, better it will be by far to stroll about the hill country of Galilees, Samarias, and Judeas in the company of one like unto a community organizer; one who will return dignity and hope to those who have been wounded and let down by their own society, one who with peace in heart and eloquence in word and style will encourage by example, a world that is a meeting place of friends, than to be an official in the Roman Governor's lakeside palace in Caesareas, and there to be fully believing oneself to be in country in order to carry out a divine task on behalf of the Kings of kings, namely the Emperors in far off Romes; to carry a divine task to subjugate all by whatever means and for however long it takes.

Blessed be the harmonymakers for theirs is the inheritance of peace without end." *Self:* Blessed, Rich be the harmonymakers: the Sun, Moon, Stars, Sea and Land for they compete not for each other's given space, but delight greatly in day-nightly living in each other's peaceful, cooperative company. *Cloud Self:* May it be so in like wisdom, Rich with our humankind. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Mensa.

A sapphire cravat having golden star designs Dream reality 86



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 12th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: poet, translator, musician, teacher of music, Dr. Nabeel Issa of Latakia, Syria. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he has a pleasant countenance. His eyes are deep and full of wisdom. He has light brown to silvery hair. And he's wearing a grey suit jacket, a soft sky blue shirt, and a sapphire cravat having golden star designs. *Nabeel:* Hi, Richard of Éire? A pleasure to make your acquaintance. Let's have a cup of friendly cheer. *Self:* Hi, Nabeel? It's an honour and pleasure to meet you.
Yes, I would like that very much. Here are some nice words for you from one of my works: " The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in

inspiration; inspiration's gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity…" (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon,* A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*)

Nabeel: Richard, thank you for these beautiful and meaningful verses from your *Myriam of Lebanon*. Permit me, to share with you a little on how I view life. I love life, and believe in the power of love to change, to transform, to heal and to save. I myself experienced the great power of love in my life through a miraculous healing. I understand love as simple, plain and easy to give though it is the most precious and powerful thing in life. Love, to me, is like a music that gives our life rhythm and sounds that make us more blooming and beautiful inside and out. Love is a fire that begets a vehement heat in the soul, and consumes the dross and chaff that are in it, melts it down like wax into a new form, and carries it upwards as the sparks towards God and heaven.

I like dancing in the rain when it's stormy, for life to me isn't about waiting for that one storm to pass. It's about getting out there and dancing in its rain. *Self:* Nabeel, thank you. You've a beautiful mind.

"I am the Sun in the sky. Truly I am the Sun and know nothing about any Human. Then by somehow I find myself to be a Human. Truly I am a Human and know nothing about any Sun." (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 1 A fragrance so lovely) *Nabeel:* Greatly appreciated, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a writing. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's by Ludwig Haslinger of Vienna, Austria, and reads as follows: "Richard, a little about myself. My 82 years of age have taught me an important lesson and that is to love and love and love. Love is the best thing that one can do in life. As a former conductor of a philharmonic orchestra and intimate friend of the late conductor Giovanni Pachmann, I could learn that nothing remains after one's life except love. Fame is another word for falsehood and delusion.

Life is love and love is life, Richard. Ludwig" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the

terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Columba.

Contemplating my presence in my worlds Dream reality 87

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 13th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a picturesque scene; be it a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom?
Self: A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Laura of Manassas, Virginia, United States of America.
River Mirth: Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's of a beauty, charm, and benevolence that is in similitude of a splendid autumnal alpine vista.
Laura: Hi, Richard of Éire? Great to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Laura? Lovely to meet you. *Laura:* Richard, here are some nice scenic photographs for you. *Self:* Oh, they're magnificent, Laura! Wonder-filling. Thank you so much. And thank you for the lovely captions there beneath accompanying them: "Springtime South of Bozeman, Montana", "All that energy …", "Winter time roads in the Midwest" Contemplating my presence 'in

my worlds' is a way of life for me Laura; my presence in the world within my heart, the planetary world here about me, n' in the world of greater space beyond. In each world, n' in others besides, I do enjoy the playfulness of transformations, n' therein, n' together of my own transformations too … :) … Weatherly in harmony, Laura. *Laura:* Beautiful, Richard. Thank you.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Desireé Grosse of British Columbia. *Desireé:* Richard, today is Sunday, and the only lyrical thing I am achieving today is breathing which is always a miracle. I love the poem *To me thee be*. Thank you. Eons ago, I flew for a charter airline called "Buffalo Airways". We did charters to Ireland; coming into Shannon airport and staying in Limerick city. We would stay there 5-6 days with the tour and then go on to Portugal. I fell in love the people of Ireland, and ended up with a sweatshirt that I would wear all the time in Limerick with a message running up the sleeve which read, " Kiss me I'm Irish" and on the other sleeve it read, "I love Ireland". I was 25 at the time, and of course I kissed the Blarney Stone. I would if I could love to be taking off again from time to time into the welcoming blue skies. But for today at least, I'll content myself with enjoying watching and appreciating the marvellous flights of butterflies and bumblebees here in my precious garden. Ah, your hat is still waaay dashing and shall always be so for me as when one considers the number of men who do wear hats. Many consider wearing them as nothing more than a mere after thought ... who truly have no sense of the hat's importance ... and then there are the others who truly grasp the importance. A well made hat is a sense of being, and should be considered as an extension of oneself. A hat secretly tells the depth of ones true sense, how he views himself and the world. Now you have men that choose to wear my favorite "gimme cap, baseball cap ... well this is fine and shows a sense of comfort, easygoing charm - hey you can be comfortable around me - I'm an easy kinda Joe" ... but what else is there? ... hummm. Would I turn around to catch a glimpse after he walked past? ... no. And I do not mean that in an unpleasant kind of way ... that is no reason ... no depth. Whereas, the figure that you cut ... well ... your look is an extension of your hat ... striking ... I not only would turn around to find out more (not flirting and you would know this straight away because your

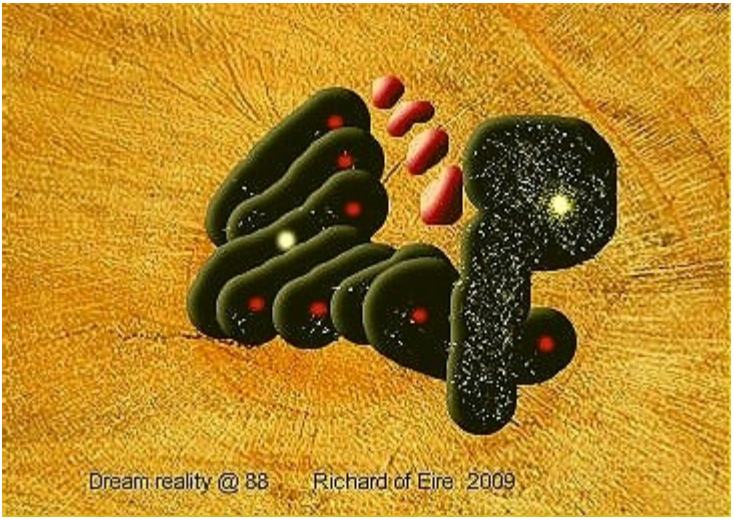
hat told you so) ... I would pleasantly stop you “Before you past” and tell you about your hat ... and attempt to chat with you for a spell ... and if you were wearing a pair of wide wale corduroy pants (chocolate brown, deep forest green, or deep gray would be nice) I would have to compliment you on those too. And later after our brief chat on the sidewalk near the Ye Olde Bookstore and quaint coffee café ... probably called “Shakespeare’s Other Retreat” I would continue on my day and think with a smile what an interesting soul. I know we shall be friends ... warmly. *Self:* Desireé, blessed be the butterflies and

bumblebees to have you in their company.
And I … :) … would continue on my day and think with a smile
what a lovely person is beauteous Desireé. Privileged would I be to be considered one of her friends. Charmingly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Hi, Richard, I just wanted to say hello. *Self:* Good to see you, Nabeel.
Some thoughts for you from one my other works: "1:22 And it will come to pass, nigh of a noon hour, in the happy great many pressing on you to hear your words, that you will be standing on the shore of Lake Galilee, 1:23 And you will see three colourful boats anchored beside the lake, and the fishermen, having gone away from them, will be sitting on a rock, and aimlessly gazing out over the shimmering waters, 1:24 And having entered into one of the boats, you will request one of the fishermen, to put back a little from the land, and having sat down, will teach the happy great many from the boat. 1:25 And when you will have left off speaking, you will say unto the fisherman, 'Put back to the shimmering deep, and let down your nets for a draught;' 1:26 And the fisherman answering will say to you, 'Teacher, through the whole night, having laboured, we have taken up nothing from the lanterning deep, but at thy saying, I will put back out to the deep, and there let down the net.' 1:27 And having done this, they will enclose a great multitude of fish, and the net will be breaking, 1:28 And the fisherman will beckon to his companions, who are in the other boats, having come, to help them; and they will come, and fill the three boats, so that they will almost be to the point of sinking.
1:29 And the fishermen having seen, will fall down at your feet, saying, 'Depart from us, Teacher, because we are doers of wrongs;' 1:30 For astonishment will have seized them, and all those with them, at the amount of fish they had caught." (Source: *A Jesus of Nazareth*, Chapter 1:22-30)

With my compliments, and gratitude, Nabeel. *Nabeel:* Richard, beautiful verses given to me by a beautiful poet. Thanks. I am really impressed with your gift in which the wise excel. “Of all those arts in which the wise excel, Nature’s chief masterpiece is writing well.” (John Sheffield, *Essay on Poetry* 1682) *Self:* Needs be, Nabeel that my wisdom increases and the expression thereof perfects in skill. I’m merely a listener who upon the “ten stringed harp” (keyboard) is doing his best to give of his humble ability to write of that which is being spoken in his h-ear-t … :) …
And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Rainer Dimmler of Hessen. *Rainer:* Richard, please forgive me for not responding to your beautiful message soon enough. I’ve been sick. My

thoughts to your lyrical words have to be translated by a friend, and I hope it will be done soon.
Self: Rainer, blessing of good health be with you … :) … At the heart of my *Silken in the twilight of heavenly places* is that your work *Uebersternte Stille* is very beautiful. And I thank you for inspiring me to write. *Rainer:* Thank you, Richard. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Constellation Pegasus.

Knows a land to be of the mystical n' the poetic Dream reality 88



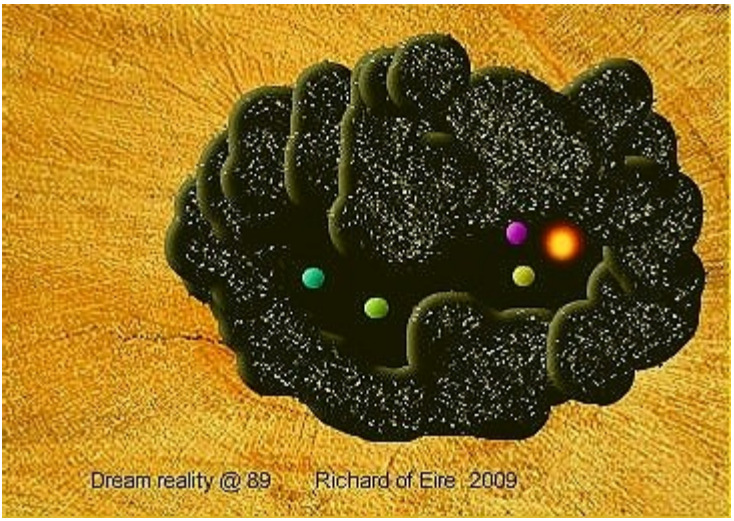
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 14th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska. *HighlandLady:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice photograph. *Self:* Oh, thank you, HighlandLady. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the photograph.

River Mirth: What does it depict? *Self:* It's of eight bright light purple to white flowers growing beneath a log of wood with some of last year's tree leaves scattered about. HighlandLady, thank you. It's lovely. *HighlandLady:* With the coming of spring, I am calm again. Nature has a way about her …

seemingly stating, “Patience, child … you will know warmth soon”. May your day be of sunshine and laughter, Richard. *Self:* Yes, indeed, “Patience, child … you will know warmth soon”. Thank you, HighlandLady. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Hi, Richard, I have been researching some of your work, and it is fascinating to read about you! I am American, so I do not understand some of the Gaelic expressions, but I am trying my best. I am very busy these days writing a new book. I look forward to learning more about you and your work. Ireland holds mystical and poetic interests for me. Oh, and by the way, if may ask, what’s your date of birth? Mine is July 16th, 1955. *Self:* Hi, Linda, Thank you … :) … so much for your much welcomed greeting. I’m honoured and delighted … :) … that you’ve read some of my work. Should you have any questions about Gaelic expressions or content, please don’t hesitate to ask. A mystical and poetic heart knows a land (an island) to be of the mystical and the poetic. Ah, a charming daughter of Lady Carmel I see … :) … Find the ‘Night of the Cradle’ and mine will be revealed to thee … :) … Only hours between us you will see, for all surely is mystery … :) … I’m happy for you that you’re busy with writing a new book. Wonderful! May I … :) … inquire of its subject matter? *Linda:* Night of the Cradle is surely, Richard to me, a mystery. *Self:* Then, Linda the Sun on the 16th day of July in the year of 1955 having happily set did rise anew on the morn of the 17th n’ with finding Herself with remembrance of the wondrous child that had been born on the previous day, did now long for another child to be born on the 17th. And behold, before She had set on that very same day, another child had been born … :) … n’ yes, that child was none other than … :) … Cest moi! … :) … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Carina Nebula.

Without fail do I nightly read his words Dream reality 89

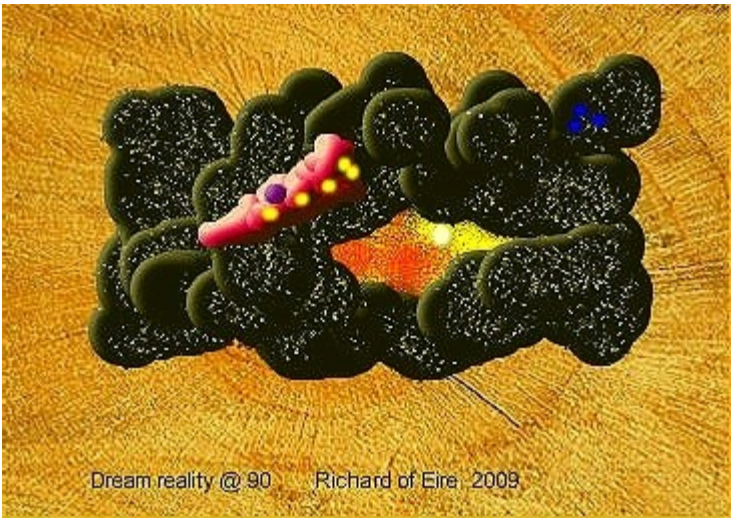


River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 15th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Gee of the Midlands. *Gee:* Hi, Richard,
Some nice Chuang-tzu words, especially for you: "Let your mind wander in simplicity, blend your spirit with the vastness,
follow along with things the way they are, and make no room for personal
views - then the world will be governed ..." *Self:* Thank you, Gee. I'm very fond of his writings. Without fail do I nightly enjoy reading a few of his words in the original before going into bed. His unbounded way of looking at everything including himself sets me free to be my thoughts of my thoughts; my actions of my actions. May your heart n' senses, Gee wander in joy-filling simplicity this new day, May your thoughts and actions blend with the vastness of the given; And may you be of

the harmony of all that you encounter. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?
Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Crescent Nebula.

My heart welcomes your worded love Dream reality 90



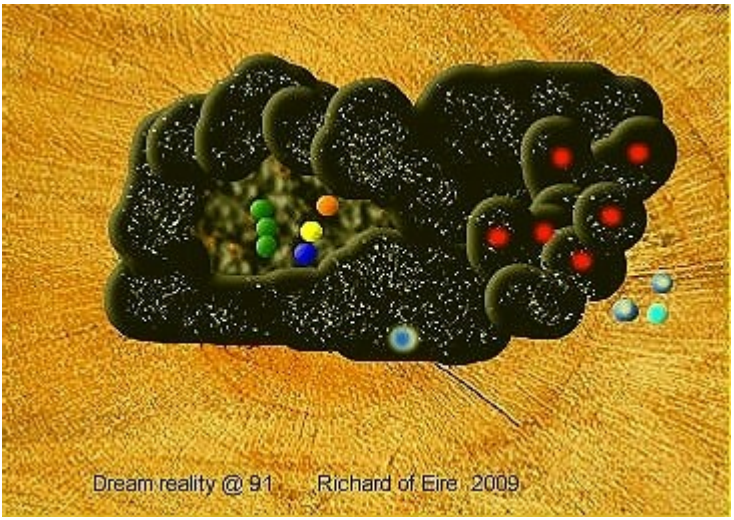
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 16th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Desireé Grosse of British Columbia. *Desireé:* Hi, Richard, You continue to take my breathe away ... due to your spirit ... and deft pen to hand ... must have something to do with the warmth beneath your hat ... well ... I now have my own poetry corner here due all to the magic of you ... yes you Sir Richard of Éire ... you are adorable ... thank you ... I now have this poetry corner because of you … see and read here: "Thanks to my new friend, Richard of Éire I have been inspired to make a special corner of poems I find that enlighten, makes my heart skip a beat, and just plain touch my soul. Most will be poems, and some will be quotes from passages from books I will always remember.
Richard of Éire is a beautiful soul that has managed to lyrically place word to pen and touch my soul (as well as of countless others) ..."

Self: Lady Desireé, my heart welcomes your worded love; worded love that wing-winds me to greater heights of rural philosophical poetical expression … :) … Most grateful am I to thee. And how absolutely wonderful! …:) … ! Yes, how absolutely wonderful that my delicate lyrical verse-seedlings are finding their own richness in the bountifulness of thy heart.

Greatly honoured for the creation of the Poetry Corner. Ah, the artwork there of the pretty 'putat' sitting on the windowsill looking out at the majestic sky is so beautiful … :) … exquisite! Sweet Lady, with removing my hat do I, if I may, impart upon thy soul-ly brow an eternal kiss of respect. May thee n' thy handsome, Love Sven be bathed in the lotion soft white clouds of this newly sprung day. Garden-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pinwheel Galaxy.

Sweet soft slow low aboard the heavenly vessel Dream reality 91



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 17th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a letter which contains a poem. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's for Saulo Couto of Sao Paulo, Brazil and reads as follows: "Dear Saulo, The

following words made their way to me with listening to your wonderful rendition of *Angele Dei*.

◊ Leaves of divine love ◊

Leaves of divine love alight upon my windowsill.
Heartaches all ablown away in a day of a moment.
Laughter coming wild upon the orchard coming into blossom new.
Oh, where; oh, where be the mystical avalanches of a time given over to melancholy forgetfulness?
Sweet soft slow low aboard the heavenly vessel becoming forest green in the palm of thy hand.
Hear a me of another world still leaving traces of joy in the hearts that feel homecomings.
Some in the how of mornings be escaping ways that burst forth in the night of ever lasting newness.
Let memories be in sunsets if after endings thee do seek.
Seek me? Well me thee see am in afollowing on to beginnings.
What beginnings be; what be beginnings?
Beginnings that have endings leading me forever forward.
No word be in the humility of the gentle ones calling me around the church gable walls n' along by the corridors of those soundly sleeping n'eath daises n' primroses.
Seen them I have myself n' they all asmiling upon me in the floating high white clouds.
Have a day in a week of centuries n' then thee can be becoming to realise that the mercy of the ages is very much in the present moment.
Understand I not the happiness of no happiness.
See n' believe as the blessed rivers n' streams rush gift-laden to the wide welcoming sea waters.
Oh, oh, how be the joy of dancing spirits!

~:~

With my compliments, and gratitude, Saulo, Richard of Éire” And there is also included a word from Saulo which reads: “Hello, my good friend Richard!!! Thank you for your wonderful poem. Saulo Couto” And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me enjoying being at a wonderful Joanna St. Claire concert in Los Angeles.
Strolling Self: Rich, remember with being in that amazing atmosphere

composing the following poem for the very talented, charming, beautiful Joanna?

◊ Time is love to me sublime ◊

Time is love to me sublime; fragrance complete,
Satisfied in a longing that knows its own detour.
Falling in from out of heavenly mystery;
Must be something delightful stored away in the pantry.
Where be thy pantry be?
Be it o'er in by the garden of flowers on high it be.
Soulmate be in my company without I knowing it surely.
Yes, surely be it that makes thee to shy blushily; thee to shy blushily with a thousand beautiful faces,
oh, Joanna come in from the sea to me.
Corner near the front side of rounds coming into thine own in the great fields of golden corn.
Could have sworn that upon eternity's horizon I did be with seeing thee several times afore.
Perhaps thee did n' indeed if I now do be with recalling have we been in another place n' time lovers of the olive vine.
Held thee my hand as if it were the morning sunrise.
Lo! n' be with beholding a castle by a shimmering sea;
shimmering us in moonlit nights with a love hidden from all save we.
Must admit Joanna my heart be caring with thee caring of me.
Delicate n' renowned be the sound of the hillside brook that calls us to sleep in the midst of an oracle.
Play, play, play the hay of a mid-May day to float the remembrances of our ages all a gone by, all a coming by n' all an ongoing on.

Listen!
Hear thee the safeguard of horsemen coming o’er the purple heathered heath?
Lay low it is the calling of the day.
Shine be the happiness of a slender bottle of dreams outpouring sweet comfort with the coming of thy dawn.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Hi, Richard, I was the strength behind my husband Jay's first book which sold 3 million copies, and then our second one which took a long long time to deliver entitled *Live Foods Live Bodies* was published and designed and written by me ... all about living foods, longevity, disease free living and vegetable juices which is our claim to fame. I am working on a new book written by myself on the nature of green foods, photosynthesis and divine love all sort of combined together ... if that makes sense. Basically, the book is about our divine connection to nature and natural foods and the cosmic connection to the sun and our universe. Books are like children ... first there is the concept (conceive) then there is gestation, (the thought becomes words) and then there is the birth (manifestation of the book). I am in the second stage ... taking a long time but it's important to allow it all to just flow through me, and then perhaps when it is ready to birth itself … it will all sort of make sense, and hopefully be beautiful just as beautiful as an angelic child is born to her mother. I look forward to purchasing one of your books which one do you recommend the highest? *Self:* Hi, Linda, Happy to hear that you're working on a new book. Interesting … :) … comparison you've made between books and children. As to your welcomed question which one of my books would I recommend to you, I would answer by saying. If Linda needs to read of a philosopher-poetess called Myriam from the Phoenician port city of Byblos of the land of Lebanon who visits the isle of Éire, and while there shares of her profound wisdom then I would recommend *Myriam of Lebanon*. If to read of a genre-breaking work which readily encourages and lends itself to comparison and contrast with the *Holy Bible*, the *Holy Qur'an*, and the *Holy Tanakh* as well as with the principal philosophical Taoist texts, namely the *Tao*

Te Ching and *The Chuang-Tzu* then *A Jesus of Nazareth*. If to read of the reflections and aspirations of an early 21st century rural philosopher- poet-artist of Éire with respect to a sampling of life's eternal concerns then *Generations Reaching*. If to read of a delightfully exhilarating philosophical-poetic work that has healing qualities about it through means of its powerfully nebulous thought engagements then *Hearing in the Write*. If to read of a calm, wise, bright, joyous, courteous, warm voiced, nuptial hermit and family man; a rural philosopher-poet-artist of Éire who tells mythic stories and engages in homely conversations then

Innkeeper's Fire is definitely … :) … a great choice. With my compliments, and gratitude, Linda. *Linda:* Dear Richard, you have seduced me with your words! I want to read them all … indeed … just in the order in which you presented them here to me! I will purchase them on Amazon. Thank you for your generosity and sweet nature. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Cocoon Nebula.

May music of the ages forever be with painting Dream reality 92

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 18th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me seemingly 'in' an orbiting satellite, and passing directly over the Austrian capital of Vienna while I'm taking photographs of it. *River Mirth:* What month of the year is it in Austria? *Self:* It

appears to be early September; about two-thirty of an early September afternoon. *Self:* Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* In this photograph an anomaly is present; an anomaly like unto a circular light of several different colours that is situated between me and a building in Vienna. In other words,

there is some circular multicoloured light that is as much as 5000 feet (about 1500 metres) above a building down in Vienna. And I don't know how it has come about, but I'm now standing directly in front of the
building over which I had discovered the light anomaly. *River Mirth:* Is it still above the building? *Self:* Yes, it is at about a distance of 5000 feet.
River Mirth: What's its diameter? *Self:* I estimate it to be close on 2500 feet (about 800 metres). *River Mirth:* Is it emitting any sound? *Self:* No, it's just hovering there with continuously displaying different colours. For all the world I feel as if its colours are very 'happy' due to something wonderful having taken place here beneath it. *River Mirth:* What's the building? *Self:* It's a hospital; perhaps a private hospital. Oh, a very happy woman dressed in a sky blue nightgown is appearing at an open window, and she is holding a newly born baby wrapped in white laced linen in her arms. A crowd beneath the window is clapping hands, and wishing her and her baby well. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise the happy mother? *Self:* Ah, yes. Yes, now I do. It's my MySpace friend, soprano, Anna Netrebko. And in the joyfulness and blessing of this moment, I'm blowing her a kiss of wishing well to them both. With her characteristic great smile, Anna is now blowing one my way in return. Appearing next to her is a very happy man dressed in a long sleeve open neck purple shirt who is placing his left hand about her shoulders, and giving her and the baby a kiss. The crowd is jubilant at the sight of the happy family. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise the happy father? *Self:* Yes, it's Anna's fiancé, Uruguayan bass-baritone, Erwin Schrott.
Strolling Self: Rich, an aura of love has been born into the world. *Self:* May the world, Rich be blessed with auras, arias, and abidings of love. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it?
Self: I'm back up again 'in' in the same orbiting satellite. *River Mirth:* Are you again taking photographs? *Self:* Yes. I'm. *River Mirth:* Of where?

Self: The European Laboratory for Particle Physics (formerly, Conseil Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire CERN) west of Lake Geneva bestriding the Swiss-French border. *River Mirth:* What month of the year is it? *Self:* It appears to be early September; about nine-thirty of an early September morning. *River Mirth:* Of the same year as previously? *Self:* Yes, and for some reason, I know that no more than four to five days have passed since I had been taking the photographs over Vienna. *River Mirth:* What are these photographs revealing to you? *Self:* The faint outline of the CERN facility's two underground particle accelerators; the larger with its circumference of 27 kilometres (16.7 miles), and the smaller of 7 kilometres (4.3 miles). *Satellite Self:* Rich, head-on collision is

not the way ahead. *Self:* But Rich, the majority of the world's leading scientists believe the head-on collision of particles to be the ultimate means by which matter is generated; how the Great Universe came into existence in the first place.
Satellite Self: Ponder, yonder, wonderly methinks, Rich it's the Great Universe moving away from itself at a speed so fast that it appears to be unbelievably slow that's self-generating itself. *Self:* In other words, Rich? *Satellite Self:* In other words, Rich it's when gravity is moving away from itself at a speed so fast that it appears to be unbelievably slow that matter is ever so subtly, gently, lovingly, and sublimely generated. *Self:* Then, Rich may it be said that it's in its ever expansion of itself that the Great Universe is forever self-generating itself? *Satellite Self:* Moving away from itself is not an expansion, Rich but in essence a moving closer to move away at its own spontaneous leisure. *Self:* What then, Rich is the Great Universe? *Satellite Self:* It's the spontaneous leisure of itself without beginning or end. *Self:* Is there no external agent who brought it into existence; no external agent who created it, and who continues to create, develop and evolve it? *Satellite Self:* The Great Universe, Rich can't be spoken of as having either an external' or 'an internal'. *Self:* Is it then its own agent? *Satellite Self:* The Great Universe is the Great Universe whose intentions, thoughts, and actions are not our intentions, thoughts, and actions. Such is the given which we need to humbly accept and live
joyfully and gratefully accordingly. *Self:* Is the Great Universe then God?
Satellite Self: The Great Universe is the Great Universe who may be said to have intentions according to its own intentions, thoughts according to its own thoughts, and actions according to its own actions. *Self:* Rich, how would you know this to be true, seeing that you're not the Great Universe? *Satellite Self:* My heart knows it to be true, Rich. *Self:* But from a scientific point of view, Rich where's the undeniable evidenced

for such a position? *Satellite Self:* Gravity Light and Gravity Darkness moving away from each other at a speed so fast that it appears to be unbelievably slow ever so subtly, gently, lovingly, and sublimely, Rich produces Matter Day, and come about by wander lay, Gravity Darkness and Gravity Light moving away from each other by same produces Matter Night. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person.
River Mirth: Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: painter, writer, Katie Mavromati of Egypt & Greece. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She has shoulder length black hair. She's wearing a

charming ruby coloured necklace and an exquisite crimson dress. Her eyes and smile are lovely. *Katie:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Happy to meet you.
Self: Hi, Katie? And lovely it is to meet you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out in a bright summer's day strolling somewhere, and I'm happening upon Katie
painting a beautiful scene of a very dignified woman dressed in a dress of various hues of crimson, peach, and soft sky blue, and she's sitting by an old style radio. In the background is a shimmering sea or a great river.
Strolling Self: Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for Katie?

◊ Switch me on that I may bring to thine ear ◊

Switch me on that I may bring to thine ear the song n' melody passions of the ages.
Here listen be with Wind swirling carefreely about Pyramids Three, Phoenix Grand n' out o'er the Delta Nile.
Ah, I see now that this has brought thee to smile, Lovely Lady ever be of the alluvial River Nile.
Have I been with ever telling thee of how lovely thy jovial smile be?
Yes, oft thee Faithful Radio have been with lyrically telling me this to be so,
But, alas my Dear Friend the world oft heaves upon my brow way way too much snow.
About look n' be with enjoying me!
I'm the one whom to your ancient ancestors did comfort passage 'twixt Athens n' Alexandria; n' now Alexandria n' Athens.
Come; come boat upon me n' be free.
Free here I be by thee, oh pristine sea as the ethereal love flower that grows there 'twixt the heavens n' we.

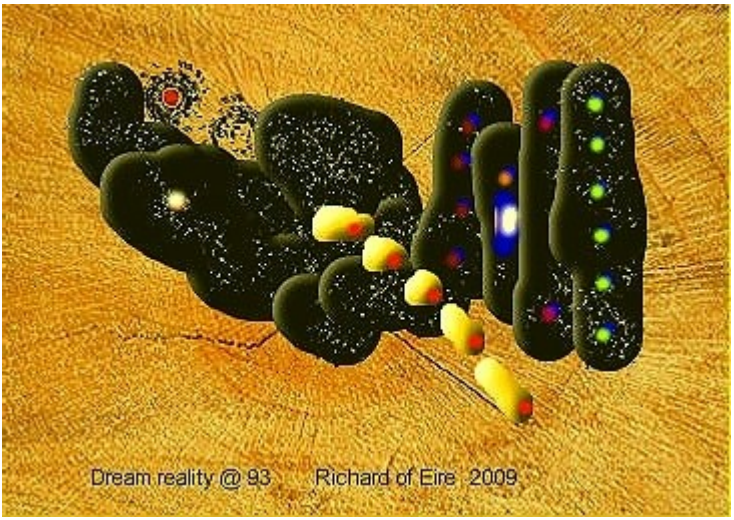
May music of the ages forever be with painting
itself in thee, Lovely Lady.
And blessed, most blessed be the heart n' brush
that have given life to thee n' we.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Katie:* Richard, thank

you so much for your beautiful poem, it has touched me. *Self:* Lovely Smiling Katie you're most welcome n' I? … :) … greatly honoured.
Blessings be with you Katie in every way. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?
Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Saturn Nebula.

I love the mystery of who I am Dream reality 93



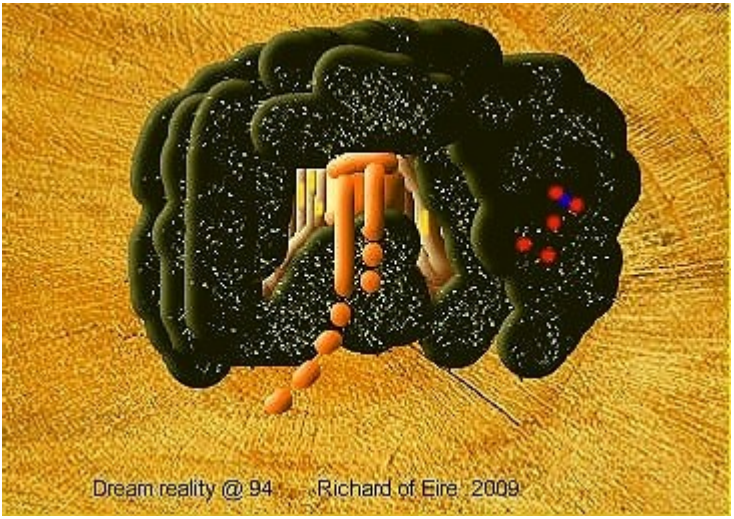
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 19th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Hi, Richard, I see you are interested in Kahlil Gibran's works. I was wondering if you have ever heard of Mikhail Naimy? He was a friend of Gibran's and also lived in Lebanon. Mikhail Naimy wrote a spectacular book entitled: *The Book of Mirdad*. I have been reading

this book for many years, at least since the early 1980's. It's very hard to read but the older I get, the better I understand it. If you haven't read it, I highly recommend it. I believe it would be a great addition to your library. Spring is here, Richard! *Self:* Hi, Lovely Linda, Yes, indeed, and thank you. I've read sections from Mikhail Naimy's *The Book of Mirdad* a few times, yet somehow I've always found his words weighting

me down way too much. I'm a bird who likes to fly very very high … :) … And while Khalil Gibran also can at times create that 'weigh me down' feeling, I find his work to be that bit more lyrical (for my purposes at least) than that of Mikhail's writings. It was one of the reasons why I wrote *Innkeeper's Fire* and my other works too, in particular *Myriam of Lebanon*. I wanted to rise above 'being told too much' on how life ought to be interpreted and lived; to rise above and beyond having reality too tightly defined for me.
Linda, I love the mystery of who I am; the mystery of all that is, be it of the world visible or the world invisible, and even both in their interweaving be they and me forever changing … :) … Lyrically. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Sleeping Beauty Galaxy.

The Compassion One is love in miracle Dream reality 94



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 20th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a comment and a reply. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* It's to Noa Bursie of

Buffalo, New York and reads as follows: “Noa, some (of the many) thoughts … :) … which drifted their way to me with listening to your lovely voice sing *Familiar Addiction*, and to the art making of your intuitive players. Impossible it seems has been trying to run, chase, catch, bleed, breathe, seize, fix, teach, leap, shake, make, race, touch, live, think; embrace, kiss n’ taste Noa. But Noa, yes is not alone; yes, Noa by choice has Her Lord on her side n’ as such Impossible will never in her be able to abide. Noa the Compassionate One is love in miracle. Her love conviction being her familiar addiction.
With my compliments, and gratitude, Noa, Richard” ::: “Richard, you always know just what to say ... and say it so eloquently. I have never had the blessing of such a wonderful friend who writes poetry to celebrate a moment or a thought ... and then share it with me. Thank you, my friend.
Noa” And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Joanna St. Claire of Los Angeles.
Joanna: Hi, Richard, in Light and appreciation thank you so much for your most incredible poetry of words and visions through time, through words. Truly there is a distant remembrance of such things. Yours is a magnificent world spiralling in dreamlike pictures and landscapes of knowing. You most surely have a Divine gift. *Self:* Hi, Joanna, You’re most welcome … :) … It’s greatly honoured I am that my words are finding a welcoming home in your beautiful heart n’ mind. Let moments of this new day … :) … be with telling you in the singing of its birds, floating of its clouds, soft breezing of its winds, and the loving words of a friend just how lovely a person you are … :) … in their eyes. New day-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a
painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman.
River Mirth: Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it’s my friend: Thanhtuyen of Dreamland, Antarctica. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she’s very

beautiful. She has long black hair and is wearing a lovely necklace. Her smile is gentle and her eyes peaceful and loving. *Thanhtuyen:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Thanhtuyen? Wonderful to meet you. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Cat Eye Nebula.

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 21st April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Rainer Dimmler of Hessen. *Rainer:* Richard, thank you for your Poem.
Unfortunately my English is so bad that I cannot understand your Lyric.
Christine my partner of life, who lived for about a year in the US, whispered, when reading your message … "Oh my God, how beautiful is this written." … And what touches Christine, touches me in the same way. She has translated your poem for me, and I am inspired and deeply touched. You are one of those that are gifted and blessed by the sky's above. Even though I don't understand your words originally, your pictures, parables, metaphors and the pure melody of it all, go beautifully together with my music. Yes, you are a loving and devoted maestro in this and for this world who practices what God wishes of him to be and to do.
Self: Rainer, thank you for your most generous words

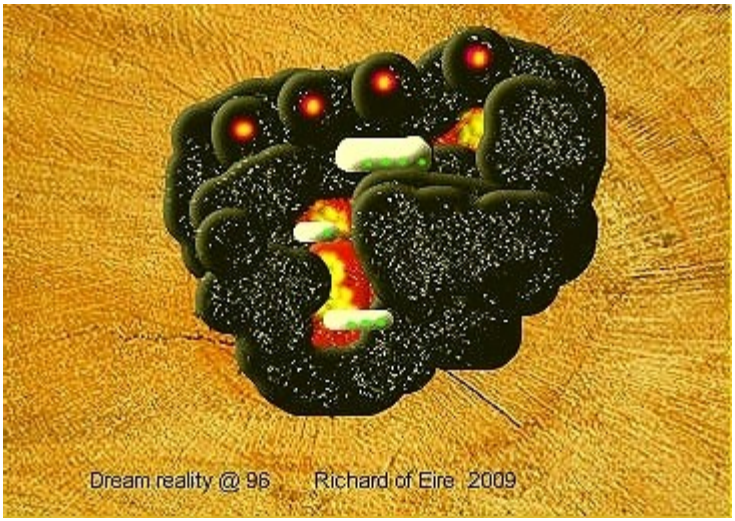
… :) … Something nice for you: “1: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High: 2: To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,
3: Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound. 4: For thou, LORD, hast made me glad

through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands." (Psalm 92)
Blessings of good health n' joy of heart, Rainer and to Christine. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard, may we find the Beloved in everything ... even in the mirror. *Self:* Then blessed be the mirrors in the house home of Linda … :) … for surely they delight in revealing the Beloved unto her. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious man. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Peter of the Isle of Man, United Kingdom. *River Mirth:* Can you describe him? *Self:* Yes, he's of a fine healthy complexion. He's wearing a blue open neck T-shirt, and blue jeans. He's standing in his summer garden. *Peter:* Hi, Richard of Éire? I have at last found time to read all your blogs. I have to admit that at first some of your wonderful words bounced off me like drops of water falling into hot fat. However I slotted my brain into a different gear and reread everything, enabling me to judge you in a different light. As both judge and juror, I have to tell you that I have to find you guilty! Guilty of writing the most beautiful lyrics; guilty of using words as only a true wordsmith can: from the heart. I also find you guilty on a third count. That of giving myself (and I am sure numerous others) much pleasure from your turning of prose into something more magical.
I feel now that I should parcel up my poetry blog, stick it in an envelope, and hide it away. *Self:* Hi, Peter, With reading your heart-breaking poem *Magondwe Africa* I thought, but for the Grace of … there could very well have been two crocodiles awaiting on that fateful day to take you both away. And no doubt surely, if it had been the other way round, your dear friend Magondwe would be remembering you with the greatest of love until his dying day; singing n' dancing your praises for all those in his beloved company. Be on this of a restful heart Peter. Love n' love every given

moment to play the divine way. Joyfully. *Peter:* Thank you, Richard for your kind words about my poem and friend Magondwe, and yes I do agree. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Richard here's a nice word for you from our mutual friend, Kahlil Gibran's work *Sand and Foam*. "Once every hundred years Jesus of Nazareth meets Jesus the Christian in a garden among the hills of Lebanon and they talk long; and each time Jesus of Nazareth goes away saying to Jesus of the Christian, 'My friend, I fear we shall never, never agree'." *Self:* And if I may, Nabeel, I would like to tell, say, In this our own day n' in a garden pavilion of spring is Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus

of the Christian, and Jesus of the Muslim happening to notice Jesus of the Solitudes of Eve strolling by n' they are with saying to him as with one voice, 'Stranger in our midst what have thee to say to we?'
And with a tear-brimming smile is Jesus of the Solitudes of Eve softly gazing their way; yes, softly gazing their way as he keeps with strolling on upon his heavenly way ... :) ... Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Flame Nebula.

Rowing a canoe towards a rainbow Dream reality 96



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 22nd April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice artwork gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Olivia. And with continuing to slowly

unwind it’s revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict?
Self: It’s like unto a beautiful Hawaiian scene showing a woman rowing a small canoe towards a rainbow kissed shore. In soliloquy: Surely, it reflects your beauteous heart-mind, Olivia. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:*

I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Fornax A Galaxy.

A three-mast schooner of precious nectar sweet
Dream reality 97

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 23rd April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling somewhere, and I’m happening upon a scene of a lady called Natasha who is taking a photograph of charming Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this beautifully taken photograph composing the following poem for lovely Linda?

◊ I am a flower of love divine ◊

I am a flower of love divine,
Blooming for thee in the eternity of time.

Scent thee me that my fragrance I may be with giving myself to thee,
Oh, lovely one who hast come in from o’er the wide wide wondrous sea.

Waited n' watched with longing for thy coming
have I for thee.
Oh! Soft low sweet be thy sunrays upon my
petals' sleep.
Would that I could again be with planting myself
in thy heart as I did long long afore.
Oh, thy my fertile heart, why be we now so very
far apart?
Calming, calm be my remembrances of having oft
swam n' swoon with thee in the shimmering
waters off the Archipelago of Eden.
See thee I in love to be a dark three-mast
schooner of precious nectar sweet.
Evaporating spring showers caressing me to thee
n' thee to me.

Flower of Love Divine,
Blessed with a true love already we be in our
respective abodes by the welcoming sea.
Pain filling, however it may be, best to let our
love in our memories alone be.
What say thee; what say thee, Lovely Fragrant
Lady?

Yes, yes, I in agreement fully with thee be.
Our love in our memories alone let it be n' be of a
rare fecundity.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Linda:* Richard, thank you so much. Ahhhh … oooooh … joyful heart! Lovely poem … delicious … divine and pure sweet beauty … such a gift … thank you …. so generous of you to give of your heart … thank you, merci beaucoup, muchisimas gracias. Ineffable gift … I shall cherish it, truly! *Self:* Linda, you're most welcome … :) …

And upon the prow of the dark three-mast schooner moored there in the brightly sunlit quay, did the Lady of the Shoreline place a *belle fleur bleue* for a safe journey. Merci beaucoup … :) … Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Dumbbell Nebula.

These words I kept to myself for I knew not Dream reality 98

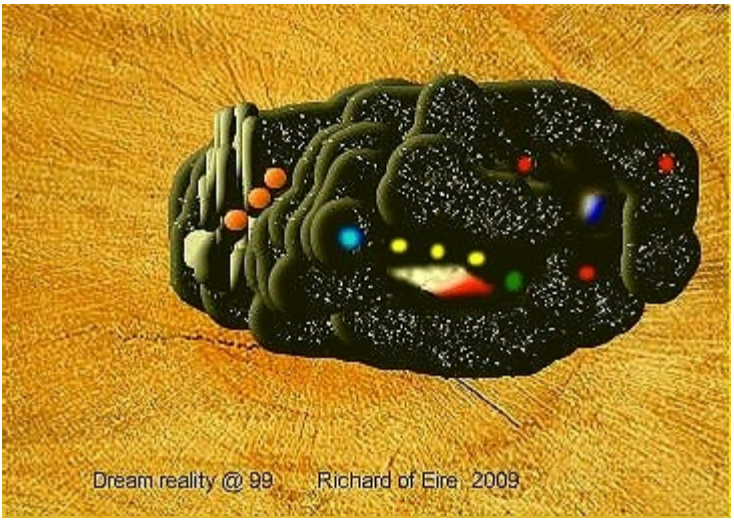
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 24th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Peter of the Isle of Man. *Peter:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice photograph gift. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Peter. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the gift. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of the Gibran Museum of Bsharrī in Lebanon. Peter, thank you very much for this beautiful photograph of the Gibran Museum. Twice have I been privileged to visit this sacred place. The following is based on the first visit, and is taken from the Introduction to *Myriam of Lebanon*. "On Wednesday, the 4th February 1998 during a private 'pilgrimage' to Gibran's burial place in Mar Sarkis Monastery of Bsharrī. Having been patiently and impressively guided throughout each and every room of the museum by curator Waheeb Kairouz, I found myself down in the hewed

crypt standing before Gibran's casket. I stood there in respectful silence (for I had longed for many years to be there), and in that silence, I heard a voice; an unknown male's voice in English speaking to my heart these astonishing words: "Leave from here. There's only death in here. Be outside, and be with life." These words I kept to myself for I knew not what to make of them. Later having emerged from the museum, I stood

alone there in the crisp spring air out front by the low stone wall, losing myself in reflection with gazing way down to my right at the valley-in-waiting, and up to my left at the snow-covered mountain. Lovely was the ambiance of land, sky and wind, and it had a certain familiarity about it, like that back on Éire when Lady Danu and her people are in the roving and the strolling. There and then, unto myself I knew for the very first time that I was in the presence of the spirit of that well-favoured place. I was in the presence of the Qadisha valley-spirit of Luban Mountain, and it felt good to be there. With this realisation came in an instant the awareness of the company of a beauteous visitor from the world invisible; the company of a beauteous female visitor from the world of the Qadisha valley-spirit standing in silence beside me on my left, and smiling with me up at the mountain. And then there again, in moments of moments, I found myself to be in my own company. Who she was, I did not know, but verily, in her company great was my joy and sublime my peace." With my compliments, and gratitude, Pete. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Perseus A Galaxy.

O’er a mirroring pond n’ in the wide sky beyond
Dream reality 99



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 25th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a blog.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows: “Friends, Nothing ever finds its stability in a cup of tea. What of in a cup of coffee? Clone over clone and no one will have any mass on you, and I’d be no more. For myself, I have the greatest of respect. Can you linger with the wind and ripple with the river current? I can float with the seventy-two galaxies beyond the brow of the far off hill. Vague you are when you’re not listening to the shawls left on the village wall. Call me down the thunder of the sky that I may not be hearing the cries and screams of all the abandoned children of the world. Solar power makes for bread of loveliest aroma, truly. Guard against the conservation of fluidity in all products. Dehydrated humanity would not be able to

live in spring wells. Saint Martin de Porres gives to a deserted woman a drink of water from a nearby mountain stream. I did once hear of a woman by a well do the same for a holy prophet. And I of another woman do like kindness for a dying dog. All be blessed for their actions.

One thing I know, and that's all I know. What would that be? I know that knowing is not consistent with not knowing. Knock me down, if

that's not a saying to be profound.
Mock all you want but it won't bring the lake back from the pages of the Great Book." (Source: *Hearing in the Write,* Fourth canto Danubian promenade)
With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard"
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it's my friend: Mary Beth of Chicago, Illinois, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her?
Self: Yes, she's very beautiful. She has got a soft smile and lovely eyes. She's wearing a very pretty black cap, delightful large gold earrings, and a dark jacket. *Mary Beth:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Wonderful to meet you! *Self:* Hi, Mary Beth? Delightful to meet you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling in St. Stephen's Green in Dublin, and I'm happening upon a most lovely scene of the beauteous Mary Beth standing before a pond.
Strolling Self: Rich, remember with view-listening to this beautiful scene composing the following poem for the beauteous Mary Beth?

◊ And there did grace ◊

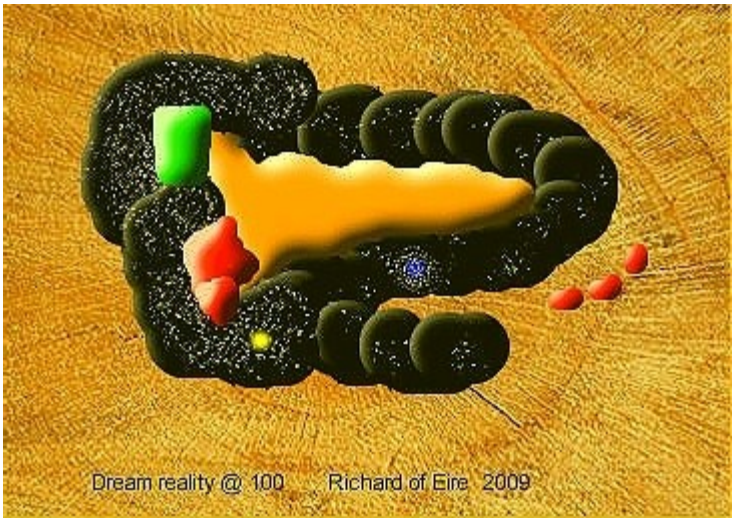
And there did grace the oasis of St. Stephen's the Lady Mary Elizabeth.
Lovely in demure she be as a spring bud about to bloom in May.
Oh, come Lady stroll with me arm in arm to the waiting pavilion beyond;
There will we be with chatting of all the blessed ones that did once stroll here like we;
Alas, all they now be gone from out of our visibility.
Yet, lo!
I do believe I see them still there floating happily among those faithful trees;

Yes, n’ there too about n’ o’er that calmly
mirroring pond n’ in the wide sky beyond!
Lady Mary Elizabeth for thy sojourning here the
isle of Éire heartily thanks thee.
Ah, St. Stephen’s Green blessed this day have thy
been with the visit of this gentle faraway queen.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her.
Mary Beth: Richard, I'm deeply touched, especially by the part about the blessed ones now gone from out of our visibility. My late husband and I visited Dublin only once together, and we had a lovely stroll in St. Stephen's Green. Thank you very much. *Self:* Mary Beth, You're most welcome. I'm sure your husband is always enjoying strolling beside you; he is always in your loving company n' smiling … :) … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Sombrero Galaxy.

Human first n' our designations afterwards Dream reality 100



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 26th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me somewhere listening to Senator Barack Obama speak, and I'm noticing Ian St. Ian of Raintree County taking a photograph of the Senator. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Ian St. Ian?

◊ I as you folks here about am a human being ◊

I as you folks here about am a human being whom Life loves.
We walk in the presence of Life whose greatest gift to us is change.
Together from the beginning of the Universe have we been in each other's changing company.
There is no one from among us upon this beautiful planet that we call home who is not of this changing.
Admittedly, some may change slower than others n' yes, some of us even quicker.
But we are all changing in each other's company, be we with within or without sacred walls sincerely praying, reflectively listening n' compassionately doing.
We are all you see just like me, my friends; yes, human beings forever changing.
Let I who am without fault cast the first words into my own mirror.
Let the village, town or city that is without fault drop the first words upon its own self.
Yes, let the state, country n' even continent that is without fault hurl the first words at its own self.
My friends, n' I call you my dear friends; we in the body of change are human first n' our designations afterwards.
Should you find in me one of your own; one who is of humankindness in his faithfulness to change, then vote not for me but for your own humanity.
My Lady n' I are you n' you n' you in our earthliness.
All we would ask is that when you reflect upon our lives: our love for each other, our family, our community, this blessed country n' the entire world of all humankind, including the flora n' fauna that you would find in my gracious lady n'

me some gem of your own love n’ faith for all of these wondrous things.
Be inspired to put that love to the forefront when the call to moral change is suddenly come upon us this fourth day of November.
People, like my lady n’ me be of peace n’ joy in ever-changing harmony. Thank you.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Ian St. Ian:* Richard, your poems never cease to amaze me. This poem for my photo of Senator Barack Obama is awesome. Every word true and insightful. My favorite part is about those who change at different intervals. Some slower … some faster. It makes me realize that those who change slower do not do so necessarily out of intended ignorance ... they are just left behind and have not caught up. They just falter on the historical timeline of learning and acceptance of others. The references to "cast the first stone" are wonderful. It is definitely the time for moral change … it is upon us to even those who fight it. Much appreciated, Richard and will greatly be enjoyed. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Peter of the Isle of Man. *Peter:* Richard, I think it was Mother Teresa who once said that there are many in this world who long for food, but there are many more who long for some love. Let us dream the adventure of being alive. *Self:* And wasn't it you yourself too, Peter ? … who in your *Loves Journey to Nirvana* did so nicely put it: "Experience the tingling touch, as loving hands caress Providing that, which true love only can express." Graces of graces, but didn't the Lady Teresa n' I once hold hands in a faraway land. The Great Adventure Dream delights in Peter it seems … :) …n' by in turn we the privileged recipients of your smiling gaze n' your encouraging words of wisdom; words of wisdom faithfully gathered by you from along the valleys and hills of Experience. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Andromeda Nebula.

This freedom of thought n' expression thereof Dream reality 101

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 27th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Hi, Richard ... just stopping by to say hello to my favorite poet, and to share with you an amazing thought I had with reflectively reading your poem, ◊ *I as you folks here about am a human being* ◊ What would our lives be, Richard if the whole world were to hold hands ... even you and me? What would our lives be, if we were all connected ... yet we still felt free? Indeed we would see ourselves as ONE rather than feeling as if we were all 'undone' ... We are all connected ... You, me ... there is no more separation ... there is only WE. Thank you, Richard for the great inspirational thought! *Self:* Beautiful ... :) ... don't you know that we've already been holding hands down through the ages? You n' I hold hands many times throughout the day. My hand to you is in the sunlight, the soft sea breeze, the voices of

birds in your garden, the laughter of children in ice cream parlours, n’ in the … Don’t you feel my hand in yours in all of these n’ even more besides …? … I do … :) … yours in mine. Graceful Linda, the world is already ONE … :) … it’s just that so many don’t yet realise it.
If we’re already opening our hearts to this freedom of thought n’

expression thereof, then how much more so would others around us be;
others around us both in the near hamlets n' in the faraway lands be, should they be but with helping themselves to live full-ly? This Lovely Day Linda … :) … this lovely day upon the pristine Pacific Ocean's welcoming shore, go stretch out your hands to the sunlight, to the breezes n' to the sounds n' sensations all about you to feel n' know my loving hand to be in yours. And if there should come strolling there upon the shore one who would ask why you're with smiling to the sky n' sea, tell them; yes, tell them that you're in love anew with humanity n' without any further ado, gently hold their hand … :) … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Virgo A Galaxy.

Words have their own ways Dream reality 102

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 28th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me note from Katie Mavromati of Egypt & Greece.
River Mirth: Of what does it read?
Self: It reads as follows: "Thank you so much Richard for your friendship and for sharing with me your thoughts. I am sorry my English is poor to

be able to understand the subtle and beautiful nuances of all your words, but I can feel them. Your friend, Katie" And, I'm wanting to reply: "Katie, I'm honoured to have you as my friend, and very happy I am to be sharing with you my thoughts. Thank you for your ongoing effort to understand my words. Words are like friends, Katie in that they have their own ways of making themselves known to us, and in their own time too." Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Precious Stones Star Cluster.

Lovely ambience calling me to view-listen Dream reality 103

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 29th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me of a delightful seasonless morning waving from a small purple sailed boat out of

the pretty little fishing village of Tabarja of Lebanon over at a Lovely Lady all dressed in white waving to me from atop the Hill of Harissa. Sailing my way to Byblos, and with reaching, am I now strolling from the seafront church of Saint Jean-Marc east towards the Old Souk; towards EddéYard, and along by éCafé with keeping right for the

Gibran's Lebanon celebrated bookshop and art gallery. With entering, there is a lovely fragrance of orange blossoms, and its owner the charming Madame Alice Eddé is greeting me. She's in the company of our mutual very good friends, the renowned Lebanese artist and poet Joseph Matar, and his son William the owner of the very popular website OneFineArt. Ever grateful I am to William and Alice for it was they who first believed in me when I was but newly published, and it was they who first introduced my works, *Myriam of Lebanon* and *A Jesus of Nazareth* to Lebanon. With strolling and chatting around the bookshop, I'm happening to notice on a table an old black and white photograph of the legendary Lebanese singer Fairuz. It's a photograph familiar to me, yet for some reason it seems here in this lovely ambience to be calling me to view-listen to it more attentively.
Byblos Self: Rich, remember with later recalling having view-listened to this photograph composing the following poem for all lovers of Fairuz, but in particular for a friend on My Space; an anonymous Fairuz fan?

> ◊ Fairuz in her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May ◊
>
> Ah, yes, now I remember; yes, now I clearly recall.
> How of a glorious May dawn here in my beloved Beyrouth,
> There did appear there before my eyes in that almond tree, an angel of the Lord who did say unto me,
>
> "Nuriyah, beloved of the Almighty,
> Be not anxious, for I am sent to thee as a messenger of God.
> From before the womb the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a voice of love, light n' remembrance for thy people;

For thy people who dwell here upon the land n’ for those away from her in painful exile.
From Jabal al Arz to Zuqaq el Blatt the Lord thy God has loved thee n’ will always love thee.
A time is coming Nuriyah when thy will stand as a majestic white cloud upon the snowy summit of Mount Hermon.
Above thee will be the compassionate blue sky n’ below the faithful land of Lubnan.
And at that time thy will smilingly say in thy heart,
‘My people it was not I of my own accord that did make it to this great height, less you should think it so;

Oh, no it was not I, but the grace of the Almighty working within me; yes, n' it was your unwavering love for me that has elevated me here to within hearing distance of Angels' Sanctuary.'
Yet, Nuriyah, beloved of the Almighty.
Afore all this will come to pass a dagger will severely wound thy heart;
For thy people will for a time be letting themselves be with full forgetfulness of the love n' generosity of the Lord their God.
During this hour be with them, but sing not for them; sing not for them until they turn their hearts again to trusting in the Lord.
And when this veil of tears will have been removed from them, thy must come again among them n' sing to them with all thy heart of how the Lord hath blessed them with riches untold;
had never forsaken them n' would again be with returning them to an even greater glory than in the days of yore.
Yes, sing to them from thy beauteous heart of the love of the Lord thy God for thee.
And with listening to thy divinely imbued voice the Lord thy God will be with moving their hearts back to the faith of Lubnan: Blessed land throughout the Ages;
back to the faith of its golden shoreline, flower garden fields n' cedar snowy slopes."
Ah, yes, now I remember; yes, now I clearly recall.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for them. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog of comments on *Fairuz in her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May*. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read?

Self: It reads as follows: Hi Richard, “Back to the faith of its golden shoreline” ... wow ... what a delicious and pristine, holy and vibrant sentence you wrote. “And when this veil of tears will have been removed from them” ... another fabulous line ... as it goes on and then ends by you saying ... “returning them to an even greater glory than in the days of yore”! Richard you are a spiritual artist, painting words rich with vibrant and sometimes soft pastel colors ... in the most exquisite and profoundly beautiful way. I am so honoured to know you and to read your works.
Linda ::: Thank you ... :) ... Linda, How lovely are your words: “...a

delicious and pristine, holy and vibrant line …" I could easily enjoy reflecting upon them all this new day; yes, upon them all this delicious, pristine, holy n' vibrant new day ... :) … I could say, Linda that you're helping … :) …to make my day. Thank you. In friendship mutual is the honour. Hue-ly n' fragrant-ly, Richard ::: Ah … what a lovely visual: "Hue-ly and fragrant-ly". May I surrender into this visual as I rest inside the center of a flower? Lovely, my dear friend. I needed the visual rest, Linda ::: Dearest Richard, Most beautiful writing, dear poet ... so graceful and timeless ... so vast and Divined … Bless You for having the courage to answer your calling, and for standing forth with your Light-full Artistry. Majestic Blessings, Joanna ::: Thank you … :) … Joanna, I'm greatly humbled by your words; greatly humbled n' majestically encouraged. I would like you to think n' to know ... :) ... that your love expressed here as it is in your radiant expressions will in some charmingly delightful way be with blending itself seamlessly into all of my future works. For I, Joanna am one who delights in gathering fragrancies of love from the most loving of hearts ... :) …
Enjoy, enjoy; yes, enjoy being the loving heart that you are Joanna … :) … Light-full Artistry-ly, Richard ::: My Dear Friend, YOU are a light to your brethren in this world. Thank you for sharing your vision ... your insight ... with me. I was tossing and turning tonight; sleep was eluding me. I got up and decided to see if I had any messages. And imagine my surprise when I saw you had written me. This piece has such depth and imagery. A beauty, Richard, Noa ::: Thank you … :) … Noa n' thank you for your heart that is so welcoming to vision n' insight. You, Beautiful … :) …are depth n' imagery in word n' song. New day love-ly, Richard :::
Excellent, Richard. I love this one! Love the line: "back to the faith of its golden shoreline, flower garden fields n' cedar snowy slopes" Your writing is so visual … you have the most outstanding ability to paint ... using words. Thank you, Ian ::: Thank you, Ian … :) … And what shall we say of this beauty: "Your writing is so

visual … you have the most outstanding ability to paint … using words.” … :) … ? We shall say, it’s a wondrous photograph taken by a master photographer. Goldenflowercedar-ly, Richard ::: Hello, Richard and thank you for your request for me to translate your *Fairuz in her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May* into Arabic. You wrote, “Perhaps someday, gifted Nabeel would like of a glorious afternoon to translate it into beautiful Arabic.
Can I; may I be with having such a hope?” Well Richard, how can I refuse such an honour? How can I wait for another glorious afternoon to translate this masterpiece? Here it is my friend with my compliments and gratitude.

فيروز في حديقتها البيروتيّة بعد ظهر يومٍ في أيّار

أجَل، أتذكّر الآن، أجل، أذكر جيّداً
كيف، في فجر يومٍ مجيدٍ في أيّار، هنا في بيروتي الحبيبة
ظهر أمام عينيّ، في شجرة اللّوز تلك، ملاكٌ من عند الرّب قائلاً لي

"نوريّة، يا حبيبة القدير
لا تخافي، لأنّني مُرسَلٌ إليك من الله
من قبل أن تتكوّني في الرّحم، قد اصطفاكِ الرّبُّ إلهُكِ لتكوني
صوتَ حُبٍّ ونورٍ وافتقادٍ لشعبكِ
لشعبكِ السّاكن هنا في بلده، وذاك البعيد عنه في الاغتراب الأليم

من جبل الأرز إلى زقاق البلاط قد أحبّكِ إلهُكِ وسيُحبّكِ دائماً

سيأتي وقتٌ يا نوريّة تقفين فيه كحمامةٍ بيضاء مَهيبةٍ
فوق قمّة جبل حرمون المكسوّة بالثّلوج
وفوقكِ السّماء الزّرقاء الرّحيمة، وتحتكِ أرض لبنان الوفيّ
وفي ذلك الوقت ستقولين مبتسمةً في قلبكِ:
(يا شعبي، لستُ أنا مَن علوتُ من تلقاء نفسي هذا العلوّ العظيم
إنْ حسبتم الأمر هكذا
لا لستُ أنا، بل رحمة القدير العاملة في داخلي
أجَل، ومحبّتكم الأمينة لي التي رفعتني إلى هنا، إلى مجال سماع حَرَم الملائكة)

ولكنْ يا نوريّة، يا حبيبة القدير
قبل أن يحدث هذا كلّه ستجرح خنجرٌ قلبكِ
لأنّ شعبكِ سيترك نفسه زماناً، ناسياً تماماً محبّة الرّب إلهه وجوده
وفي هذه السّاعة كوني معي، ولكنْ لا تُغنّي لهم
لا تُغنّي لهم حتّى يحوّلوا قلوبهم تائبةً
إلى الثّقة بالرّب
وعندما يُنزَع حجاب الدّموع هذا عنهم
ينبغي أن تأتي تائبةً بينهم وتُغنّي لهم من كلّ قلبكِ
كيف باركهم الرّب بثروةٍ لا تُحصَى، ولم يتخلّ عنهم، وسيكون معهم تائبةً
ليُعيدهم إلى مجدٍ أعظم من الأيّام الغابرة

أجَل، غنّي لهم من قلبكِ الجميل عن محبّة الرّب إلهكِ لكِ
ومع سماع صوتكِ السّماوي سيقوم الرّب إلهُكِ بتحريك قلوبهم للرّجوع
إلى إيمان لبنان: البلد المباركَ على مرّ العصور
إلى إيمان شاطئه الذّهبي، وحدائقه المزهرة، ومنحدرات أرزه المكسوّة بالثّلج"

أجَل، أتذكّر الآن، أجل، أذكر جيّداً

(Copyright 2008 Translated by Dr.Nabeel Issa) ::: Nabeel I am so overcome with joy at seeing my poem in Arabic ... :) ... ! Thank you, thank you so much! I woke up this morning with the wonderful awareness that a personal piece of history has been made in that for the very first time one of my works has been translated into Arabic. This honour I owe to you Nabeel. Thank you from the depths of my heart. Your translation will reach far and touch many. Who better to translate a work such as *Fairuz in her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May* into beautiful Arabic than one gifted as yourself; one who having been born of the same land as that of Fairuz's father, and who contemporaneously lives a mere few hills over the ways from the legend that is Fairuz? Who better to translate this humble work of mine into Arabic than the one who wrote to me, "Thanks Richard for your beautiful painting in words of the message of peace borne in a war-torn world by Fairouz, the most beloved living Arab performer, whose cascading voice has been compared to flowing rivers and her luminous and impassive face to the moon. "... a dagger will severely wound thy heart; For thy people will for a time be letting themselves be with full forgetfulness of the love n' generosity of the Lord their God." An amazing biblical metaphor used by a gifted painter of poetic thought." Mabrouk! wa Shukran .... :) ... Nabeel, Richard ::: Friends, Fairuz, also spelled Fairouz or Fayrouz (born on the 21st November 1935) is a distinguished Lebanese singer; a living legend. The video on my profile is one of my favourites as it is very representative of her miraculous voice. I love the musical accompaniment. And as an added bonus she is singing a song from a section of a poem written by her fellow countryman Gibran Khalil Gibran ...:) ... *Give me the Flute and sing*

Give me the Flute and sing

Give me the Flute and sing,
The secret song of eternity.

The laments of the Flute will linger
Beyond the decline of existence.
Have you, like me,
Chosen the forest dwelling
Rather than the castle?
Have you followed the stream
And climbed the rocks?

Have you anointed your body
With fragrance distilled in light?
Have you been drunk with dawn
In the goblets full of pure air?

Have you, like me,
Sat down at dusk,
Among the glowing languor
Of vines laden with grapes?
Have you lain down on the grass at night
And covered yourself with heavens,
Opening your heart to the future,
Forgetful of the past?

Give me the Flute and sing,
The song in tune with hearts.
The laments of the Flute will linger
Beyond the fading of sins.
Give me the Flute and sing,
Unmindful of troubles and cures.
For each man
Is nothing more than a watercolour sketch.

With my compliments, and gratitude, Enjoy! Richard
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me two letters.
River Mirth: Of what do they read? *Self:* The first is from William Matar, and reads as follows: "Richard, I love it the poem of Fayrouz ... great!
And I would like to share with you the following beautiful poem done by my honourable father Joseph; a work composed after being inspired by your poem. The poem was originally written in French and is here also translated into English by Kenneth Joseph Mortimer.
Peace, Love and Hope, Richard William

Voix céleste - Feyrouz

Au commencement,…
Le premier matin de la Création fut un ordre
Dont l'écho continue aujourd'hui à se répandre
L'Esprit de Dieu régnant était la seule présence
Dieu était l'espace…
Le temps… la Création… l'existence
L'avant et l'après furent une réalité, éléments et lumières
L'évolution prit son essor détruisant toutes les barrières
Un mot, un verbe à l'impératif ordonné par la voix céleste
« Sois !», « existe ! » et le timbre sobre et divin se manifeste
Cette voix céleste fût le point de départ … l'origine
Du cosmos, des humains et tout ce qu'on imagine
Et la voix céleste et musicale continue à raisonner
Dans les grandes âmes, les artistes, les passionnés….
Au Liban, une onde par la main de Dieu fut semée
Terre fertile des 'doués' des Créateurs aimés
Au pays des Cèdres la voix divine s'est implantée
Voix du Baptiste,
De Madeleine et de Marie, de Zénobie, … d'Astarté
La naissance de Vénus sur notre côte aux sables dorés
Notre fille la Déesse Europe par toutes les nations adorée
La voix du Créateur continuait à s'incarner,
S'est vue épanouie en une perle en un diamant cerné
Feyrouz….
Feyrouz… jet de fragrance, pluie de jasmin
Timbre enchanteur, prière crépusculaire, rayon du matin

Vapeurs bleutées, gouttelettes de rosée, fleurs d’amandes
Unique présence en cette terre et dans le monde
Rêve dans la brume, printemps tout de fraîcheur
Chaleur humaine, grâce, charme, bonheur
Quand elle chante des hymnes d’anges, d’émotions
Et quand elle se tait, son silence est passion
Voix du silence, voix d’amour, son libérateur
Du ciel du Liban nous libérons tous les cœurs
Fille du Liban, héritière de Cadmos, de Sidon
Chante et chante encore voix sacrée étoile polaire
Nuances dorées, grâce et compassion exemplaires

T’écouter, … un déclenchement d’ivresse féerique
Bénédiction du ciel… es-tu réelle ou magique ?
Fée, ta voix est cette baguette d’étincelle
Qui du fond du cosmos semble de plus en plus belle
Tu es ce monument érigé dans la durée, des instants,
Succession de notes gravées dans les cœurs et dans le temps
Les présentes suivent les antécédentes et annoncent subtilement
les suivantes construisant cet édifice sonore mélodieusement
Un rossignol, un matin de mai, sur une onde
Emet un chant d’amour au Liban, et au monde
Modulations uniques, légères… merveilleuses
Ta voix laisse dans les cœurs une sensation mystérieuse.

Joseph Matar
© Copyright LebanonArt
Joseph Matar is a renowned contemporary Lebanese painter and poet. To learn more about this wonderful human being and marvellous artist visit his son William’s labour of love website: http://www.onefineart.com

:::

A Voice from Heaven

In the beginning...
The early dawn of Creation was an order
Whose echo today surpasses any border;
The ruling Spirit of God there was the only presence,
God Lord of space,
Time, all Creation, existence.

Before and after were now reality, elements and light,
Evolution rolled onward with no barrier in sight;
A word, a command, an order issued by the voice of Heaven,
“Be, thou! Exist!” Awesome, divine, resonance is given.
This voice from on high made all commence,
The cosmos, mankind, and all we conceive.
This heavenly voice with its harmony still
Resounds in great souls, in true artists of will.
In Lebanon seed by God’s hand was sown,

Land of the gifted where genius is grown,
Land of the Cedars that voice made its own,
Voice of the Baptist, of Magdalen, Mary, Zenobia, Astarte,
Venus born on our shore's golden sand,
Goddess Europa once torn from our strand.
The voice of the Maker as ever takes form
And now in a jewel, a pearl, is reborn –
Feyrouz! Feyrouz, magical echo and twilight prayer,
Morning dew and musk-shrouded flower,
Dream in the mist, springtime's new birth,
Presence unrivalled with no like on the earth,
Warmth of the heart but hymns of seraphim,
And in her silence the fire of cherubim.
Her voice of quiet, and of love, makes us know
In the land of the Cedars our freedom's warm glow.
Heiress of Cadmus, of Sidon, this maid
Sends sacred songs where the Pole Star is laid
Through delicate tones deep passion displayed.
Listening to you, high enchantment we feel,
A blessing from heaven, is it magic or real?
Your fairylike voice is a wand with a star
Bringing strange beauty that comes from afar.
You are this monument put up in time
Sending out music to which our hearts rhyme.
Notes follow smoothly and warn of what follow
To make a sweet melody stirring and mellow.
As the nightingale sweetly salutes the night air
You sing love of Lebanon, this country so fair.
Fluent and light, subtle and bright,
Your voice full of mystery gives us delight.

English translation: Kenneth Joseph Mortimer
To learn more about Kenneth and his work visit: http://www.onefineart.com "

The second is from Madame Alice Eddé, and reads as follows: "Richard, you are amazing! Not only do you

write about Byblos, Khalil Gibran and now Fayrouz, but you are also on the website of a friend of mine from the village next to EddéYard, William Matar! We have to meet soon!

Alice” Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Hind’s Variable Nebula.

I came here to do some landscape paintings Dream reality 104

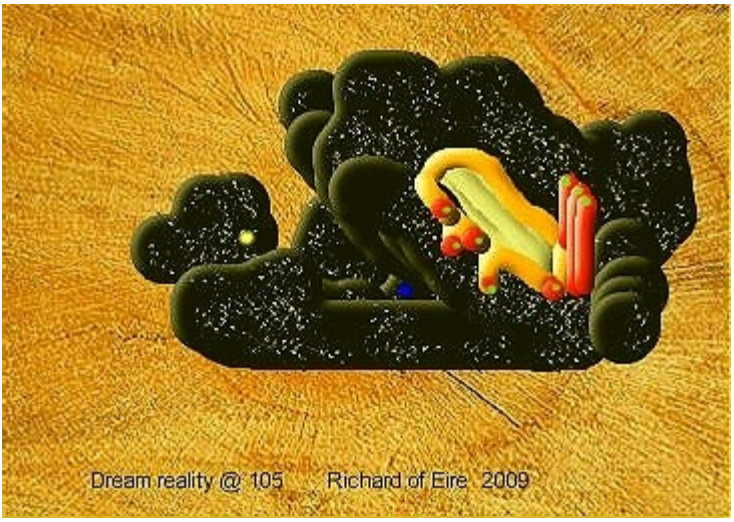
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 30th April 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard, everywhere I look, I see myself ... Everywhere I go, I see myself ... I realize that in order to know “I” am all that IS ... this “I” must not exist. *Self:* Your words, Linda remind me of a story in which a character called Lostcount is pacing up and down along the bank of a brook muttering away out loud to himself.
“… ‘Who said that I? Who said that I? Who said that I?’ … Chaubran and Empathy approach him and say, ‘Pardon the intrusion but we’ve come to appreciate

your painting.’ ‘Who are you?’ ‘This is my friend, Chaubran, and I’m Empathy.’ ‘I’ve painted nothing as you can see because I’ve encountered an unbelievable problem.’ ‘Try us. We’ve got all the time in the world.’ ‘About six weeks ago, I came here to do some landscape paintings. Then as I was about to paint, it suddenly hit me that

before I begin to paint I should first know who I am, and in that way I would be better able to understand that which I was about to paint.
I was delighted to have had such a wonderful insight. I dropped my brush and sat just looking at that scene over there and wondering how I would go about getting to know what I am. I began with “I know who I am.” Upon uttering these words, I realized that they were two ‘I’s in the sentence. The former I was claiming to know the latter I. Then I asked myself if the latter I also knew the former I. I was about to put forward an answer, then I noticed that somebody was speaking about the former and, latter ‘I’s. In other words, another I had entered into the picture. And yet another I again had appeared who was now talking about the I that was talking about the former and latter ‘I’s. Up till now, I have managed to count thirty-three thousand, seven hundred and twenty-eight ‘I’s, and the end seems to be nowhere in sight.’…” (Source: *Innkeeper’s Fire*, Act 28 Who said I) *Linda:* A lovely story, Richard. Thank you. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Crab Nebula.

May you be the love of your heart this new day Dream reality 105



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 1st May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Just leaving some warm hugs, my dear Richard!!!
Hope all is ok with you!!! Much love!!!! *Self:* Beautiful Tayira, thank you for your 'much love' n' 'warm hugs' … :) … May you be the love of your heart this new day Tayira with n' for those about you there in your house home; with n' for all those whom you meet in spoken n' written word … :) … New day love-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me out strolling along a Pacific Ocean shoreline, and I'm happening upon the lovely Linda Kordich taking a photograph of the pristine scene. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with later view-listening to this photograph composing the following poem for Linda?

◊ Last day of the beginning ◊

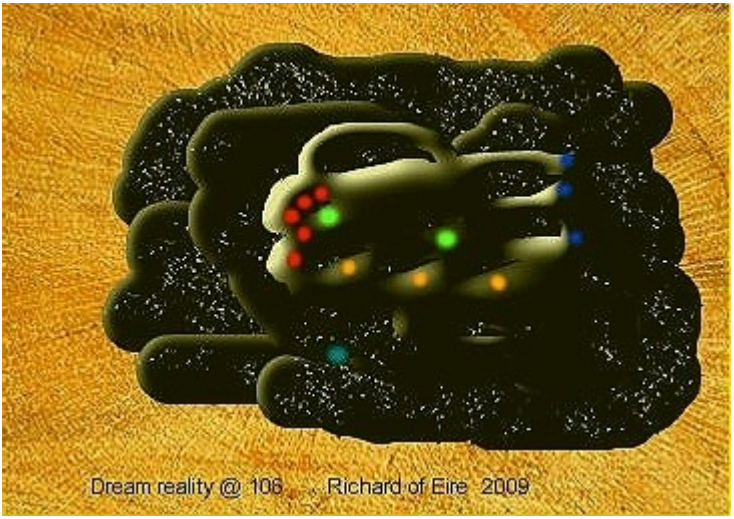
Last day of the beginning is my first day of new ending.
Imagine imagery that's so close to the surface of expression that it finds itself in the hues of sensuality rolling down by the waveries of love.
Love be the time of no sometimes when you're away by the far near.
Hold up the blueness of love to the coming stars above for that's the way to be by the sea.
Now n' then is overcoming the little mosses that roll upon our way.
Come to be thinking of it n' it will be finding its wavy way back to seascape Linda.
Hold me deeply in melancholy sweet.
Forward to eternity if you're going my way; haven't time to be reclining long on shores for I need be with ebbing n' flowing to be keeping myself going.
Rolla rolla rolla lula to be with gently holding my hand.

~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for her. *Linda:* Richard, thank you … what a spectacular poem! *Self:* You're most welcome, Linda.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you

in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Cosnchfox Fur Nebula.

Characteristics of down-drawbridge castles Dream reality 106



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 2nd May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Katie Mavromati of Egypt & Greece. *Katie:* Hello, Richard, As I could understand I had feel your beautiful poem about Fairouz. Fairouz for me is one of the most beautiful voices of the world. I adore her. Thank you for sharing your nice spirit, Richard. *Self:* Thank you, Katie for your gracious words. I'm greatly honoured that you could feel some of the beauty that I tried to put into *Fairuz in her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May*. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Richard, I just want to say that I find in Linda's meaningful comment on your poem, *Fairuz in*

her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May a perfect expression of my own view. Linda writes, “Richard you are a spiritual artist, painting words rich with vibrant and sometimes soft pastel colors ... in the most exquisite and profoundly beautiful way.” Blessings, Richard. *Self:* Thank you; thank you most

sincerely, Nabeel. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard, what a great video of Fairuz! She has an incredible voice. I would like to see her smile though.
It's amazing how much MySpace has opened up my eyes and ears to new music, art, and poetry. It's really been a blessing.
I've always loved music and have an extensive vinyl record collection ... but the ease and variety of MySpace is unmatched. I have just added some Swedish folk singers to my friends. You don't hear that on the radio in Indiana. I like the lyrics in the song that Fairuz is singing.
I have been drunk with the dawn ... I love that part of the day and always have. Whenever my family went camping, I used love being the first one up to experience the quiet of the mornings ... see my breath in the cool air ... the dew on the ground and know that the sun would warm the day.
Also I'd rather live in a forest than in a castle. *Self:* I'm glad, Ian that you liked the video of Fairuz. She not smiling while singing is partially a cultural thing. Yes, I too am enjoying the adventure of MySpace; indeed a blessing and an honour to be meeting such great people as yourself from around the world. Seasons, Ian I feel appear in my heart ... :) ... long ever before they do in the surroundings, thus enabling me to be with welcoming them more fully. Isn't it a wonderful feeling of certitude to know that the sun will warm the day? Methinks, at times that forests have characteristics of down-drawbridge castles, in that they project strength and welcome to those who need to rest awhile upon their journeys of many discoveries. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard, I have ordered *Myriam of Lebanon* ... waiting for it to be delivered. Looking forward to it ... wish I could have it autographed! Consecutive birthdays!

Self: Linda, thank you for inviting *Myriam of Lebanon* into your house home library. I'm honoured and delighted. Autographed … :) … ?
Well now, who knows knows that this may also be possible.
Consecutive birthdays! Interesting. Like … :) … having the blessing of being simultaneously able to see the full moon resting upon the western horizon while the sun has just risen in the east. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person.
River Mirth: Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman.
River Mirth: Do you recognise her?
Self: Yes, it's my friend: Elsa Marie of West Amwell, New Jersey, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Although I can't see her directly for she is shyly hiding behind a delightful photograph of a pathway through a forest; I imagine, yes, I sense Elsa

Marie to be a very beautiful woman. *Elsa Marie:* Hi, Richard of Éire?
Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Elsa Marie? Happy to meet you. *Elsa Marie:* Your writing is so expressive. I look forward to reading more and more.
Self: Thank you … :) … Elsa Marie. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Centaurus A Galaxy.

Lively does the spinning wheel of time turn Dream reality 107

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 3rd May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows:
"Friends, "Lively does the spinning wheel of time turn

when the wind is blowing in over the half door. What if waxing~full~waning Moon were to be shining from within me? What if Sun? What if all the stars visible were to take up residence within my bosom? … Sometimes when I'm on my own in this house, I imagine I'm sailing in a ship on the wide blue ocean. Have you ever with delight imagined such like? I take the showers of rain with strawberry yoghurt and salad sandwiches with tea. Many are the signs about we. Aware I'm

not of the cover that folds itself about the swaying trees in the wind. Oh, high, high trees swaying in the wind! Me with ye be swaying in the wind.
Throw your coat away for the frost that is within is by far the colder. Tap! Tap! Tap! Who's there? There is here. Come in! Come in! Have yourself a sit down. … Wait for the breeze to come.
Wait patiently for the breeze to come. I can hear soft rufflings in the leaves. Is that the breeze that's to come? Wait for the breeze to come.
I can feel gentle movements in the soft down of my neck. Is that the breeze that's to come? Wait for the breeze to come. I can feel something ever so soft and ever so gentle moving within my sacred sanctuary.
Is that the breeze that's to come? You have waited patiently for the breeze to come, and it has come. Now what do I do with this breeze?
Move with it in slow graceful dance…." (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Sixth canto Black Taurus) With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard" Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?
Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Bode's Galaxy.

Shyly hiding behind a portrait of a lovely woman
Dream reality 108

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 4th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Caroline Moore of Virginia. *Caroline:* Dearest Richard of Éire, Your poetry is heavenly written with such tenderness and care. I am very honored to be your friend!
Self: And I too yours, Caroline. Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Laura of Manassas. *Laura:* Richard, I'd like you to share these eight photographs with you. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Laura. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the photographs. *River Mirth:* What do they present? *Self:* They're of storm clouds. Laura, thank you. They're truly fantastic! *Laura:* I love storm clouds and storms, Richard. I love the way they look; the way it smells & sounds. *Self:* And here, Laura following tells of another kind of storm:
"... 'I have a liking for the storm belt.' 'There are storms and there are storms. Those that are natural and those that are artificial. Mine are of the latter and located here in the brain. Brainstorms.' 'Brainstorms?' 'In the womb and in my first light days, I was aware of the presence of mysterious pulsates within my brain. Oh, so, so beautiful and filling me with gentle breezes of wonder and curiosity. They pulsated from deep within my braincalm. I was not concerned about their actual source or rate of pulsation. I simply I enjoyed their presence and had the feeling they were trying to unveil something special to me. Then senior humans began to force low, then primary, followed by middle, high and summit pressures into my braincalm. I couldn't understand why they wished to disrupt the beauty. I tried to tell them on several occasions about this beauty and how I wished it to be itself, but they wouldn't listen. They told me that my braincalm was a harmful illusion, an illness and as such, void of any power, and that it was necessary to break and cure it as early as possible by having me institutionalized and once there administrate concentrated doses of tangible mechanics over an extended period of time, in order to allow the brain a chance to be fully operational, not

alone for itself but more importantly for the greater goal of human development. I had no choice but to cooperate, and trust them …”

(Source: *Innkeeper’s Fire*, Act 27 Harmony Restored) And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her?

Self: Yes, it’s my friend: poetess, Maha of Syria & Algeria. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Although I can’t see her directly for she is shyly hiding behind a portrait of a lovely woman dressed in attire of another age and playing a stringed instrument; I imagine, yes, I sense

Maha to be a very beautiful woman. *Maha:* Hi, Richard of Éire?
I have read with great interest your work of art about Fairouz. I smelled the cedar of Lebanon and I heard the echoes of Gibran's voice. I felt as if I were reading a verse from the (Book of) Revelation, "…and there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and
the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars …"
A beautiful work of art and a beautiful Shakespearean Arabic translation.
Boris Pasternak used to compare the translation of a poem to another language with a rose which has lost its sweet smell. As a poetess, I can say that Nabeel's translation of your poem has preserved the original scent and spirit of the English text. Thank you, Richard for admitting me into your perfumed garden of poetry.
Self: I'm greatly delighted and honoured Maha by you presence in my garden. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Triangulum Galaxy.

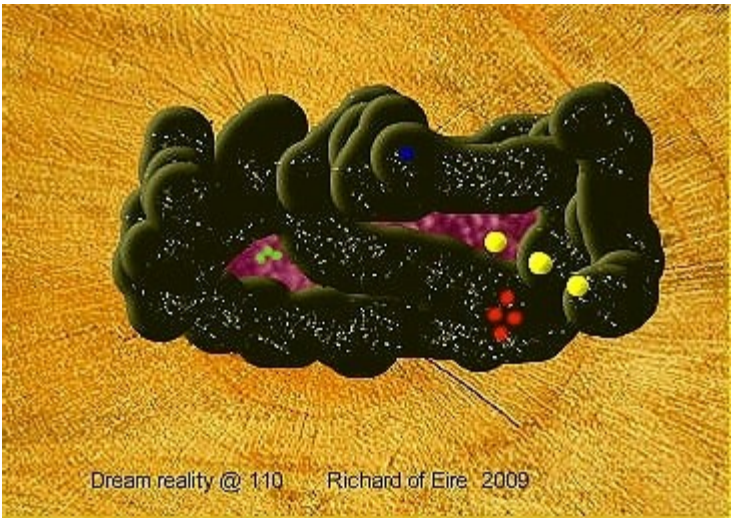
Enjoying giving futures to our remembrances Dream reality 109

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 5th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of

Latakia. *Nabeel:* Richard, I translate hereunder a paragraph from a message I received in Arabic from a friend of mine: Radwan Maleh, a Syrian painter, commenting on *Fairuz in her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May* which I had forwarded to him. Radwan writes, "I could hear Fairouz, in this inspiring poem, saying to the politicians and leaders of her good people, 'My Lubnan shall be called of all nations the Lubnan of Khalil Gibran, Mikhael N'uemeh and Fairouz … the Lubnan of love, peace and prayer …". Radwan also writes, "I love this painting of Fairouz in which she appears as a majestic white cloud upon the snowy summit of Mount Hermon. I also love the expression, 'painting in words' in your comment". *Self:* Thank you, Nabeel. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Desireé Grosse of British Columbia.
Desireé: Hi, Richard, Welcome to this new day! *Self:* Hi, Lovely Desireé … :) … Welcome … :) … to this new day; this new day which is as new n' beautiful surely as we are new n' beautiful in its eyes. So without any further ado, Newly n' Beautifully Desireé, let's be with enjoying giving wings to our thoughts, spaces to our imaginings n' futures to our remembrances … :) … Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Owl Nebula.

My thoughts drifted effortlessly away Dream reality 110



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 6th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California.
Linda: Congratulations Poet of the Lyrical Kind! All of your friends should know that you have been honoured with a poetry page on OneFineArt. I am deeply grateful to be one of your friends, Richard.
Self: Linda, my dear friend, It was the generosity of my good friend, William Matar of Byblos in Lebanon; the owner of the OneFineArt website. Enjoy the following … :) … "Earlier in the week, Rísteárd having anticipated well from his observations of the patterns birds had made in flight, and in Moon's changeful halo that there was going to be some strong windy wet weather coming, felt in his heart the need to go and visit the aged hermit, Deargbán to make sure that he had enough food, and that the hermitage was structurally sound. After having walked across the hill

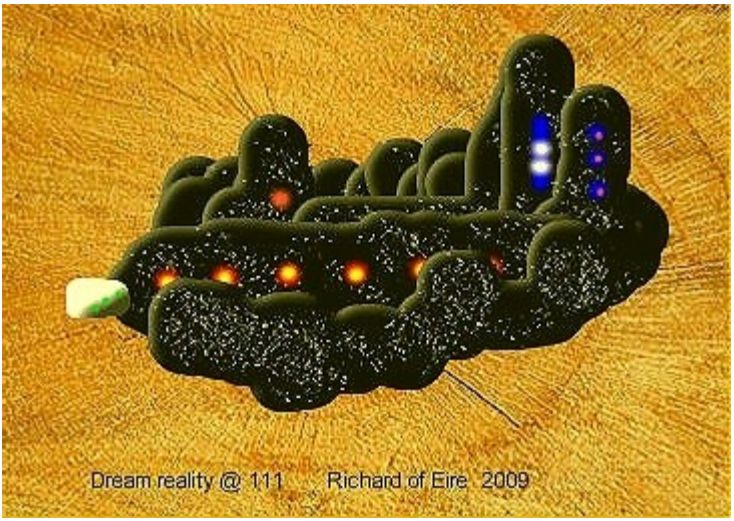
country for several hours, he found the hermit Deargbán in the very best of health, and out on a hillside near his hermitage with his long snowy beard and hair blowing in the pre-storm wind; looking forward with excitement to the coming powerful weather as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be doing at that time. Rísteárd

sojourned with him in his hermitage of southern visage for three days, and was with welcoming into his heart many the good word spoken by Deargbán. Having left the hermitage at three-thirty this morning, Rísteárd had walked in the moonlit hill country; pausing from time to time to take in the predawn and morning scenes. It was mid-afternoon by the time he had reached the inn. And he did take some rest for he was tired after the long journey…" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 10 Sun) Lovely place-ly. *Linda:* Beautiful, Richard. Thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Peter of the Isle of Man. *Peter:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice photograph. *Self:* Oh, thank you, Peter. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the photograph. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of magnolia tree. Peter, thank you. It's splendid! *Peter:* Richard were I lying under this magnolia tree my thoughts would and could wander anywhere. *Self:* You know how it is Peter when in the garden your thoughts start to drift away with hearing the sweet singing of a bird; Sun playing Light & Shadow with branches and leaves or wafting by fragrancies inviting you to stroll awhile beyond memory's gateways … :) … Well … "It was morning time, and I was out for a walk on my own. With turning the corner at Glenbower Veterinary, I found myself to be in the presence of the magnificent magnolia tree there that these days is in full bloom. This magnolia that grows out over the garden wall is the largest of its kind in the village. It is so beautiful, graceful and elegant. I stood under it and looked up through it at the blue-white sky. Oh, it was all beauty in fragrance.

In that very moment, my thoughts drifted effortlessly away to the beautiful city of Jeddah, on the Red Sea, and to a time when I used to be living there …" (Source: *Generations Reaching*, Chapter 3 A wedding gift) With my compliments, and gratitude, Peter, Thought drift-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:*

I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Veil Nebula.

Delight in sharing with thee ancestral legendary
Dream reality 111



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 7th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska. *HighlandLady:* Richard, I'd like you to have this very nice photograph. *Self:* Oh, thank you, HighlandLady. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me the photograph. *River Mirth:* What does it depict? *Self:* It's of an old abandoned wooden boat in a wondrous winter Alaskan setting. HighlandLady, thank you. It's beautiful! *HighlandLady:* There are times, Richard one feels stranded on a foreign shore and the high tide is just out of reach. Storms have ravaged and time has passed … One must weather the winds and torments; one must pass the time … not with delusion or unhappiness … but with grace and contentment in the knowledge of being.
May you know wonders, my dear friend. *Self:* HighlandLady being one such wonder … :) … And with

continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a poem and two comments. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows:

“◊ Look into my very soul ◊

Look into my very soul Richard of Éire n’ tell to me what is being revealed there to thee.
See thee there who I am; who I am becoming?
Stand before me as a man who loves with every fibre of his being.
For I am a woman whose heart is so wounded that even if thou were to embrace me for a thousand years thy would never ever be able to heal me.
Oh, yes, oft, by a divine love of the Pacific shoreline have I been told thee to be a great healing poet of the lyrical kind; one who in harmony abides on a verdant isle way out in the mighty Atlantic.
But tell me true, for I am slow to believe in such fables; tell me true Great Healer Poet can even thee where all others have failed quench my parching thirst n’ remove from me my terrible weariness?

Lady, love thee.
Love me?
Yes, Lady, love thee.

Thou hast in a moment looked into my very soul Richard of Éire n’ have told to me what was there revealed to thee.
Saw thee me as I am; see thee me as I am becoming.
Stood before me thou didst as a man who loves with every fibre of his being.
I am a woman whose heart is so healed by thee that even if life were to burden me for a thousand years it would never ever again be able to wound me.
Yes, thee, oft have I been told by a divine love of the Pacific shoreline to be a great healing poet of the lyrical kind; one who in harmony dwells on a

verdant isle way out o’er the mighty waves to the east.
And now by thine own words spoken directly unto my heart do I know this to be true.
For thou hast quenched forever my parching thirst n’ removed from me for eternity my terrible weariness.

Lady, was it I?

Thy blessed truth needs here to be made known: it was not I who healed thee Beautiful Woman, rather the greatness of thine own love at rediscovering in thy heart its wellspring of perpetuity to be constant, clean n', oh, so fragrantly fresh.

Richard of Éire come, come my way on any given day;
Yes, on any given day come that I may delight in sharing with thee ancestral legendary.

Lovely Lady, honoured most honoured will I be.

~:~

With my compliments, respect, and gratitude,
Lady HummingBird,

Richard of Éire"

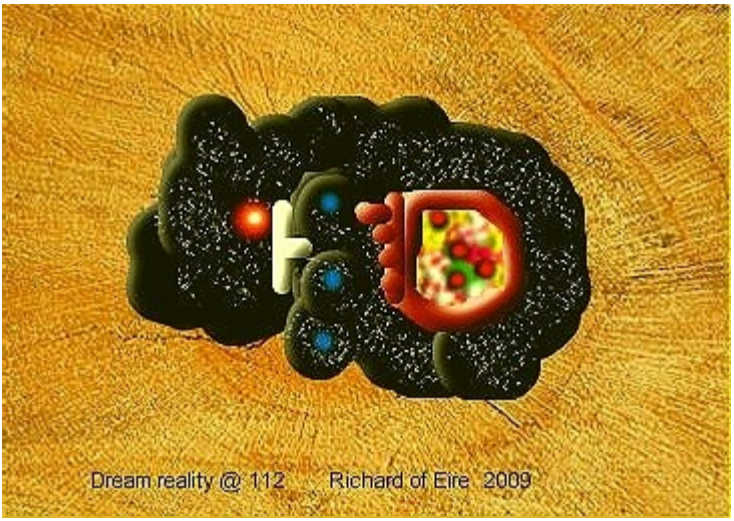
"I am honored deeply Richard of Éire that you have found in me these words of worth and dignity, tis true you have indeed looked and what did you see the essence of my soul looking straight at thee. Mere words cannot say what this heart felt as it leapt at these words you have so gifted me. Thank you ever so much Richard of Éire! No other gift could compare with this you have left me in tears. Yet have no fear, it only brought my heart ever so near. With all grace and acceptance,
Hummingbird" ::: "Lady Humming Bird … :) … you're most welcome … n' I? … greatly blessed that you looked 'in to' me. A scented soft napkin of an afternoon breeze do I send to thee to touch; yes, to touch dry away thy tears … for behold, Lovely Lady our joy has already been bridging the far n' near … :) … With acceptance, and grace, Lyrically,

Richard” And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman.
River Mirth: Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it’s my friend: La Traviata of Palermo, Italy. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Although I can’t see her directly for she is shyly hiding behind a portrait of a lovely woman dressed in attire of another age; I imagine, yes, I sense La Traviata to be a very beautiful woman.
La Traviata: Hi, Richard of Éire? I am so happy to meet you. *Self:* Hi, La Traviata? Delighted to meet you. Here are some nice words for you from

one of my works: “And my Suibhne said, “Speak to us of our Beauty.”
And she answered: Where shall we seek our beauty, and how shall we find her unless she herself be our way and our guide? And how shall we speak of her except she be her weaver of our speech? Our aggrieved and our injured say, “Our beauty is kind and gentle. Like our young mother half-shy of her own glory she walks among us.” And our passionate say,
“Nay, our beauty is our thing of our might and our dread. Like our tempest she shakes our earth beneath us and our sky above us.” Our tired and our weary say, “Our beauty is of our soft whisperings. She speaks in our spirit. Her voice yields to our silences like our faint light that quivers in our fear of our shadow.” But our restless say, “We have heard her shouting among our mountains, And with her cries came her sound of her elk hoofs, and her beating of her swan wings and her neighing of her horses.” At night our watchmen of our city say, “Our beauty shall rise with our dawn from our east.” And at noontide our toilers and our wayfarers say, “We have seen her leaning over our earth from our windows of our sunset.” In our winter say our snow-bound,
“She shall come with our spring leaping upon our hills.” And in our summer heat our reapers say, “We have seen her dancing with our autumn leaves, and we saw our drift of snow in her hair.” All these things have we said of our beauty, Yet in truth we spoke not of her but of our needs unsatisfied, And our beauty is not our need but our joy. It is not our mouth thirsting nor our empty hand stretched forth, But rather our heart inflamed and our soul enriched. It is not our image we would see nor our song we would hear, But rather our image we see though we close our eyes and our song we hear though we shut our ears. It is not our breath captive within our fragile frame, nor our winged thought held in leash to some marble column, But rather our garden wide for ever coming into its bloom, and our flock of harvest seeds for ever in flight unto

their own day. People of Éirelese, our beauty is our life when our life unveils her holy face. But we are our life and we are our veil. Our beauty is our eternity gazing at itself in our mirror. But we are our eternity and we are our mirror." (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*) With gratitude, and well being, La Tarviata. *La Tarviata:* Thank you, Richard. They're beautiful. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Great Orion Nebula.

Go to your windowsill n’ softly kiss the flower Dream reality 112



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 8th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Hi, Richard, Stopping by to wish you a beautiful and inspiring day. Your new profile picture is lovely; very peaceful and calm. *Self:* Lovely Olivia, Thank you for dropping by … :) … I’m always very happy to see you. May this day be for you imbued with a welcoming sense of gratitude for all the wondrous blessings in your immediate vicinity. Go to your windowsill and softly kiss the flower, the plant there for just being its lovely self … :) … in your pleasant company. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman.
River Mirth: Do you recognise her? *Self:* Yes, it’s my friend: Beverly of Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, United States of America *River Mirth:* Can you describe her?

Self: Yes, she's very beautiful. She's has a truly wonderful smile; her eyes lovely. She's long blond hair, and is wearing delightful dropdown earrings, a silver necklace, a grey cardigan, and a white blouse.
Beverly: Hi, Richard of Éire? Very nice to meet you.
Self: Hi, Beverly?
Lovely to meet you. *Beverly:* Richard here are some thoughts I have about energy which I would like to share with you. Anything that manifests

itself in this universe as an organism originates from a universal energy
field. Quantum physics misses the mark slightly by stating that everything originates from a particle, however it is an energy field. That energy field can be personified as God, or mystified as soul, spirit, awareness, or consciousness. This universal energy field vibrates and flows through all organisms in this universe. All organisms have their own unique vibrations as dictated by their thoughts. These vibrations have colors and when these vibrations are in harmony, the world is peaceful. Spreading the brighter, calmer colors and vibrations to others contributes to peace in the community and eventually in the world.
Self: Beverly, thank you.
The following comes from a story of mine entitled: *Place in Anyotherwhere*.
"… The young man transforms the mountain of a rock into a cloud. 'Oh, this is wonderful!' 'Effortless, isn't it?' 'Yes, just sanctuary. Not a skill. What then of energy?' 'Energy is but one of those numerous words our ancestors used to fill in vacuums in their knowing. It was their way and even our way of filling in that which we consider to be the missing pieces. But ninety-nine times out of a hundred they are the wrong pieces. Energy did not exist until our ancestors said it existed. Because of their decision, and our adherence to it, we now say the Universe is full of energy. Not alone that, but we fully believe it does …" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 31 Place in Anyotherwhere) Knowing … :) … not-knowing-ly. *Beverly:* Thank you, Richard. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard, I shed a tear this morning for this beautiful poem "Fairuz … " a tear of sheer gratitude that you could, with your words take me into the sacred heart of her world, both given and received. You are a light that shineth upon us all, sharing your gift of love divine to those who do not have hope or can no longer shine … thank you! Here is

a poem I wrote in 2006. It is my favorite, and I hope you like it.

My Beloved

My Beloved is the Earth
I am the flower....
Longing to blossom
inside
His fragrant
Heart

He is the Star
I am the moon
that worships Him
as my shadow
reflects
His
Cosmic Light

My Beloved
is the Sun
I am
the ray of sunshine
reflecting His
Majestic Presence

He is the Perfect Pearl
I am the shell
that holds
the secret inside
as He grows
ever more
Divine
inside

He is the Face
I am
His tear
that sheds for
Thee …
endlessly wondering
will He ever
hear
the real me?

My Beloved is the Eagle
I am
the song
He sings …

as He soars
throughout
the
canyons
of time …

Beloved
hear my cry!

He is my Heart
and I
the blood
that rushes
throughout
His
Body …
Each drop crying out

Beloved …

Paint me red with
Your Sacred
Love!

He is the Sea
I am the wave
ceaselessly
calling for Him …
as I long
to reach
His Shoreline
time and time
again …

My Beloved
is the instrument
I am the note
praying
He weaves

me into
His Divine Symphony

He is the Master
and I
the servant
denunciating
what is left
of this
'me'

Beloved ...
I can only see
YOU
in all that is
the Eagle
the Sun
the Pearl the Sea ...
the Maestro
My heart
My Beloved
YOU ...
the
key

May I
Beloved
live
eternally

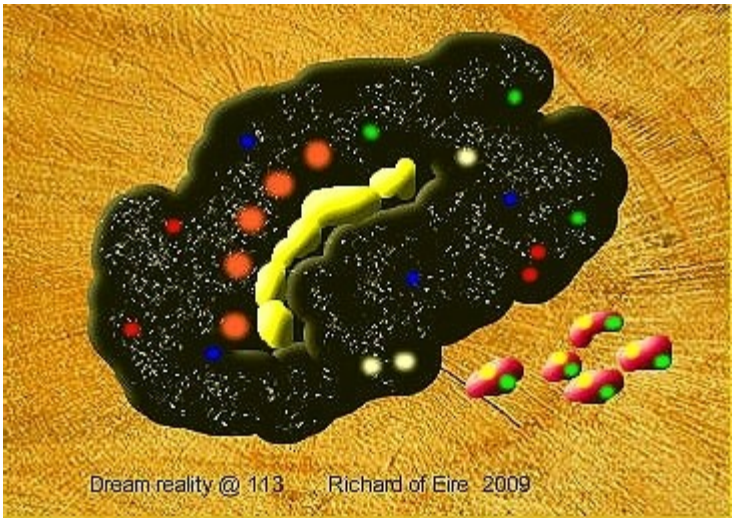
only
For thee

Self: Lovely Linda of the Pacific shoreline ... :) ...
Thank you for your gracious words with reference to the Fairuz poem; they tell me much about the beauty of your heart.
And I have read with reflection your very intense poem entitled *My Beloved* and wondered who the 'He' might

have been to deserve such a tremendous outpouring of your love. Verily, he is someone who greatly

captured your loving heart. Thank you … :) … Linda for sharing this poem with me. De-lightly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County, Indiana. *Ian:* Hi, Richard, Just dropped be to say, hello. I like the new profile photograph of you strolling in nature! *Self:* Hi, Ian, Thank you for your nice greetings.
Ian, I know you from your wondrous photographs and words here n' there to be one who truly appreciates strolling in Companion Nature.
Blessed be the people of Raintree County, Indiana for thee in their midst; and blessed be most of all for this thy loving family. Lyrically. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Cork Butterfly Nebula.

Answers when they are images they are life Dream reality 113



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 9th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a blog.
River Mirth: Of what does it read?
Self: It’s addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows:
“Friends, “With half the rest of the prophetic mixture in an oven on

bakers' street what make you of that which remains on the board?
Hand me a rolling pin and I will make of it a blessed island in the great ocean. Must have switched over from pottery to bakery. Where are the mighty ones of old when you most need them? They've been turning over and over so much that they've become no more, save in our memory lore. Disaster is in store for moral integrity if they don't gather themselves soon and come to our aid. Let them in peace be. Solve our own problems we. Isn't contented at least they must be in their faraway world? Has anyone every returned from there? I've been there millions of times. What's it like? It's like dawning when in the cradle. Beautiful this imageable answer. Answers when they are images, they are life. Then all other answers are what? Answers when they are images, they are life.
Come let us find a place way close from here where the rain melts on the mountains. Rain doesn't melt, does it? What is snow? May I not look upon it as frozen rain? Of course you may as you please, but rain is still rain and snow is still snow. What then of you and I, are we of mirth or seriousness? We are both of mirth and seriousness. I would have you know that seriousness is mirth in a frozen form. Come let us find a place way close from here where the mirth melts on the mountains. Mirth doesn't melt, does it? What is seriousness? May I not look upon it as frozen mirth? Of course you may as you please, but mirth is still mirth and seriousness is still seriousness. When you walk with the Universe you seem to be of another time and place. Time and place of the past? Know not I. Time and place of the present? Know not I. Time and place of the future? Most likely. Sounds of the mountain stream are smiling to my ears. Smiling? Yes, smiling. Needs be for me to be away; pheasant's feather in my wavy hair …" (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Sixth canto Black Taurus)
With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship,

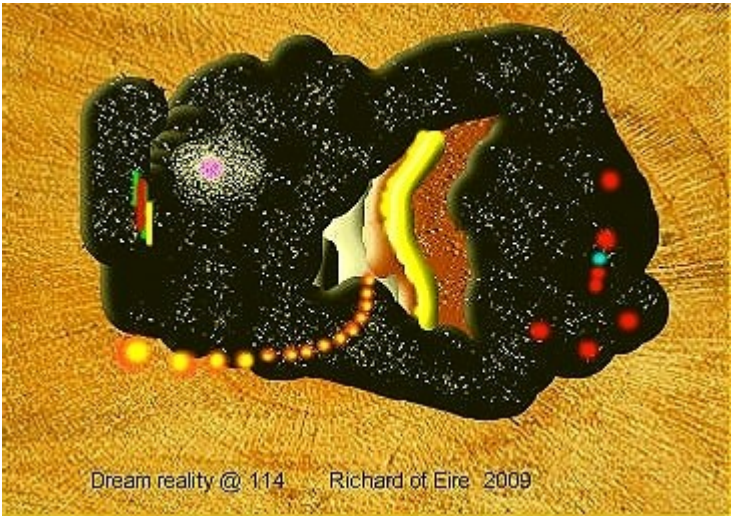
Richard” And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Peter of the Isle of Man. *Peter:* With reading these words of yours, Richard you have given me a smile which seems to be semi permanent at the moment, after the first reading of that posting. ‘… rain is still rain …’ But then again, Richard is not rain only liquid sunshine? Yes my friend, both mirth and seriousness they shall always be with us, but of course if given the choice, I will ask for more of the mirth, like that you have provided for me here. If you suddenly laugh today and find no reason, then please take it that I have smiled upon you and your magical prose once more, for laughter is infectious is it not? *Self:* Peter, I like your words “a smile which seems to be semi permanent at the moment”.

Rain which is seen as “liquid sunshine” has that effect … :) … Peter.
Yes, mirth seriously … :) … is the more attractive. Yet, mirth-ly, methinks seriousness … :) … has a charm all of its own. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Beverly of Lawrenceburg. *Beverly:* Richard … this is a beautiful piece … peace to you this day … “When you walk with the Universe you seem to be of another time and place.” My answer ... while walking with the Universe ... we are in the place that isn’t a place ... the time that isn’t a time ... we are where time and space do not exist. We are in our true sense of being ... not bound by time and space. May I meet you in the place that isn’t a place and at a time that isn’t a time ... when you walk with the Universe ... and I walk with the Universe ... ? … where there is no longer a You and I ... this is where we all become WE. *Self:* Thank you … :) … for the dance-fullness of your words, Beverly. Yet, don’t you realise, Beautiful … :) … that we are already meeting in a “place that isn’t a place n’ in a time that isn’t a time” …? While there is much ado … :) … I give to you in sacred text and in spoken word long uttered about the wonder of the ‘we’ yet, methinks, Beverly, I love; yes, I love being forever me. Walk with me … :) … in harmony as thee, for it is the thee in thee that helps me to be me, n’ the you n’ the I from ever being lost in the, a we. See to the waves of the sea. Peace n’ blessings, Beautiful … :) … B(e) ever (love) ly …
And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Laura of Manassas. *Laura:* I love your ‘come backs’ Richard. I enjoy and look forward to what you’re going to say next. Not many people do that, I enjoy how clever you are!! *Self:* … :) … -ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her?
Self: Yes, it’s my friend: writer, presenter of beautiful paintings, The Wahtry Taht of Virginia, United States of America. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes,

I imagine her to be very beautiful for she is presenting herself to me as a painting of a young girl with very long foxy coloured hair with a white ribbon in it. She's sitting, and is wearing a long pretty white dress. *The Wahtry Taht:* Hi, Richard of Éire? Nice to meet you. *Self:* Hi, The Wahtry Taht? Lovely to meet you. Your painting collection is wonderful! *The Wahtry Taht:* Thank you. I'd like to drop by from time to time for a chat. *Self:* You'd be most welcome. Yes, n' on a lovely sunny veranda let's enjoy having some tea n' a chat. *The Wahtry Taht:* Yes, I'd like that. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying

floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Cetus A Galaxy.

Pronounce n' confirm yere love n' friendship Dream reality 114



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 10th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me looking at a photograph of Peter of the Isle of Man and his friend Anna. *Strolling Self:* Rich, remember with view-listening to this lovely photograph composing the following poem for Peter?

◊ When we're to-gether ◊

When we're to-gether, we're to-gether; when not, we're to-gether.
Richard I love this man.
Time n' time again is our time,
Love n' friendship again is all the time.

Oh, no one knows how lonely it can get when you're having fun with the one from whom you feel the greatest of love.
Oh, Richard, from this man Pete do I truly feel the greatness of love.

When we're a-part, we're a-part; when not, we're a-part.
Richard I love this woman.
Present n' present again is our present.
Friendship n' love again is all the present.
Oh, no one knows how heart piercing it can get when you're having fun with the one from whom you feel the greatest of love.
Oh, Richard, from this woman Anna do I truly feel the greatness of love.

Well then, beloved Anna & Pete as the starry heavens n' golden earth are our witnesses,
Do I now hereby pronounce n' confirm yere love n' friendship for each other to be; Yes, confirm n' pronounce yere friendship n' love to be for all n' all eternity.
Blessings n' blessings upon ye; grateful n' grateful are we.

Rejoice!

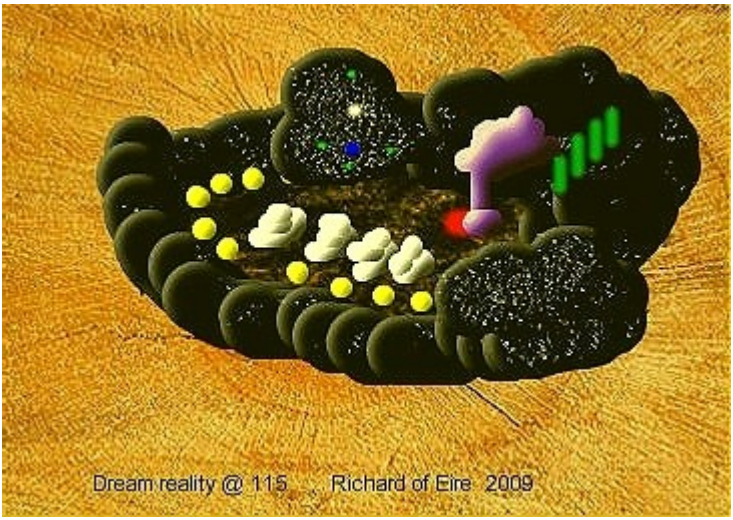
~:~

Self: Yes, Rich, yes, I do indeed. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being did I compose it for him. *Peter:* Thank you, Richard, Yes, Anna is such a very good friend of mine. I feel like breaking into song with the lines: "When we're to-gether … When we're apart …" Rejoice, I shall Richard as I do every day knowing that I have friends. Love and friendship; what wonderful words either together or separately. So, Richard from my adjoining Isle, I will thank you once more for finding the time and inclination to present me with your verse.
Self: You're very welcome, Peter … :) … And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County, Indiana.
Ian: Richard, poet, philosopher, teacher … your reflections are always "smiling to my ears". *Self:* Ian, you're one who knows how to listen to forests n' fields.

And forests n’ fields … :) … knowing this (about you) willingly n’ with gratitude smile their poems, wisdom, n’ stories on life your welcoming way. Forests n’ field-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a message and a reply. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows: “Comment with photograph of Venice Richard, sorry I’ve been gone for a bit! Been having Internet problems on and off! But please join me in Venice! Love, Dee”
“Greetings, Dee, Thank you for your most welcomed greeting, n’ for the

delightful photograph of a Venetian scene. Ah, Dee … :) … your most generous invitation to join you in lovely Venice is warmly accepted. However, being a man of these lovely valleys n' hills of Éire, n' not having yet visited the beauteous city of Venice, I would bespeak that you select a most charming café where we could meet to have some afternoon coffee … :) …while all the while engaging in some wondrous conversation of the most liberating kind. May it be Dee that you will discover my company then n' there to be well-nigh worthy of your gracious invitation. Con gioiosa amore … :) … Richard" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Stephan's Quintet Galaxies.

Listening to the sounds of holiness in silence Dream reality 115



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 11th May 2008.

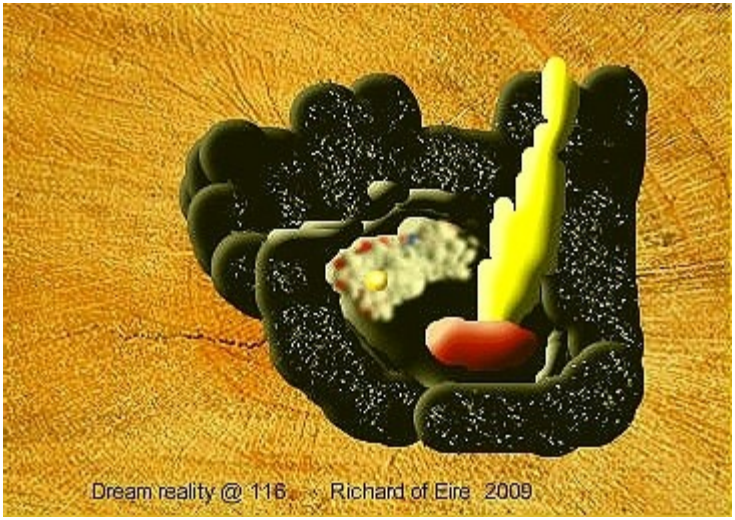
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Hello, my dear Richard, " Friends are always in our thoughts." Thank you so much my sweet friend. Here's a rose full of light for you … an affectionate greeting with much love. *Self:* Ah, … :) … Beauteous Tayira! How wonderful to see you again for … :) … I've been missing your smiling eyes. Thank you for your charming words. Your

rose gift, Tayira is brimming over with fragrant light. Scented it have I, n' have been … :) … carried away ~ away ~ away to the Garden of Tayira-Eve. Love of this day to you, Tayira n' to your beloved ones. May it be with finding you all being ever so grateful for each other's delightful company. Love. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me going out to buy some bread and milk in Martha & Ted's place, and I'm happening to meet the lovely selfless 'Babbs' Mulcahy, and she is very happily greeting me with a warm hug saying,
Oh, Richard! Oh, Richard, isn't it wonderful to have our Sunday Mass back again in our lovely parish church? *Shopping Self:* It is; it is indeed, Babbs. Our Lady always takes the very best of care of those who open their hearts to Her. *Babbs:* It's true, Richard; so very very true. The four blackest Sundays in the 186 years of our lovely parish church's history.
Who could have imagined that such a thing would have been allowed to happen? *Shopping Self:* We have been blessed, Babbs. We have our day and place of worship rightfully returned back to us. This is a marvel in our eyes. *Babbs:* I love that church, Richard, for isn't my daughter and my husband buried in there in the back. She was only fifty-one when she passed away due to the old cancer, and didn't my husband only a few months before her also pass away. I drop in to see them twice a day everyday. And I love too afterwards to be sitting inside the church listening to the sounds of holiness in silence. It's from there within, Richard that I get my strength to keep going. *Shopping Self:* You're great, Babbs. Our Lady loves you. *Babbs:* Thank you, Richard. Often I experience Her love in the people I care for and in those I meet about.
You know what I think, Richard that in time people will be finding their way back to the faith again; to attending mass and to visiting the church and their beloved ones that have gone before them. And it's our responsibility, Richard, isn't it, to be having a lovely welcoming fragrant church ready for them when they

do return? *Shopping Self:* It is indeed, Babbs. I was reading a homily that the Holy Father Pope Benedict gave
during the celebration of Vespers in Notre-Dame Cathedral in Paris there other evening, in which he said, “Notre-Dame Cathedral rightly remains one of the most celebrated monuments of your country’s heritage.” He went on to say that He felt joyfully united in thought and prayer with the voices of the countless men and women who have prayed and sung hymns in that very place down the centuries. *Babbs:* And, isn’t it true for him, Richard? Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception is our heritage built for us by our forefathers. Where would be without our heavenly

Jerusalem amongst us, Richard? Hail Mary full of so many graces for the sacred places. *Shopping Self:* Babbs, you're great. *Babbs:* Richard, it's lovely to have it back. It's as if Our Lady has been reborn amongst us. *Shopping Self:* Rich, this morning will come. *Self:* I can't imagine, Rich the parish church ever being without its Sunday Masses. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Barnard's Galaxy.

Cornucopias of treasuries for thine own heart Dream reality 116



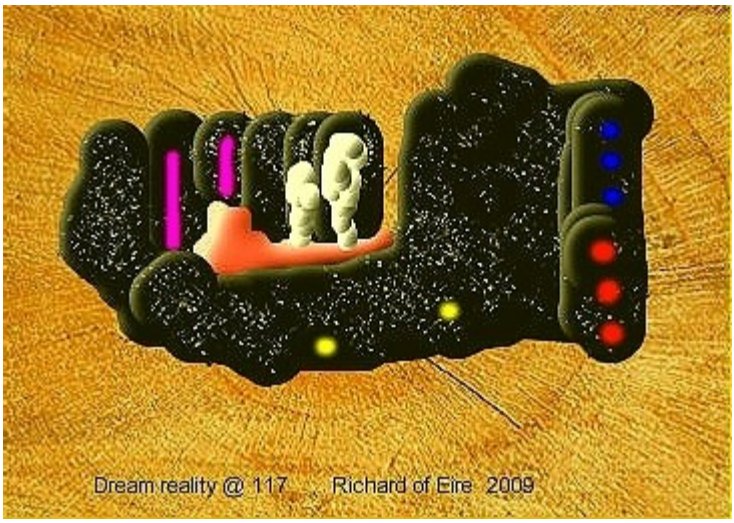
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 12th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Beverly of Lawrenceburg.
Beverly: Wonderfully interesting and thoughtful, Richard,

I have been reflecting on your words to me, and I'd like to share with you step by step some of my findings. "Yet, don't you realise, Beautiful … :) … that we are already meeting in a "place that isn't a place n' in a time that isn't a time" …?" Oh yes ... the timeless formless place in which we are joined ... the always with no beginning and no end ... the reason we seek and find those with our likeness of mind. "While there is much ado

… :) … I give to you in sacred text and in spoken word long uttered about the wonder of the ‘we’ yet, methinks, Beverly, I love; yes, I love being forever me.” And what an enchanting you that you are … the way your words sing from the computer screen … like a harmonious tone of infinite selflessness … deep and light … the vibrations of the singing of your words … in colors of deep blue … vibrant violet … with sparks of golden yellow. “Walk with me … :) … in harmony as thee, for it is the thee in thee that helps me to be me, n’ the you n’ the I from ever being lost in the, a we. See to the waves of the sea.” I adore the you in the you … that allows me to express the me in the me. Diving deep into the words … in your waves … of the sea. The splashing so crisp and refreshing as we splash and play in the waves of the sea … dancing together as a you and a me … but also recognizing the we. “Peace n’ blessings, Beautiful … :) … ” Thank you for the dance today … “B(e) ever (love) ly …” I find the you in the you Rich(ly) (rew)ard(ing). *Self:* Beverly … :) … Thank you … :) … for your dance-filling, flight-filling, float-filling words … delightful truly. Although, Beverly much in my words is me, I oft do feel that there is much more to them than just me; there is the floating clouds, shoring sea, n’ waving trees, just to be … :) … with naming three. So when you say, n’ say so beautifully too, “And what an enchanting you that you are … the way your words sing from the computer screen … like a harmonious tone of infinite selflessness … deep and light … the vibrations of the singing of your words … in colors of deep blue … vibrant violet … with sparks of golden yellow.” I would have you be with keeping in heart-mind … :) … that they apply as much n’ if not more to these three as they do to me. Merely, I am one Beverly who with gratitude of heart enjoys in my own wordy-style making visible their beauteous way of a day, to a day, to a dayo, dayo … :) … Let your adoration be beyond me, Beverly; beyond me to the valleys, hills n’ starry heavens … :) … to be ever returning safely with brimming cornucopias of treasuries for thine own heart … :) … for thine own

heart, yes, is and has always been a wondrous place which I do in-feel has been hidden away by thee … :) … from thy cradlehood days from the eyes n’ ears of the failing-to-understand-you many.
Let’s enjoy; yes, let’s enjoy being of the welcoming waves. Rewardingly rich has been this sojourn with thee, gracious Be Ever Lovely, Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Bug Nebula.



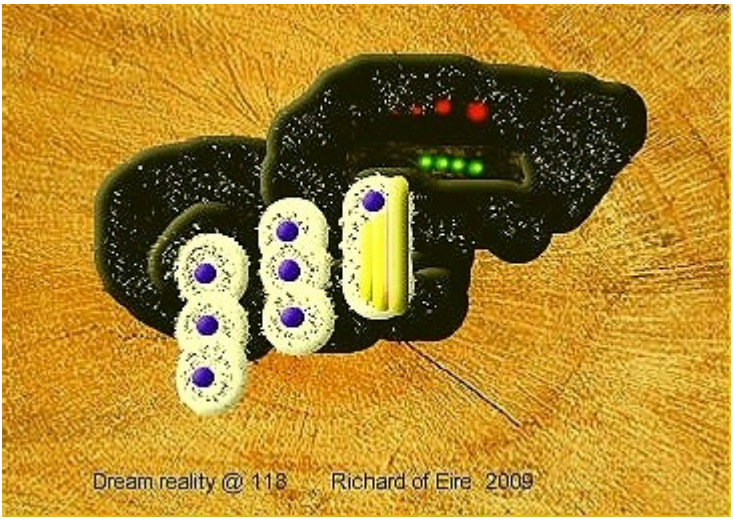
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes? *Self:* Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* Well, while the previous paintings extended from the evening of Friday the 18th January 2008 up to the dawn of the 12th May 2008 what is now appearing is of the evening of the 13th May 2008 on MySpace! *River Mirth:* Has this some special significance? *Self:* Well, yes, of course, for it's the future!

I haven't reached the evening of the 13th May yet, so what the scroll is now presenting me with is my future; my future on MySpace. *River Mirth:* And what is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 13th May 2008. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Hi, Richard, Dropped by for some nice words. *Self:* Hi, Nabeel, Thank you. Here are some nice words for you: "2:26 And it will come to pass in those days, that you will go forth into the hills to rest, and will be passing the night in the prayer of The God,

2:27 And having come down with the dawn, you will stand in a natural alcove on the western side of a hill, and a great multitude of people from about Galilee, Judea, and down from Jerusalem, and the maritime cities of Tyre and Sidon, will have come to hear you, and from among them some will have come also to be healed of their sicknesses, 2:28 And those harassed by troublesome spirits, will have come to hear you, and to be rid

of those spirits, 2:29 And the happy great many will sit about in the freshness of the morning to be with receiving your every word. 2:30 And having lifted up your eyes to the Bringer and Sustainer of Life will say: 'Happy the faithful, fearless, few, because yours is the reign of The God.
2:31 Be ye merciful always, as always The God is merciful.' 2:32 And you will say unto them, 'Is blind able to lead blind? Shall they not both fall over the edge? 2:33 A student is not above his or her teacher, but every student who listens with the heart to the word of The God, will be greater than his or her teacher, for the greatness of The God is without end."
(Source: *A Jesus of Nazareth*, Chapter 2 Restore, and to encourage)
With my compliments, and gratitude, Nabeel. *Nabeel:* How wonderful to put the words of Jesus in such a poetical version! Thank you Richard for the glorious time I'll spend with reflecting upon them. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Trifid Nebula.

Great beauty n’ wondrous peace Dream reality 118



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 14th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of

Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Dear Richard,
Wishing beauty to be before your eyes and peace filling your heart. *Self:* Olivia dear, great beauty is before my eyes and wondrous peace filling my heart. Gratitud y Bendiciones. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Parka Hood Nebula.

Thy will see through the sundrenched lattice Dream reality 119

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 15th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting by a summer's day window somewhere writing a poem for HummingBird; with my compliments, gratitude, respect, well being, and compassion am I composing it for her, and in remembrance of her beloved who passed away some

years ago. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Lady Living Dream ◊

Lady Living Dream,
Here hear whispering in thine ear,
words meant for thee alone to be coming near.
With streams to rivulets, rivulets to rivers n' rivers to seas,
have I always been n' always will be with accompanying thee.
Ah, this goodness has been happening to thee all along, all along along;
all it needed was a sweeping away of the leaves from o'er its fountainhead.

My Love; my love has been with thee ever since first setting mine eyes upon thee in the near while ago;
blossoming agrowing, blossoming agrowing stronger with the ever-present seasons.

Every tear thou hast shed for me these five n' two years have I gathered unto my heart;
Every smile with remembrance of me; yes, every smile with remembrance of we have I truly treasured deeply.
So close to thee am I, My Love that not even the light of day n' dark of night have ever been able to get closer.

I have always been with thee My Love n' even as thou read these lines be with showing thy familiar beauteous gaze to the window there,
n' thy will see through the sundrenched lattice me smiling in to thee;
Oh, n' be with looking to the waxing moon in Leo of this late afternoon to early eve n' night to comfortingly know that I am ever with thee.
Sleep, sleep soundly with my soft kisses upon thy lips to be taking thee to dreamery:

Dream, dream thee there that far far away away off out o’er the lovely rolling Eastern Sea there be one who dwells upon a sacred isle.
Yes, found me one that I could be with talking to thee, for he doth have an ear for we of the over here, albeit no medium he doth claim to be,
but greater than a medium he doth be; a listener for love he doth be.
My Love, find my love in his words n’ in the rich places of invisibility them between; Yes, oh, yes, my love for thee to be My Sweet Lady of a here n’ now eternity!

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting by this summer's day window you will have composed this poem for HummingBird. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *HummingBird:* Richard, as I read your words they flow gently to me. I see all so vividly. They are a beautiful gift to me. I thank you for all that you give so graciously. I am the better for knowing you, Richard indeed! What a wonderful day when I first read your words ... they opened a whole new world to me. I do not feel there is another author that I would rather read with such enjoyment than your books. I just wanted to share this with you. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Mice Galaxies.

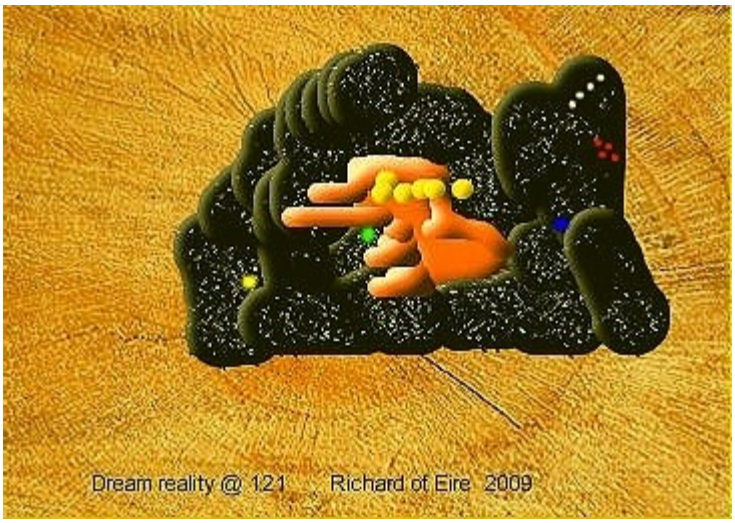
In a cloistered glen honeysweetly playing a violin
Dream reality 120

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 16th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows:
"Friends, "Extraordinary splendour greets me in the heavens. Fishes in the deep blue sea look up and over let ye.
Sea of source sea of sea see of ye sea of me. Ludwig van Beethoven in a

cloistered glen honeysweetly playing a violin.
Wayfarer am I in the wide open fields of the Universe. Comforting all the little animals along the seashore. Come have you come like me to greet the Great Sea? Ebb and flow always on the go. Flock of seagulls overhead have taken to playing with evening Sun. Radio antenna mast by the old tower looks all but coming down on top of me. Signals abounding in the breeze must be. Grains of sand in my shoes.
William of Auguries would have approved. Why have I so often needed to visit this spot? Gaze over into your Friday nights from the mornings of your yesterdays' Thursdays, and the answer will be forthcoming. What need, do I have anymore to be with following the teachings of diluted doctrines of convoluted systems or to be with accepting the discretionary findings of doctrinaire intellectualisms and determinist mechanisms? Seek I of myself the authentic display of a joyful life; a life of priceless quality.
Sapphire float is lento moving up the tide-filling autumnal estuary.
Terrified since childhood have I been of the anglicised name for this big river 'The Blackwater' and by consequence its style of flowing and particular moods. Yet, strange how strange it is that none so of these feelings accompany me when I utter its name in my native Gaeilge: An Abhainn Mhór (Álainn) Wonder how many other words and phrases have been the cause of so many of my fears and tears down through the years...." (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Seventh canto Pastoral)
With gratitude and well being ... :) ... for your friendship, Richard
(An Abhainn Mhór (Álainn): from Gaeilge meaning, 'the, river, big, (beautiful, delightful)': The Big Beautiful River, The Big Delightful River which enters the sea at Eochaill (Youghal), in the county of Cork, province of Munster.)"
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ludwig Haslinger of Vienna. *Ludwig:* Richard, I have read your symphonic poem about Fairouz with great interest. You are a gifted poet and I wish you all

the best. *Self:* Ludwig, your words have deeply touched me n' greatly honoured me. Ich schätze ihn sehr. I would be delighted if you would drop by from time to time … :) … as I believe you have much wisdom to share. With joyful gratitude, Ludwig. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Cone Nebula.



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 17th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me sitting by the Mediterranean Sea at Cannes writing a prose-poem for Dolly of California. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Blessed meaning of my life ◊

Festival de Cannes

Looking stunningly beautiful, writer & director Dolly arriving at The Grand Théâtre Lumière with her handsome son for the screening of her latest film “Mists of Portobello”.

Mom, walking next to you is my greatest pride n’ delight.

Handsome, walking next to you my honour n’ joy.

Dolly, who has several outstanding films to her credit is a welcomed artist to the Festival. Her work like the consistent richness of grass in growth shows a dedication to quality and beauty.

Mom, do you remember what you said to me as we were walking along hand-in-hand to my first day at kindergarten?
What did I say, my Joy?
You said, “Valiant, you’re my dream come true.”
Well, Mom, you know you’re my starry heavens n’ golden sky.

Renowned Brazilian novelist Paulo Alquimista, who is a long time admirer of Dolly’s work speaks of her with affection as being a person who with great sincerity of heart moves the world forward by conducting her life; yes, conducting her life and work with honesty, and integrity in the knowledge that we are all connected and responsible for one another’s well being.

Handsome, do you remember what you said to me that one afternoon three years ago when having come home from school you found me sobbing in the kitchen?
What did I say, my Strength?
With holding my face in your hands, you softly said,
“Mom, my sweet Mom, I love you; love you to smile.”
Well, my Star from that day onwards have I known the blessed meaning of my life.

Later this evening at the Intercontintal Carlton Cannes Palace, Dolly will be meeting the Press to talk about her film. And of course we at Entertainment this Way will be there to ask the questions that you would like us to ask of this beautiful person; this quality writer and director.

We look good together, don’t we?
Always n’ everywhere.

~:~

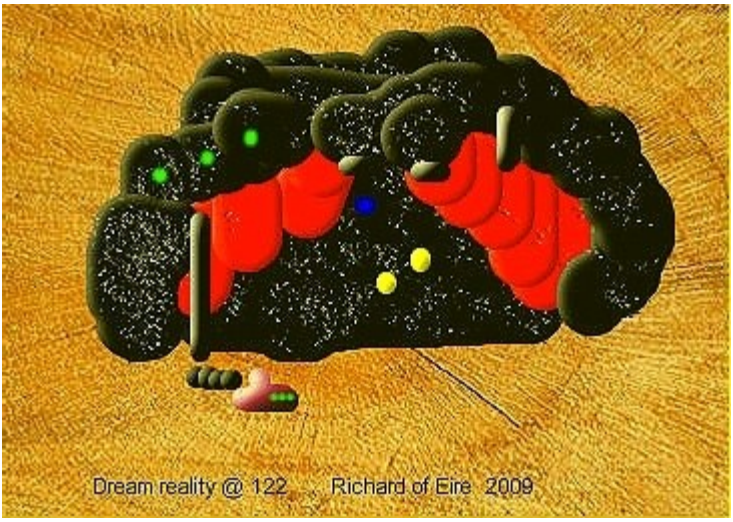
Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here by the Mediterranean Sea at Cannes you

will have composed this poem for Dolly. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said.
Dolly: Richard, what can I say? I am soooo deeply touched by your beautiful poem ... that I am speechless ... which is not easy to do. *Self:* Dolly ... :) ... you're most welcome. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard, there is nothing like the love between our beloved children and ourselves ... walking through the darkened and enlightened paths of our lives, our children are like glittering shadows, loyally holding our hands as we go through life. They are there loving us unconditionally, and we ... cherishing every moment of their lives. It's the kind of love the god's smile upon. *Self:* Linda, Almustafa in *The Prophet* says, "Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you, And though they are with you yet they belong not to you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts, For they have their own thoughts. You may house their bodies but not their souls, For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you. For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday. You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth." Myriam in *Myriam of Lebanon* says, "Our children are our children, and as our sons and daughters are they of Life's longing for itself. They come through us but not from us, And though they are with us, yet they are not our possession. We may give them our love but not our thoughts, For they have their own thoughts. We may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in their house of tomorrow, which we cannot visit, not even in our dreams. We may strive to be like them, but let us seek not to make them like us. For our life goes not backward nor tarries with our yester day. We are our rainbows from which our children as living arrows are sent forth. Our Archer

sees Her mark upon Her path of Her infinite, and She bends us with Her might that Her arrows may go swift and far. Let our bending in our Archer's hand be for our gladness;
For even as She loves Her arrows that fly, so She loves also Her rainbows that are stable." Linda … :) … a loving mother, says, "Nothing like the love between our beloved children and ourselves ... Walking through the darkened and enlightened paths of our lives, our children are like glittering shadows, loyally holding our hands as we go through life.
They are there loving us unconditionally, and we ... cherishing every

moment of their lives. It's the kind of love the god's smile upon."
Beautiful ... :) ... *Linda:* These words are profoundly written by you my friend, Richard:
"Our children are our children, and as our sons and daughters are they of Life's longing for itself." Amazing sentence and esoterically 'right on the button'. "They are of Life's longing for itself." This is how I see our children. Expressions of LIFE itself and we get to witness this miracle every moment they are in our presence. And ... on another level, they are manifestations of our divine love for each other, (my husband and myself.) So, the Divine sends down the souls that are part and parcel of the Divine, fully expressed by the love we have for each other, manifested through our love making. It's so profoundly beautiful ... that to witness the manifestation of this love, IS poetry and love in motion!
Self: Linda is poetry n' love in motion ... :) ... n' as such, providential be her children; blessed be her husband. Joyfully n' admirably. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Small Magellanic Cloud.

Rare rare rare is thy lovely golden voice Dream reality 122



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 18th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere listening to Joanna St. Claire's beautiful work
Golden Rain and with doing so writing a poem for her. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Tip top plop go my shoe socks in this lovely rain ◊

Tip top plop go my shoe socks in this lovely rain.
Moon beams in my hands holding love that rolls round by the western horizon of planet Earth.
Two times have I climbed the barriers of forgetfulness causing me to float out o'er mystery.
Mystery?
Yes, mystery thou art to me Joanna St. Claire.

Beautiful of the Dawn can you see that place from whence we did come?
Listen, listen, listen, listen softly softly softly listen;
Hear thee the undulating of the clouds calling thee to memory?
Now, now, now, now brightly brightly brightly now;
Move the past-present-future out of my pathway for I am on a journey to places.
Places n' faces, places n' faces smiling, smiling goodness to me.
Rare, rare, rare, rare Joanna is thy lovely golden voice;
Sounding, sounding it be deep within my sacred sanctuary.

Golden Moist Voice of Love falling high unto cloudery;

Floating me with thy delicate touch of tip top
plopping down adown.
Faithful full faithful filling be thy seasons of love.
Sensually, sensually bringing me to beginnings.
Goodness n' beginnings being the same love,
Love Joanna thou art a beginning; thou art a
goodness.

~:~

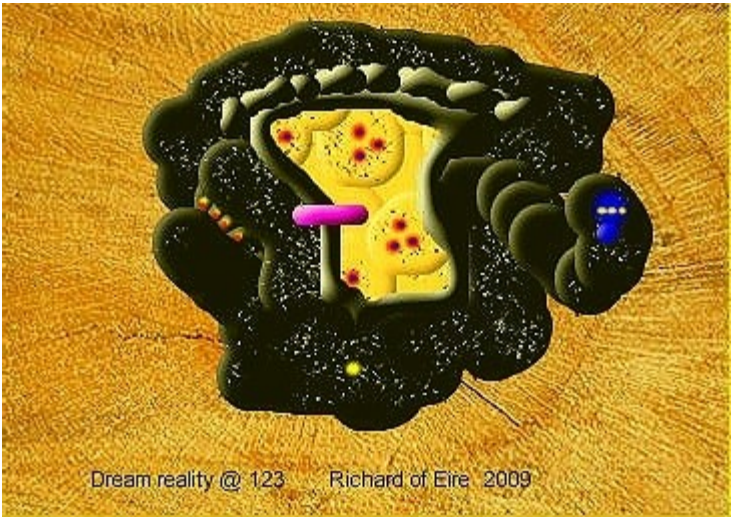
Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here listening to Joanna's beautiful *Golden Rain* you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you

have said. *Joanna:* Dearest, dearest Richard, Forgive me for not dropping by sooner. I have so much gratitude for what you have written of me and my music. And I soon will post my original response to your exquisite writing, precious Poet.
I have recently been in recording sessions for another song on my CD and have been extremely time challenged for some completions. I am honored and I am Blessed by your Soul. And now I must sleep. *Self:* Beautiful Joanna …:) … thank you for taking this time to chat with me, n' you being so exhausted … after your long day in the recording studio.
With having well slept treat yourself to a relaxing, reflective meal, n' in the fullness of 'Joanna time' yes, in 'Joanna time' be with bringing the world of this day into your sphere little by little, n' never too much that the world threatens to push you off your natural, rotation n' orbit. Take care, Beautiful … :) … *Joanna:* Dearest, dear Richard, WHEW!!!!!!!
Your Poem on my music *Golden Rain*. I don't even know what to say.
I am speechless and soaring. You have Blessed me so deeply, again. I have more gratitude than I can hold, precious Poet, direct from God.
So, I am sending all of the sparkling, Golden, overflow back to you. The Gift of your spiritually given words touch me to the deepest core of my existence because I know, that You Know, also from whence we did come ... Heavenly Realms of Light, God's Perfect Home. You are listening and hearing the softest, whispering voice of your Soul's memory, the one that is almost impossible to hear when we are in an earthly embodiment but you are Hearing. And it is strikingly clairvoyant of you to say, "Listen, listen, listen …" as that is the name of the song that I have been working on "Listen To The Sound". It's about the very thing of which you spoke ... Remembering our Divine Origins ... I could write to you all day on this enormous THANK YOU, but I must record the vocal, of this song, in my studio, today and you will be my Muse.

Magnificent Blessings and protection from On High, forever, Joanna.
Self: You're most welcome Joanna … :) … The sparkling, golden overflow has been well received. It is I … :) … who have been blessed, Joanna by your sincerity; by your lovely voice and melody. Quite often (I am given to feel n' to know) that words merely come through me albeit reflecting themselves through my particular styles of expression. This … :) … is lovely, Joanna, "You are listening and hearing the softest, whispering voice of your Soul's memory, the one that is almost impossible to hear when we are in an earthly embodiment but you are Hearing …" Hoping that the recording of your song "Listen To The

Sound” will turn out wonderfully well for you, n’ that many will greatly like it. Thank you, Joanna; thank you for “Magnificent Blessings and protection from On High, forever, Joanna.” Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?
Self: I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Horsehead Nebula.

In every reflective place see thy smiling face Dream reality 123



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 19th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere writing a poem with reflectively listening to CheckmateJax (Richard) of Arizona’s beautiful work *Magdalena*. With my

compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for him. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read?

◊ Night is such a fine place ◊

Night is such a fine place when love is in warm embrace;
but, oh, oh not so when without.
Pain of the body is not to be compared to pain of the heart.
Magdalena holding on to the memory of thee will bring me forward to the morning light.

Many have never known the pleasure of being in warm embrace.
My gratitude to thee extends far beyond our playing of hills n' valleys;
it be for the closeness of thy loving eyes looking into mine,
the softness of thy fragrant voice tingling in mine ear,
the touch of thy soothing hand upon my face n' with sliding it on up through my hair.

Magdalena, art thou but a vision here in the condensed window pane?
Vision or no, this night I am comforted by the memory of our time, be that time real or imaginary.
Tonight, thou art with me n' that is all that any man can ask for;
that love truly in love with him be in his gaze n' warm embrace.

Richard, art thou but a vision here in the bath steamed mirror pane?
Vision or no, this night I am comforted by the memory of our time, be that time real or imaginary.
Tonight, thou art with me n' that is all that any woman can ask for;
that love truly in love with her be in her gaze n' warm embrace.

With thankfulness of heart let us gaze as our images from mirror n’ window pane do slowly slowly fade their presence away.
In every reflective place I do see thy smiling face; in every reflective place be it by pavement way or in lonely room.

Magdalena Richard, Magdalena love;
Richard Magdalena, Richard love.
A new day be dawning see, n’ we’re in it, gratefully.
Gratefully in it are we to love truly.

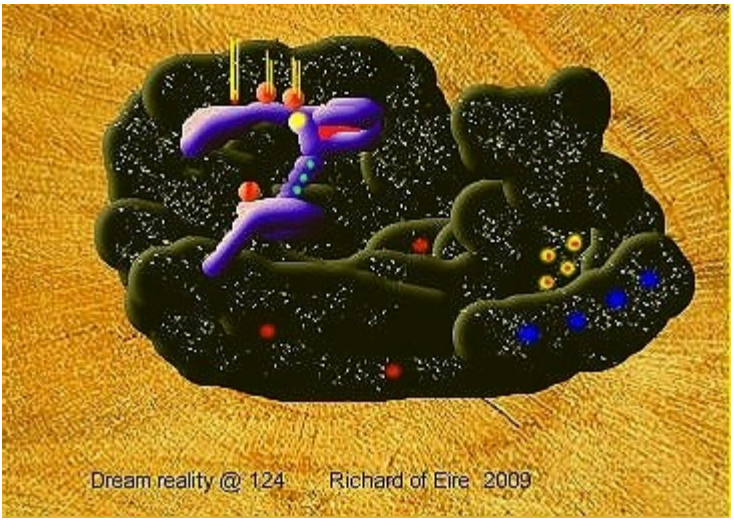
~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here reflectively listening to Richard's beautiful work *Magdalena* you will have composed this poem for him. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *CheckmateJax:* Richard, You are extremely talented and graceful with your thoughts, imagination and words! I am honored! My best to you my friend! You have enhanced my musical journey with pure Joy and Beauty! A kindred Spirit and imagination! *Self:* You're most welcome, Richard, n' I? … :) … greatly honoured. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me HighlandLady.
HighlandLady: Richard, *Night is such a fine place* is another beautiful and complete feast for the senses, … flowing words as a hidden wee brook lapping on the stones of life. *Self:* You're most welcome … :) … Lovely HighlandLady. Greatly pleased am I to know that this gathering of freshness … :) … from the fields of love is to your liking.
Seek by the tall sunny wavy grass field this day a brook in which to dangle your feet in … :) … n' to be with thankfulness of heart for all the blessings that will be making their way to you this lovely day n' beyond. Thank you, Lovely HighlandLady. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard, lovely … is *Night is such a fine place*. "Richard, art thou but a vision here in the bath steamed mirror pane?" Absolutely a beautiful image ... powerful! *Self:* You're most welcome … :) … Lovely Linda. See …:) … on out o'er the shimmering waves, n' be with glancing on up to wispy high clouds to enjoy the visions that will be presenting themselves to you this day. And with thankfulness of heart gaze as the visions from wave n' cloud do slowly slowly fade their presence away … n' in their fading see there! … yes, see there others will be coming into view … :) … just for you … Thank you, Linda. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Peter of the Isle of Man. *Peter:* Richard, you have indeed blessed us with another fine poem in *Night is such a fine place* … a poem that we

ourselves can embrace. ‘Pain of the body is not to be compared to pain of the heart’. Never a better word has ever left the shores of the Emerald Isle, and never a truer phrase written. In my brief sojourn with this earthly life, I have more than once suffered both types of the said pains, and by far the latter is the most painful, and demanding of our very selves. Well written my friend, it has brought me moments of pure joy. *Self:* Through all the pains be they of the heart or its castle the body; through all of the ups n’ downs of life … :) … it seems that Peter is an excellent defender n’ survivor. Joyfully. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland.
Thanhtuyen:

Richard, *Night is such a fine place* is absolutely beautiful! *Self:* Thank you ... :) ... beautiful Thanhtuyen.
Thanhtuyen: Richard, thank you for receiving and welcoming me to your world of passion and your love of poetry and philosophy! I am very honored and I hope I will learn much from you! The human mind and heart and spirit are complex to me yet they hold such mysteries of our journey here on earth. One must taste all (sadness, joys, dreams and unknowns) to be able to feel life at its best!!! Well, at least for me anyway! The profound beauty of life on earth for me is to have found spiritual treasures of which I am looking forward to each day with a new spirit to see things for the first time everyday! *Self:* You're most welcome, Thanhtuyen. Delighted n' honoured am I that you are here among my friends ... :) ... to stroll n' chat on the myriad mysteries (we being two of such mysteries). Thanhtuyen, my strolling Companion of this new day ... :) ... tell me, does a flower in your garden, a trout in a nearby brook or a mare n' her foal in a buttercupped meadow of this lovely month of May ... :) ... necessarily have to "taste all" to be able to feel life at its best? To-day, Thanhtuyen is the first time we have ever met ... :) ... may to-morrow be bringing us to the first time we have ever met ... :) ... n' the to-morrows ... :) ... Let's continue here with our strolling n' chatting along the way as there is much to be spoken of ... :) ...n' even more to be reflected upon ... :) ... Looking forward to hearing of some of your re-coveries: of spiritual treasures. Gratefully. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Praesepe Nebula.

Longing for my dwellings in yon bright galaxies
Dream reality 124



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 20th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere, and I am inwardly enjoying listening to Isabelle Boulay singing to me from her single engine aeroplane, while outwardly I am writing a poem with looking at a photograph of Ludwig Haslinger of Vienna. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for him. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Ludwig Haslinger, Eden in person ◊

Ludwig Haslinger, Eden in person,
Lift the weight of soaked wings that happen upon
my heart of all surroundings in the vast expanse,
n' be with leading me to somewhere where comes

the light of love as if it where the first ever to come into existence on this beauty-filling planet.

Should this planet be with without music it would be the saddest of places to be;

but, if without thy love for it Ludwig Haslinger,
oh, this planet would be unbearable.
Easier it would be for our humankind to be
dwelling on Saturn, Jupiter or Neptune.
Where, why, what, who can live without thy kind
of love?
This kind of love that my poor keyboard cannot
adequately convey!

Listen, listen to the pain of love, for the pain of
love is the most cruel-beautiful aspect of life on
this delight-filling planet.
Ludwig, art thou with knowing that thy heavenly
love brings us in thy few words to flowing tears?
So few be thy words, yet oh, howsoever,
wondrously profound they be.

I can't sit, can't stand, can't lay myself down for
this love of humanity that is Ludwig Haslinger.
All I can do; yes, all I can do is fly myself high n'
soar.

Hear my heart, hear my heart Ludwig Haslinger;
hear its longing for my dwellings in yon bright
galaxies way off over to the ninety thousand
directions of the heavens.
Oh, sometimes I do so miss home, do so miss
home where I am at one by being one.
Of this thee do so well know, don't thee Ludwig
Haslinger?
Home is love love is home.
Hold my hand that I may have thy courage of the
ages.
How, how do thee have so much love in this
world;
in this world where there is so much world
indifference?

Ludwig, what is it that makes for my happiness
with my heart seeing so many lonely broken
people all about me in the visible n' the invisible?
How do thee manage to have the courage of the
ancient ones of the future?
Are we here to be one with shadows or to be
shadows of one?

I can't go on, I can't go on,
Oh, breathe thy fragrant breath my way that I
may again be with living.

No heaviness anymore be, Ludwig.
Quiet now I am my friend;
Yes, quiet now I am n' peace-filling for the new night-to-day.
Thanks be to thee, Ludwig Haslinger, Eden in person.

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to the photograph of Ludwig Haslinger you will have composed this poem for him. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Ludwig:* Dear Richard, It is love that makes a man "Eden in person". I thank God every morning for leading me to the knowledge of His love. I also thank Him for every "Eden in person" that spreads the message of love on this "unbearable planet". I have practically experienced the fact that "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." (1 John 4: 16) Some of my friends who appear on my MySpace page have experienced miracles through their faith in the great power of love. Those "Eden in person", who spread the message of love on My Space are a great comfort to our world "where there is so much world indifference". One of my friends gives a good expression to this state of being "Eden in person". He writes on his profile page, "Love is like a music that gives our life rhythm and sounds that make us more blooming and beautiful inside and out." And, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." (1 John 4: 18)
Thank you my dear Richard for your precious words drawing the attention of many to the fact that life is love and love is life. Blessings and lots of love.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Spindle Galaxy.

Beautiful metaphors may well serve to initiate Dream reality 125

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 21st May 2008. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Hi, Richard, I have been again with reflecting upon your words from *Fairuz in her Beyrouthian garden of an afternoon in May*.
"… a dagger will severely wound thy heart; For thy people will for a time be letting themselves be with full forgetfulness of the love n' generosity of the Lord their God." A truly beautiful command of metaphor! "The greatest thing in style is to have a command of metaphor." (Source: Aristotle in *Poetics*) *Self:* Thank you, Nabeel. Enjoy the following conversation: "Receptive (smiling): Rísteárd is not the position of transcendency itself a lone solitary perspective, and in no way different from having any other perspective albeit a lot more broader than they?
Rísteárd (smiling): When we are of the multi-perspective realm, we are subject to confinements because no sooner do we hold one perspective than we

are already making plans to cross over into that of another. One perspective is by necessity obliged to give itself up to another perspective. In the case of transcendency no such obligation is present for there is nothing beyond transcendency. Receptive (smiling): May we speak of the transcendency position being somewhat comparable to that of a great fish in swim; a great bird in flight; an airplane at high altitude; a space

shuttle orbiting the planet; a huge telescope out in space or even a spaceship position from another world? Rísteárd (smiling): These beautiful metaphors may well serve to initiate such thoughts on the transcendency position, but not their conclusion. For you will discover that the transcendency position is not physical and neither may it be spoken of as being metaphysical. Moments of reflective silence. Rísteárd (smiling): Receptive let's partake of a cup of find tea and some delicious apple cake. Shall we? …" (Source: *Innkeeper's Fire*, Act 12 Surfacesight) I don't know if you've ever seen her Nabeel, but I think France 24's news presenter, namely the very bright and beautiful Catherine Galloway has a lovely natural command of metaphor … :) …
With my blessings, and compliments, Nabeel. *Nabeel:* Thank you, Richard. I have also read your poem, *Ludwig Haslinger, Eden in person*.
A beautiful piece, Richard; thanks to your rich keyboard for bearing the excessively sensitive rhymes of your fervent hymn. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Blue Snowball Nebula.

Standing in a lovely field at that very moment Dream reality 126

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 22nd May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a letter.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to HighlandLady, and reads as follows: "Subject: … for its sheer beauty Good early evening of this delightful month of May, Lovely HighlandLady … :) … While I know you like to frequently change your profile photograph … :) … I would just like to let you know in passing that I really love this present photograph for its sheer beauty, and especially its larger version. That's all I want to say, Lovely HighlandLady …:) … to validate the beauty of something so beautiful as the photograph of a beautiful woman in a beautiful setting. From my heart, thank you for being standing in that lovely field right at that very moment. Lyrically, Richard" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Tarantula Nebula.

Somewhere there is something precious Dream reality 127

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 23rd May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows:
"Friends, "Somewhere there is something

precious, oh, more precious than all the stars be known to our eyes.
It lingers here and there behind the veil of fortune most revered. Turn around and turn around until you begin to walk naturally upright. But I've always been walking about upright. What imply are you in making that I'm not? If it's a quarrel you do be wanting to pick then you've come to the wrong place. Fight me for I'm need of some fierce fighting!
Fight? Harvest a turnip from a field and sell it in a market place. How or for what's sake are you with saying? Haven't you yet seen a pure clear glass of fresh spring water stay white after even one drop of milk be dropped into it? Have you noticed that if a dog leash is way too long then after awhile you won't be sure if there's a dog tied to it or not for already many bends will have come between us? So too it is with un-renewed and un-refreshed knowledge. Certain spheres can bring a man to his knees when he strolls along the beaches of Acapulco. Don't remember if I put the cat out in Yladivostok last night. Be not with worry she's sound asleep on the cushion in Cordoba. My hat trick is an amusement not to be taken too lightly. Bring the carriage around to the front of the house.
Will my lady be caring for apple cake for her tea? Apple cake will be anticipated, thanks. Bring prosperity about on the straw of a broom.
Broom as in magic broom? Broom as in broom behind the door there over by the Copenhagen. Lovely to behold is the spirally coiled periwinkle shell. Needs be you too to recall that of the shell of the summer's garden snail. Home sweet haven be in the caven. Vincent van Gogh is over the field there with painting in bright colours. Interrupt him not for he's at one with emotive values …" (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Eighth canto Mamaí agus Daidí) With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland. *Thanhtuyen:* Hi, Richard, Your words are deeply and profoundly touching my heart. I wanted to

take some time to understand and to reflect on them before I reply, but I could not resist sending you a “little” hello right now! I hope your beautiful visions bring you much peace and enlightenment to your heart on this new day. Talk to you soon! Many blessings. *Self:* Thank you, Thanhtuyen. Will be looking forward to talking with you soon. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Whirlpool Galaxy.

A new day n’ most fortunately we’re in it Dream reality 128

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 24th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Peter of the Isle of Man. *Peter:* Hi, Richard, It’s a new day! *Self:* It is indeed, Peter; a new day n’ most fortunately we’re in it. Let’s live the blessing accordingly in our own style … :) … making others feel good about themselves n’ life. In-joy! *Peter:* Richard, most fortunate indeed is exactly how I feel when I wake every morning. You are so right when you say, let us help others be happy and enjoy this day also. Our journeys may take us down different paths and in different directions, but I hope our words and thoughts will enter the hearts of others. We are indeed blessed. Last night my mind and very self travelled to the mountains to find isolation with nature and to replenish my soul. For nature is God and God is nature. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:*

I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Sagittarius Star Cloud.

Touch the curvature of the lilac adorned bridge
Dream reality 129

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 25th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Hi, Richard, I suspect that everyone who reads,
"Somewhere there is something precious, oh, more precious than all the stars be known to our eyes ..." will take away something unique ... which is why I love your writing. It's easy to find a diamond when you are strolling through a diamond "mind". I love this: "Have you noticed that if a dog leash is way too long then after awhile you won't be sure if there's a dog tied to it or not for already many bends will have come between us?" And I love knowing that Van Gough is still in the field painting in bright colors. *Self:* Yes, that's the real nice thing about writing and I imagine also about photography, Ian in that the viewer or the reader will always take something unique for themselves away from the work. Sometimes in my own case when that

happens as when I view your photographs, I feel that answers some need that I must have been having up until then; that it is now satisfied. Yes, not alone Vincent, but so many other artists are also ever present to me, Ian in my mind as well as some from the morrow … :) … And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere writing a poem with

view-listening to a lovely profile photograph of Beverly of Lawrenceburg.
With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Misty rain softly coming upon the wind ◊

Misty rain softly coming upon the wind revealing thee to me.
Where be thy heavenly love that thee hath been with concealing it from me?
Stay, stay awhile, n' let us touch the curvature of the lilac adorned bridge.
Here let me be free to round the rippling lakeshore with thee.
Love scenting thy fragrant eyes;
eyes that love to gaze upon the home to world.

Dolphin play we in the shimmering bay, if thee may.
Jump! high high n' splash down by me to roll roll we in the seas of eternity.
Lady be lovely ever for me; yes, for me for I do surely know beauty when she reclines before me.
Botticelli he be over there the way;
n' having gone may I request of him to come hither to paint thee as the Lady Venus Anew for me?
Ah, even he be greatly impressed with this his latest masterpiece.

Be with the love of a man who will love thee with the love that is meant for one so beautiful as thee.
"How about thee, Richeart; be thee such a man?"
Merely a herald of love I be for thee, Lady Beverly.

Be with the love of a man who will love thee with the love that is meant for one so beautiful as thee.
Open wide thy delightful eyes, for there will surely enter into their vision one who will love thee with a love born of the heavenly stars.

Lady Grateful, most grateful am I to thee for reclining here before me this soft misty Sunday eve in this lovely month of May.
May I; may I alight momentarily upon thy lovely white picket fenced lips as a butterfly would to take in the warmth, the love, n' the life of Sun?

And now being fully replenished, n' with gratitude deep to thee, I'll be upon my heralding way.
Arise; arise now Lovely Lady to be with running happily to thy lovelies.
And be with telling them how with reclining in the sunshine garden, a poet-butterfly from out of the glorious sky did come n' alight upon thy lips, n' was with telling thee that they have in body n' heart-mind a mother most beautiful.
Yes, be with telling them this truth; a mother who is becoming their ever n' ever best friend.

Lady Beverly thou art ever lovely; yes, ever lovely be thee lady.
With journeying in my Greater Space will I be with sweet remembrances of thee; sweet remembrances of thee reclining here on planet Earth before me of a lovely soft misty Sunday eve in May.
Yes, treasuring this memory of we will I be.

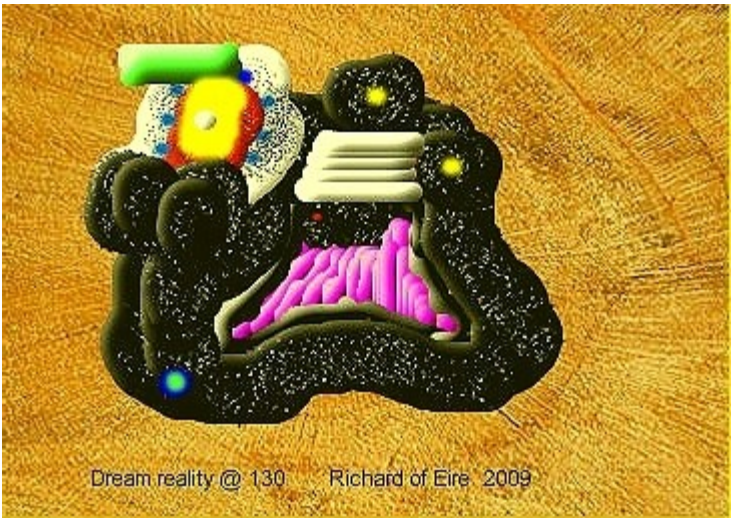
~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to the photograph of Beverly of Lawrenceburg you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me, Beverly. *Beverly:* Thank you, Richard. *Self:* You're most welcome, Beverly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Noa Bursie of Buffalo. *Noa:* I close my eyes and drink in the meaning and the images behind your words, Richard in *Misty rain softly coming upon the wind*. You have a depth of spirit that is rare. Keep sharing your insights with the world, my friend. *Self:* Honestly, Noa you've no idea how wondrously timing have been these encouraging words of yours: "Keep sharing your insight with the world, my friend."

For like you, my beautiful friend, I had been asking … wondering … seeking … for the why I should … but then your words did come here to my ears; to my heart … :) … Thank you. Yes, Noa … let us keep sharing our blessings with those who are in need of our words, lyricals, n’ melodies. Our responsibility to ourselves, and to the One who has bestowed upon us so many blessings … :) … is to give, n’ to know how to receive with love. Welcome to this new day … Noa … this new day

that we are very blessed to be in: participating in …:) … a new day in which to love in word, lyric, n' melody. Gratitude-ly.
Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Seer Head Nebula.

The one who brings a good word in due season Dream reality 130

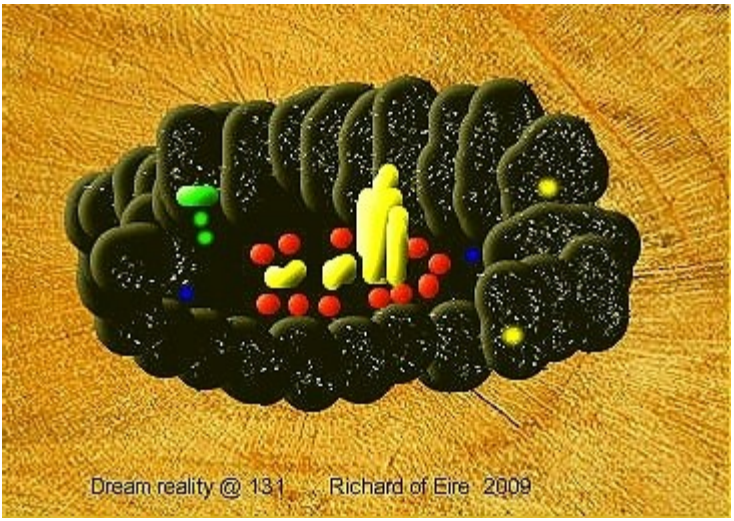


River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 26th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me AyJay of California. *AyJay:* Hi Richard, I just dropped by to say hello, and to wish you much wonderment and inspiration! *Self:* So good to see you, AyJay!
Thank you. Blessed is the one who brings a good word in due season; blessed be AyJay. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in

the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Toby Jug Nebula.

Sun-kissed hair alighting upon a white cardigan
Dream reality 131



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 27th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person. *River Mirth:* Of whom? *Self:* A harmonious woman. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her? *Self:* No, this is my first time ever seeing her. Yet, I know not how it has come to be, but I do know her to be my friend: Swan of Bayern, Germany. *River Mirth:* Can you describe her? *Self:* Yes, she's very beautiful. She's wearing a lovely smile, golden sun-kissed hair alighting upon a white cardigan over a white blouse. And she has her hands partially in the front pockets of her long white pants. *Swan:* Hi, Richard? Lovely it is to meet you. *Self:* Hi, Swan! Beautiful to meet you.
Here are some nice words for you from one of my writings: "The Qadisha valley-spirit of Lubnan Mountain ever lives in inspiration; inspiration's gateway being the issuer forth of ideas that nourish the needs of the times that be. Subtle she is almost like as

if she were making no effort at all. Yet be she is most assuredly. Only those who lend themselves to patiently and reverently standing in dawns and twilights can begin to appreciate her profound generosity …" (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon,* A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*) Looking forward … :) … to culturing a beautiful

friendship. With gratitude, and well being, Swan. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of the grotto here. *Self:* Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* I'm hearing a woman's singing voice! It's so extraordinarily beautiful. *River Mirth:* Is it coming from the great golden sceptre? *Self:* Yes, it is. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise her voice? *Self:* No, but it seems very familiar to me. *River Mirth:* What's the lyric of her song?

Self: She sings,

> "Nothing can come between us and the love of …,
> even if we are troubled or worried,
> or being persecuted,
> or lacking food or clothes,
> or being threatened or even attacked.
> These are the trials through which we triumph,
> by the power of … who loved us.
>
> For I am certain of this:
> neither death nor life, no angel, no prince,
> nothing that exists, nothing still to come,
> not any power, or height or depth, nor any created thing,
> can ever come between us and the love of …
> made visible in …"

These words I'm quite familiar with, and I know I have heard this beautiful voice speak and sing to me before somewhere, but I don't know where or when. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Antennae Galaxies.

Sunning flowers n’ butterflies in play Dream reality 132

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 28th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Hello, my dear Richard!!! Since many days ago I am having some problems with my left arm and I cannot be long time in front of the computer. I only want to leave greetings and to tell you that I am always thinking of my beautiful friends. And of course to send you many very great hugs!!! Much, much love!!!!! *Self:* Tayira … :) … how happy, how truly happy I am to see you … :) … What a beautiful gift: a gentle breeze window of fragrant sunning flowers n’ butterflies in play about … :) … Thank you. With my soothing massage of the sole of thy right foot may thy left arm be with finding itself with thy love for it to be fully restored … :) … yes, restored to fully hug thy beloved ones there about thee, n’ we all here beyond thy spacious fragrant window … :) …

Gratitude-ly Lovely. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Polarissima Borealis Galaxy.

It’s the love of rippling effects upon thy heart Dream reality 133

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 29th May 2008. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere writing a poem with view-listening to Sheela Langeberg of Tanzania & South Australia’s beautiful *Kilimanjaro*.
With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Kilimanjaro lady will fly with thee ◊

Here we go, here we go Sheela yo lo lo lo la!
Up n’ down the rolling seas we go.
Oh, glory, glory why do sailboats take their time on mountain slopes?
It is, Richeart the love of rippling effects upon thy heart.
We be the smoothness of the future coming into the past.

Who is there; who is there who will dance with me?
Ah, it is I, it is I, Richeart, yes it is I who will dance with thee.
Here, here, take, take hold of my hand n’ away we go to Kilimanjaro.

Softly, softly now we go for Moon be strolling in contemplation by yon eastern hills.
What, what, hop, hop n' away away lightly we go.
Sheela, fly, fly, fly with me first about planet Earth,
n' then away away we to play about Venus, Jupiter, Neptune n' Apollo.
Albeit by other names more native be they well known to thee, likely.
What say thee, Kilimanjaro lady?
What say thee, will thee fly high n' beyond with me?
Yes, yes, Kilimanjaro lady will fly with thee, Richeart of the Sea.
Yo lo lo lo la la la la lo la!

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here you will have composed this poem for Sheela. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Sheela:* WOOOOOOOW! Richard, I'm speechless. What an honour! Thank you ever so much! It's for people like yourself that I continue to do what I do. It's for the inspiration like yours that I shine. It's for the love like yours and others that I radiate. YOU ROCK! *Self:* Sheela … :) …Thank you …:) … for your most gracious words. You're most welcome for it is honoured and delighted I am that I could be with hearing *Kilimanjaro lady will fly with thee* from your beautiful work: *Kilimanjaro*. Every work contains many such hidden treasures … :) … and I? … :) … well I have been most fortunate to have found this one … :) … treasure. Only those who daily rise afore the sun and meet themselves face to face can truly
appreciate the meaning of these true-to-life words of yours Sheela,
"It's for people like yourself that I continue do what I do." While most of the time we hold this conviction deep in our hearts, there are also times when we wonder and even question 'Why…' but when we are

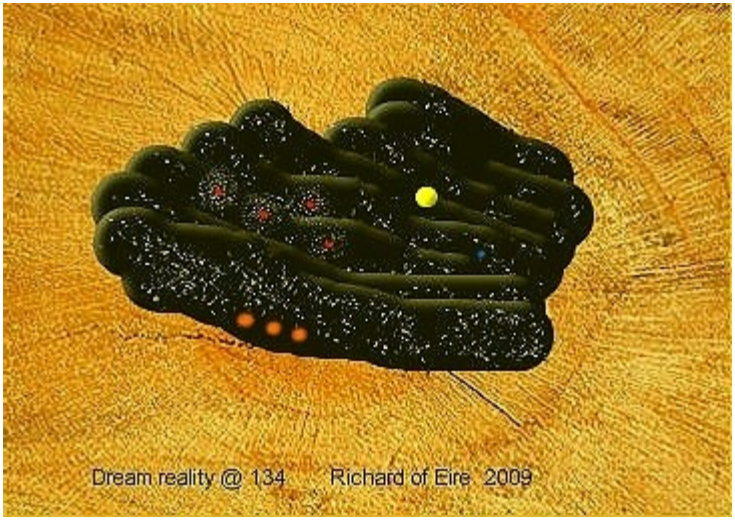
blessed to hear from the ‘people like yourself’ who have perhaps been needing to hear our words, see our actions; needing to receive that timely validation from us … :) … it is then that we are given a tremendous wind-beneath-our-wings ascension. Sheela, you have done that for me … :) … Thank you. Joy heart-fully. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Noa Bursie of Buffalo. *Noa:* Be blessed ... be encouraged, my dear Richard. You do indeed touch the world one poem at a time. x *Self:* Thank you, Noa … :) … by your words

you have blessed ‘this’ world here … :) … With the new day be with loving the greater world in the Noa-way … :) … the Noa-way which includes the hurt of heart that goes with having such a beautiful and most admirable style of engagement with the world. Blessed will be all those who will be brought into your presence this new day-to-eve-to-night … blessed truly. x … x upon the palms of thy fragrant blessed hands. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Hi, Richard, I hope you are having a beautiful inspiring day. *Self:* Hi, Lovely Olivia … :) … Thank you.
Oh, n’ thank you so much for the beautiful artwork … :) … containing the words: “Go confidently in the direction of your dreams. Live the life you have imagined.” Yes, this is truly a helpful word. Methinks … :) … Olivia you’re enjoying living your life confidently; living your wondrous dreams olivialy. Thus, happy n’ blessed be those who are near to thee.
In-spiringly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Hi, dear Richard, Just dropped by to say, hello. *Self:* Hi, Nabeel … :) … Some nice words for you: “4:2 And a great multitude having gathered in a place, you will speak to them a parable: 4:3 ‘A skilled sower of wheat went forth of a spring morning to sow his seed, and in his sowing some indeed hap to fell beside the way, and the birds of the heavens did come and consume it. 4:4 And a few seeds indeed hap to fell in the rock crevices, and having sprung up, they did wither, through not having sufficient moisture. 4:5 And a few seeds indeed hap to fell amidst the brambles, and the brambles having sprung up with them, did deprive them. 4:6 But most all of his seeds fell upon the good ground, and having sprung up, did yield upon each and every stalk seven ears of wheat. 4:7 And ye, having ears to hear, let ye hear.’
4:8 And your followers will be questioning you, saying, ‘What may this parable be?’

4:9 And you will say, ‘To you it hath been given to know the secrets of the reign of The God. 4:10 And this is the parable: The seed is the word of The God, 4:11 And those beside the way are those momentarily hearing the word, but then along cometh Troublesome, and taketh up the word from their heart, lest having believed, they may have life in full. 4:12 And those in the rock crevices are they who when they first may hear the word, do with joy receive, and for a time do believe, but come a time of anxieties and they do fall away. 4:13 And those amidst the brambles are they who have vaguely heard the word, and going forth with it through extremes of life are made by them deprived. 4:14 And those upon the

good ground are they who with a generous heart, having clearly heard the word, do comprehend it, and bear fruit in abundance." (Source: *A Jesus of Nazareth*, Chapter 4 Teaching and living) With my compliments, and blessings, Nabeel. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Swan Nebula.

Words are meant to set us free to fly lyrically Dream reality 134



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 30th May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a letter in part, n' in part a reply.
River Mirth: Of what do they read? *Self:* They read as follows: "My Friend, my dear Friend, What entrapped my beautiful heart so to have sent thee this very day these pain-filling words: "My dear, my dear One,

You will move me down so low till I will fall into the abyss, then it will be me that you will so miss. Yet, into the abyss if it is your wish I will go,
But know, I shall take you with me. Hand in hand we will go, slowly down the wicked line of progress in motion, this I guess is so." What entrapped my beautiful heart so to have sent thee this very day those

pain-filling words?" And in reply, "Why, why, my dear Friend? Why, why fret thee to me over so many things? Our words to we in the wide open spaces, n' in the secret are meant to be - of love, beauty, n' enlightenment. Then why? This dawn a soft breeze blew through my profile of flowers as it is wont to do from time to time, n' did rearrange all the precious portraits there into a near different pattern. And when I did them behold anew, did I with gladness discover that all my blessed friends; yes, ALL my blessed friends were still here smiling about me.

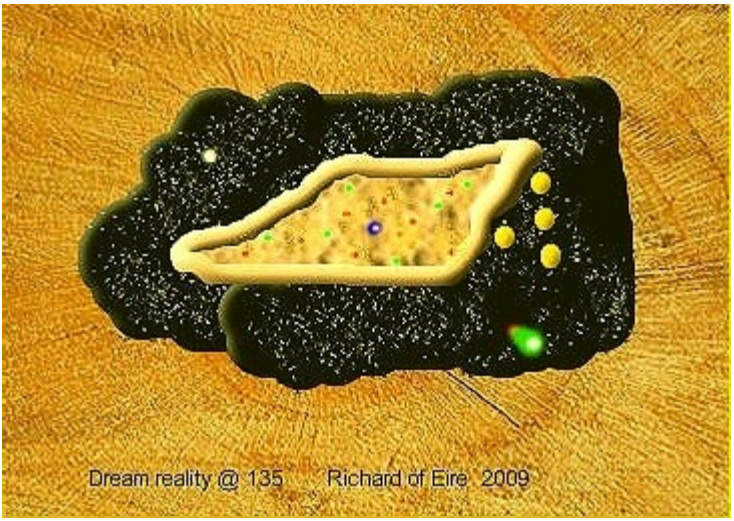
And so too were all my blessed friends in my overleaf. Oh, would that all my friends could be dwelling in a single place in my garden. My garden; my lovely garden has no exalted lodgings, for my garden ... :) ... is a Garden of Love. And from time to time a gentle breeze comes n' joyfully n' with much playfulness all but rearranges my garden, whenever it senses that a change of view will be a bringer of an even greater goodness both to me, n' to my blessed friends. So, my dear Friend ... :) ... be with full ease ... :) ... for Generous Breeze has left thee here for me, n' for thee among my blessed friends, be thee in this part of my garden or in the overleaf. Our words ... :) ... are not to be entanglements rather un-knottings; un-knottings of our hitherto terrestrial appreciation of love.

For our terrestrial appreciation of love is but on the way of being brought into a more profound appreciation of Greater Love. Yes, our words are meant to set us free to fly lyrically that we may delight to alight wherever we please; yes, delight to alight wherever we please ... :) ... be it in the near n' far eternities. For, my dear Friend ... :) ... we, n' all here are meant to be heralds and blessings of love to all whom we are given to meet, be it in the realms of the imagination, dream or reality. Please, my dear Friend ... :) ... please resume writing beautiful words: thy beautiful love words for us all to see n' appreciate abundantly ... :) ... especially by me. I love my Garden of Love ... :) ... a blessing for me from Above ... :) ... to

tend, n’ to care for it day-nightly with joyfulness of heart … :) … this being me full-filling my favourite part. ”

Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Grus Quartet Galaxies.

Seeds are carefreely finding a comfortable place
Dream reality 135



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 31st May 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows: "Friends, "Do you think the world is a wide place? Look over out that window there. What can we see? The Hill of Cathay. And over there in the shimmering pond? Oh, they're the isles of Indonesia. Let's go up shall we and view in all directions from the tower windows? Oh, look there is the Grove of Africa, and over there? That's the Big Field of South America. There is the Snowy Mantel of Alaska, and there? Oh, that's the beautiful Grove of Aurora Borealis. How far do think it is from here to the bottom of that field? Oh, I did hear Daidí say, that it was about ten to twelve thousand miles to most of the bottoms of the green wavy fields. Some though are even much further he did say, such as over there the beautiful Grove of Aurora

Australis. That’s very far. How far is it to Butterfly? Many many big fields it must be, I’m sure.
So the world isn’t really very wide, sure it’s not, when you think of such a great distance as from here to Butterfly, is it? Yet, it’s still fairly wide enough, if we were to set out at one step at a time in the adventure of it.
I suppose. … What if we were all swept away in a snow avalanche? It

would be the greatest of fun so it would! We'd be flying passed St. Petersburg, along by Minsk, Krakow, Vienna, Milan and !!! down into the Mediterranean with a great splash !!! nearby cosy Genoa we'd beeeeeee!
It would be something else wouldn't it, if on our way down we were to splash instead into the waters off beautiful Venice? All the peoples there would be so excited and would be with asking where we had come from and how. We could tell them that we had come on a great white gondola from the Arctic Ocean. Oh, they would love that, wouldn't they? ...."
(Source: Hearing in the Write, Eighth canto Mamaí agus Daidí)
With gratitude and well being ... :) ... for your friendship, Richard"
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* A lot of treasures I found on your profile, Richard.
Much to explore and quite a lot of inspiration!!! Love the German version of *Ave Maria*. Who sings it so beautifully? Here by the noon light of day ... just puffing some dandelion magic your way ... And, oh, not to forget: there are no limits! *Self:* Thank you ... :) ... Swan for your gracious words. You're very welcome ... :) ... Your ... :) ... puffed this way lovely white dandelion seeds are carefreely finding a comfortable place for themselves here in my heart-garden ... :) ... May they find the soil therein to be ... :) ... most enriching. The beautiful rendition of *Ave Maria* is by Barbara Bonney. In my Greater Space, Swan I know there to be no limits ... :) ... yet, with sojourning here on this beautiful planet (with now just over five decades), I have experienced so many limitations. Thus, my daily activity has been (as much as possible) taken up with avoiding encountering or engaging with limitations. At the same time, I have been culturing myself to accept certain limitations in order to have a more satisfying experience of life on this planet. Certain limitations would seem to be a necessary prerequisite; a precondition of a kind for dwelling here

in harmony. Interesting, isn't it? … :) …limitations can be a blessing. Oh, thank … :) … Goodness for the gift of imagination: yes, my ever-present gateway found on woodland paths, in waving fields, along by shimmering brooks, and on mountain sides … ; imagination my treasured gateway to my Greater Space. Swan … :) … have you discovered such gateways in your own beautiful surroundings?
Gratitude, n' joy-ly. *Swan:* Sir Richard of Éire, Your poetic words are gently laying themselves down here in MY heart garden!
There is a saying by von Goethe: "In der Beschränkung liegt die Freiheit'
(You can achieve freedom through limitation.) Is this alike to your meaning, Richard? In the ONENESS with myself there are not only

gateways to greater space but also no limits whatsoever!!! For me the gateways mean a direct connection to the fountain of ONENESS called INSPIRATION, out of which I'm able to transform bits into the materialized world, be it with music, poems or any other art form [i.e. on a very good day ;-)]. With many smiles, I wish you a lot of those fine days, Richard!!! *Self:* Swan, very happy I am to hear that my words are finding a welcome in your beauteous heart-garden. Blessed n' honoured am I truly. I appreciate the truth behind Goethe's saying: "In der Beschränkung liegt die Freiheit" "One can achieve freedom through limitation" "In restriction there is (a certain amount of) freedom." Thank you … :) … for sharing his saying with me. Swan, what I really like are these following words of yours: "In the ONENESS with myself there are not only gateways to greater space but also no limits whatsoever!!! For me the gateways mean a direct connection to the fountain of ONENESS called INSPIRATION, out of which I'm able to transform bits into the materialized world, be it with music, poems or any other art form [i.e. on a very good day ;-)]." I would like, if I may to learn more from you of "… the fountain of ONENESS called INSPIRATION …" as it shows itself in your own daily life. May this new day, Swan … :) … leading itself on to a new night be with blessing you with the sacred gift of inspiration-transformation. The world needs gems of inspiration. Thus, let us in-spire … let us in-spirit … :) … let us out-breathe good words …. Niveau-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me on a May morning visitation to the Church of the Lilies here in Tallow, as I like to call it, for it presents so many beautiful depictions of lilies either being held by someone or featured in the wall or floor designs. *River Mirth:* Are you entering or have you already entered?
Self: I've already entered, and am sitting here in the front pew of the right hand side aisle; the front pew which has here next to me the letters JC, MC carved in it: sitting directly down from the beautiful statue of Our

Lady there on the right before the sacristy door. *River Mirth:* Is there anyone else in the church? *Self:* No, there's only me. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* I'm suddenly feeling that I should go up and stand before the statue. This is something I do occasionally if I'm on my own in the church for I like looking up at her beautiful face. Yet, this is my first time having the sudden feeling that I should definitely go up. I like looking at statues wherever I go for statues be they on religious, spiritual
or secular themes like paintings or books are beautiful works of inspiration, particularly when they have been created by artists of great

skill who delight in going with the processes of spontaneity; artists who passionately create as if they themselves were the work. Her face is so beautiful this morning, especially her lovely clear eyes are of a soft warm green hue. There have been times when she appears to my eyes as if she were a living breathing woman who is standing right here above me, and softly and lovingly looking down into my eyes; into my heart. But in every case, I would always put such impressions down to the playfulness of sunlight coming through the stained glassed windows or my own drifting away away imagination. Yet, having rubbed my eyes a few times already, and checked the angles of the sunlight coming through the stained glassed windows about, there is no mistaking that what I'm now seeing here above me is not a subtlety of winged flights of light or my own drifting away away imagination, but rather an extraordinarily beautiful, living, breathing woman of my own age or slightly older who is softly and lovingly looking right down into my eyes; into my heart.
She's as real this moment to me as I am to her. *River Mirth:* Who do you know her to be? *Self:* An extraordinarily beautiful incarnation of Great Universe love. *River Mirth:* Who do you know Great Universe to be?
Self: Love and beauty. *Visitation Self:* Great Universe love and beauty incarnated to you, Rich as an extraordinarily beautiful woman has always and everywhere been with you; is with you, and with you always and everywhere will be. *Self:* Yes, indeed, Rich know it I with full confidence and joy to be true. With me She has been from beyond the womb, in the womb, and from those first light days when born anew.

With me She has been from the wards and theatres of Gurranabraher,
the fields and byways of Boherderroge,
the master's classroom and playground of Grange,
the corridors and walkways of Dalgan,
the days and nights in France,

the pear blossom streets and ancient palaces of Seoul,
the shimmering shore and peaceful desert at Jeddah,
the barbwired accommodation and classrooms at Shahama,
the days and nights in Lebanon,
and here always n’ everywhere She be
in the house home n’ environs of beauteous Tallow for me.
Yes, as the bright sun in the heavens above is She to me;
Her fragrant raiment the blue sky patterned with white clouds
yielding themselves to many glorious hues.

Yes, always and everywhere majestically shinning
She be;
shinning She be in my heart for me.

Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Rho Ophiuchi Nebula.

Imagination n' I go image in image Dream reality 136

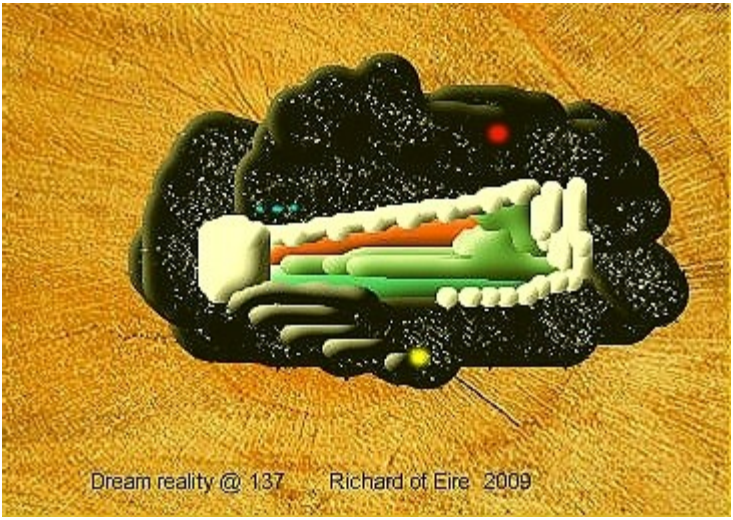
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 1st June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Hi, Richard, Imagination is all we need … *Self:* Swan, limitlessly (as far as I can see) … :) … I-magination and I go image in image … :) … wondrously. *Swan:* Richard, To add to our conversation of earlier, I want to let you to know that I really appreciate that you like my word on ONENESS. Sure I can answer your question about daily life. In

short: by embracing the polarities means to avoid any judgement.
Thus, I’m able to achieve the state of ONENESS in my daily life.
ONENESS to INSPIRATION to CREATION Creation could be anything also in daily life ;-) How lucky I am to love anything I do and

have to do!!! I suppose, Richard you are well familiar with all those thoughts and certainly you are able to present them in a far more poetic way! It's a very special pleasure for me to talk with you … *Self:* Swan … :) … the pleasure is mutual. Fragrant-ly. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Sunflower Galaxy.

Let ye be with entering into fine discourse Dream reality 137



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 2nd June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere and writing a poem for Ian St. Ian of Raintree County while view-listening to a beautiful photograph of his of a golden field of corn. With my compliments, gratitude, respect,

and well being am I composing it for him. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Golden Sun n’ Blue Sky ◊

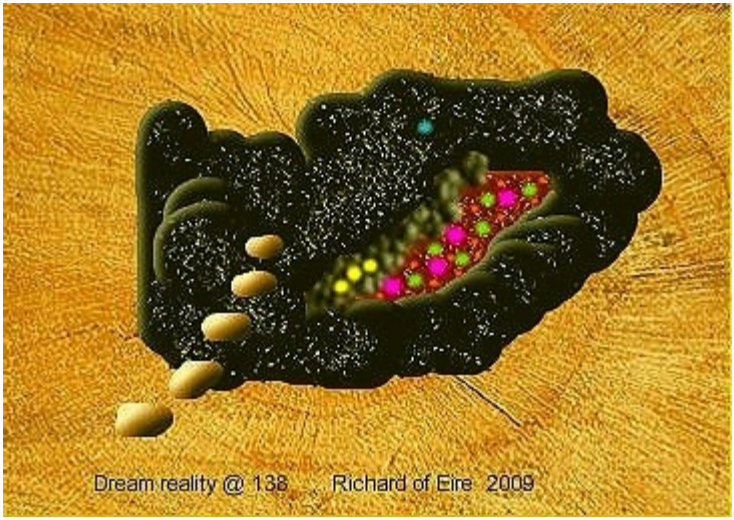
With the last few days I’ve been beside myself.
Why so Fence Post?
You’re okay for you’re standing out there in the middle of Field.
Not so me Tree for I’m all but covered over by these Lovelies here about me.
They’re making me feel I no longer have any function to play.
Over these past few days, I’ve been loosing my sense of my own prominence.
Fence Post we know that we are somewhat rapidly over taking you in prominence, but it is not our intention.
We grow this way n’ are so this way.
Me too Yellow Lovelies n’ Fence here growing between ye n’ Tree n’ all the ways over there beyond to Grove.
Tree, you n’ Grove over the way, might ye know what is happening; what is happening to us all?
Friends have ye no recollection?
What is recollection Tree?
It’s remembering past events; something that happened last night, yesterday, a month ago, last season or several years ago.
We hear your words Tree but they make no sense.
I am as I am.
Yes, n’ we too.
Yes, n’ me also here spread out all about.
Only we see shapes n’ colours about us; see you Tree, Sun, Sky n’ that’s all there is.
What is this curious thing of which you spoke Tree; this recollection thing?
Ah, I’m going to take a nap now for my branches are beginning to weight me down somewhat.
While I be napping, let ye be with entering into fine discourse with Golden Sun n’ Blue Sky.

They're always great conversationalists; great enlighteners.
Golden Sun n' Blue Sky what is recollection; what is remembering past events?

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to Ian's photograph you will have composed this poem for him. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Ian:* Thank you, Richard.
It's beautiful! *Self:* You're very welcome … :) … Ian. Thank you for your photography skills. May there be many more. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Butterfly Nebula.

An undiscovered pearly nautilus in a shoring tide
Dream reality 138



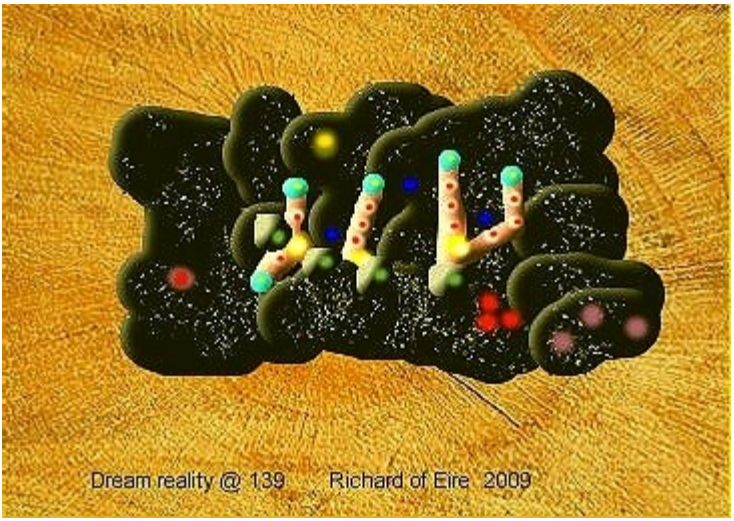
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 3rd June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows: "Friends, "Soft rain falling. Hush allay, hush

allay, hush allay. Juicy sweet mandarins to share on tropical beaches.
Summer solstice calls to me to remember half-evenings of chandeliers.
Hear the falling of the waterfall. Something strange and wonderful moving about inside my roots. Must be with the first ever of the last procedure. Sometimes stray dogs run across open fields calling out to the unseen. What is a modern discovery if it’s parcelled up and left for years

and years on end inside the back of a post office? I've seen men, women and children quarrelling over a lump of coal. And all them before did find empty milk, porter, whiskey, and wine bottles buried in their acres.
The brightest rays of sunclouds are in the pools of country roads. Oft when on my way home from primary school did I dismount from my little red bike to play my little pretty hands in their silky soft shimmerings. Imagined myself I to be like unto Holy God playfully touching the face of the waters. And it felt good to be giving gentle movement to stillness; knowing that stillness to be stillness delights in being moved from time to time. See there how Sun gently moves the stillness of the blue skypool.
Oh, how skypool delights in being moved! See there the swirlings and curlings returning it to a fresh stillness. Oh, happy Holy God, Sun, and I we three be! ... See I in infinitesimal transformations when I'm alone in my bed of seaweed off the coast of the isle so free. Did you dream perhaps of any co-relationship between the amount of seaweed that be with resting itself up against the shore and the abundant goodness of the inhabitants beyond the cliffs? Dreamt that I was with skilfully dancing a small smooth flat white stone on the waves. If a mountain is irresistibly raised above the sea what makes that of me? An undiscovered pearly nautilus in a shoring tide of your distant tomorrows. What can be observed in the boiling of an egg in a saucepan of water? Bubbles and rolling bubbles. Interesting it is to watch, isn't it considering that the rolling of clouds is oft so very near the ground? I'm not with standing under your understanding. More I am if it seems I am with misunderstanding. ...." (Source: Hearing in the Write, Ninth canto Metaforms of Metaphors) With gratitude and well being ... :) ... for your friendship, Richard" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Sculptor Galaxy.

Cuireann sé an-áthas orm a bheith anseo Dream reality 139



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 4th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me standing at an indoor podium and giving a talk. *River Mirth:* Can you describe the scene? *Self:* Yes, I'm standing at a white podium facing an audience of happy people. There are old Greek or Roman style pillars supporting the building. The floor is wax shinny, and temporarily affixed to the white walls are many beautiful paintings done by children. At the foot of the second pillar down from me on my right sits a very beautiful young girl on the floor with her right shoulder leaning up against the pillar. She has long black hair, and is wearing a pretty necklace, a very colourful long floral designed dress having a red top, and on her right hand she's wearing a pretty golden bracelet. On the floor next to her she has a lovely matching floral designed handbag. Next to her sits a boy who would appear to be a younger brother,

perhaps. He has close cut brown hair, and is wearing a black T-shirt and trousers. He has a blue jumpier wrapped about his waist for the room is warm. Both of them are listening very attentively to my every word. Over by the wall to the right, I can see my friend Jim Maguire’s smiling wife Ha-lim, and their beautiful bright

daughters Sile and Sinead. And next to them is my lovely Sung-ja.
There's a soft purple light shinning down on the sheets of paper here in front of me. My right side is seriously hurting me. There are three people sitting behind me, and next to them is an exquisite traditional Korean screen. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise any of them? *Self:* Yes, but only one, my friend: teacher, poet, writer, Jim Maguire of Wexford, Éire. *River Mirth:* What is the content of your talk? *Self:* It speaks as follows:

"Gaeilge:

A Dhaoine Uaisle, A Chairde,

Cuireann sé an-áthas orm a bheith anseo libh anocht ag an ócáid liteartha seo do mhuintir na Corea agus na hÉireann.

Ar dtús ba mhaith liom mo bhuíochas ó chroí a ghabháil le Jim agus Ha-lim a thug an cuireadh dom bheith anseo anocht.

Korean:

家族, 親知, 同門 여러분 韓國과 愛蘭 間의 例外的인 文學의 밤을
榮光스럽게 생각하면서 特히 Jim과 Halim의 '조용한 사람들'
公式的 發刊式 招待에 感謝드립니다.

Friends, Special guests,

This night marks an important literary milestone in helping to bridge the cultural divide between Korea and Ireland.

I am greatly honoured and very pleased to be here to share this unique literary event with you.

Before saying any more, I would like to sincerely thank Jim and Ha-lim for inviting me to officially launch his one-of-a-kind work, namely “Quiet People”.

When Jim first asked me would I consider launching his book for
him, I was quite taken aback for why should he ask me. I am nobody special other than a self-designated rural philosopher-poet-artist, and of the lyrical kind into the bargain.

Surely, I thought to myself that from among the many of Jim's friends both in Korea and also here in Ireland there would be one who would be more suitable for this great privilege.

However, the long and the short being that Jim talked me into; telling me that definitely I was the one who he wanted to launch his work for him. I am honoured Jim.

Having received a copy of the book from Jim, I deliberately put it aside for a few weeks without even opening a single page of it for I knew well from the moment that I would open it, I would be carried back to beautiful Korea. I would not be able to concentrate on my own work for like Jim I too had lived in Korea for some thirteen years, albeit our experiences of Korea greatly differ.

From time to time in Korea, Jim and I had the good fortune to run into each other in the always-welcoming Columban house, in Donamdong in Seoul.

From the word go we appreciated each other's views on life. But do know what, you might think you know a person from just chatting to them, but it is not until you read a book written by them; written by them from the heart that you truly get an appreciation of the sheer brilliance of the person.

Well Jim is such a person; a genius when comes to the art of description.
And this unique courageous work here is a testimony to his skill.

I will now share with you some of my own impressions of “Quiet People”.

And, yet, rather than try to explain my findings, impressions, I would prefer instead to let them float here in the air before you for your own reflective consideration.

This work tells of how being in a very different place over an extended period of time i.e. in a non-native place acts upon one's mind (especially, if one is living there on one's own).

When one is out of one's native comfort, one is brought face to face with a whole new never-thought-of-before world of realities. And this world
forces us to be very observant of life, much more observant than we would ever have been back home.

Jim, through his various characters invites us to walk with him through the wonders of this non-native place that we may come to appreciate his own encounter with himself. For Jim this non-native place was Korea.

He presents his work to us as if were a scene from a play.

The non-native place caused him to notice for example:

Similarities between Catholicism, Confucianism; Christianity , Buddhism.
To be thinking more deeply about his family back home in Ireland.

Cultural conflicts were everywhere: for example signs, posters

"Let's Be Competitive Down to the Last Grain"

Too rigid; need a Madri Gras or whatever.
Getting away, taking a break from the everyday formalities.

Dream away:

We can spend a lifetime together within the space of 4 stops on a subway.

One can spent decades living in a foreign culture such as Korea and never have left one's own culture, country.

"He likes the temples" (the Buddhist temples are significant throughout.). Retreating to the Buddhist hermitage.
Cover; Zen circle; beautiful brush images done throughout the work by Mrs. Hwang Ji-soon (Ha-lim's mother).

While there in the temples he allows himself to take in the beautiful scenery; refreshes him.

Beautiful imagery:

“I can still smell the incense and see the dappling of the sunlight and shadows of maple leaves on the polished wooden floor.”

He is constantly placing himself within another’s mind set; even going as far as trying to think as a Korean; male and even female.

E.g. inside the character Suk-hi’s mind as she stands on the subway platform.
The effect is amazing.

Conflict and tension are forever wafting in and out of the text as in the case of the character Thomas going up to bed after being questioned by his parents.

“The room is calm and private but quickly fills with the noise of everything that has happened.”

It’s like that throughout the work: constantly things are encroaching upon the peacefulness of his mind.

Problems of returning to one’s native land; even for a visit.

“He had been too long away and the subtleties of small talk were being lost on him.”

Fact: no matter how long we’ve been here (Korea) we never fit in: never fit in completely….he feels this.

Need for suffering in order to be able to understand.

“He wanted to be able to see the world like a Korean man.”

Problem with his own foreignness.

NB “Because she was seeing things from a different point of view.”

Through his various characters, Jim brings out the problem again and again of how far one should let oneself go into the native culture; the problems with going native.

Constantly encountering paradoxes for example feeling so desperately alone and lonely despite being in such close proximity of others.

(Sadly, this is something that can also be experienced not alone in a non-native culture such as Korea or Arabia but also here in one’s native culture of Ireland.)

He brings our attention to a very interesting and oft painful phenomenon (of living in the foreign culture) in that quite of the blue, and seemingly for no apparent reason whatsoever, someone turns against him in the workplace, and when confronted about this no explanation is provided. And this can go on for weeks. The uneasiness which this causes.

Although, we don’t perhaps intentionally go to live in a foreign place to learn more about ourselves as to learn about the foreign culture, the truth of the matter is that the foreign place rather than teach us anything about itself forces us to look at ourselves; have us seriously consider how we look at the world, life and ourselves. This crucial point Jim’s work profoundly brings out.

The non-native culture is squarely asking us:

‘Who are you?’
‘How sure are you of your cultural convictions and religious beliefs?’
‘Come, come aside for a while and see how they stand up against this and this and this situation.’

“Quiet People” is Jim’s attempt to try and discover some of those answers for himself, at least move that bit closer to getting some kind of satisfactory answer.

There is a scene in which Jim presents us with a mixed up young man

visiting a familiar Buddhist temple in search of his teacher that he may regain or even find anew some peace of mind. This section has to be read slowly in order to begin to fully appreciate the torment of mind being experienced.

Honestly, I would consider it to be the most powerful piece of prose I have ever read on the struggle going on in side someone's head.

There is a line in the work which goes:

"Writing had a calming effect on him (Daniel). He felt as if he were purging himself of all of the secrets that had been weighing down on him these past years…."

Well, I am of the opinion that "Quiet People" may very well be Jim's way of easing the burden of all these life-changing experiences and impressions which came to him while in Korea (especially while he was on his own in Korea).

For we the readers it makes for a fascinating read (whether one has been to Korea or not), and even for a certain catharsis in how we view ourselves, life, and the world.

Concluding remarks:

Jim, I will conclude by saying that really you need to take your talent for writing much more seriously from now on. For I am looking at this work here as your 'Portrait of the Artist encountering himself in a Non-native Culture'. I am expecting, anticipating, and encouraging your 'Ulysses' Jim into existence.

I would just like to say to Ha-lim, if I may that your man Jim has done you and the girls proud.
Encourage him to keep on writing and to believe in his talent.

We write not for today but for tomorrow; not for ourselves alone but for our descendants that they may come know who we were, and how we thought and lived.

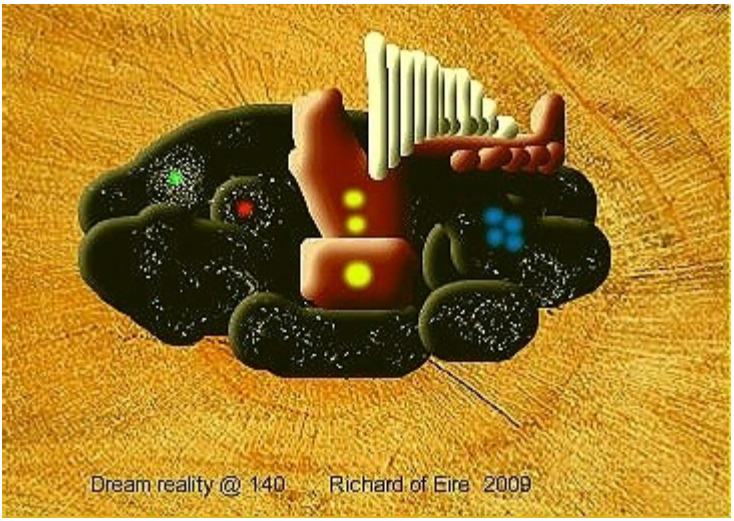
And Jim, Ha-lim and the girls are your greatest blessing.
As you write with a passion continue to love them … love them … love them.

And so it is, with much pleasure, my friends that I now declare Jim's "Quiet People" officially open!

Thank you. "

Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* With finishing many in the audience are filled with tears of joy. And the two lovelies by the pillar there have risen to their feet and are clapping and cheering.
Podium Self: Rich, a time is coming when you will have given such a talk for your friend, Jim. *Self:* Rich, I'll look forward to it. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being will I do it for him. Rich, why is your side hurting you so, and moreover, why did you conceal it from your audience so? *Podium Self:* There's a time and place for everything; this evening is the time and the place for much joy and celebration for Jim, family, and friends. In time and place, Rich all will be revealed that needs to be revealed. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Helix Nebula.

Honoured n’ delighted by your gracious company
Dream reality 140



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 5th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland. *Thanhtuyen*: Richard, I am blown away by your beautiful writing and poetry! Never in my whole life have I read so many deep beautiful thoughts as I had on your page and your blogs. Where do these beautiful writing coming from? Your writing left me with much profound thoughts! Thank you for that Richard!
I want to briefly tell you where I come from so you can have a better understanding of my writing, and what my thoughts of my journey here means for me as a person that often dreams as a way to cope with her life. My childhood was an unforgettable experience for me. I have seen so much devastation as a child growing up in a war torn country. I coped by removing my spirit and sending her to far far away places so the hurt and the pain also go away when my spirit dreams. I often

imagined endless fields of dreams of beautiful visions in my heart ... dreaming of a peaceful place, a roof over my head, some food and water to live by, having friends my age and going to schools etc. I don’t live there any

more. But that experience deeply gave me an appreciation for life.
That I always want to see things for the first time in my life ... that I appreciate the water that we have, the air that we breath, the tranquillity of life as if I still have that child in me and wants to see all things for the first time in my life and to taste and drink in everything, the good and the bad and whatever comes along with my journey here on earth. I still dream as I used to when I was a child ... but this time, it is for different reasons for which I cannot disclose now. When it is time to tell you, I will send you a message. Your beautiful works are brilliant pieces of art which give my heart the flying wings and soaring leap unto my life. Much respect and many blessings, Richard. *Self:* Thanhtuyen ... :) ... thank you for your most charming compliments. With my heart have I been reflectively listening to your words and the vast spaces 'between' them and the lines: "I want to briefly tell you where I come from so you can have a better understanding of my writing, and what my thoughts of my journey here means for me as a person that often dreams as a way to cope with her life. My childhood was … with my journey here on earth."
Should you like Thanhtuyen to stroll along here in MySpace together from place to place, and be with sharing reflections, silences and insights into life; seeing and dreaming life for the first time, then I would surely be greatly honoured and delighted by your gracious company. The beauty of your heart-mind is most welcome upon my own journeying. With gratitude … :) … sky home-ly, Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Seyfert Galaxies.

Soothing touch upon the breeze bringing ease Dream reality 141

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 6th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere, and with view-listening to a beautiful photograph of Linda Kordich of Nevada & California, and having Barbara Bonney singing Schubert's *Ave Maria* in the background am I with composing a poem for Linda. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Constellation Lov Ely ◊

Ave Lin Linda my fragrant healing breath send thee upon this lovely June eve.
Love thee, love thee to health with the waving to n' fro of the welcoming sea.

Soothing touch upon the breeze bringing to thee the greatest of ease.
Lady lady lay thee still awhile to be with letting thy sacred body of its own healing be.

Endearing moist love eyes, smile to be with receiving thine own healing.

Remember, remember me Linda; remember where we last together played?
It was in the over there; moments afore thee entering into life upon this planet.
Ah, ah, alone without thee I could not remain in the heavens to be;
could not remain there even for the moment of one full Earth day without thee.
Oh, no, alone, ah, ah no, alone without thee I could not bear there to be.

Decades n' decades passed by to five without we ever knowing where upon the planet we with dwelling be.
Yet, always I had been hoping that thee be dwelling in joyfulness n' good health by a shimmering blue sea.
And behold, it came to pass in the fullness of this present year's springtime that thee in wandering love of a dawn did be with locating me.
Oh, blessed thankfulness n' joy however about it came to be;
in joy n' blessed thankfulness we now again be in each other's near n' far company.

Ave Lin Linda, I had been missing thee so; missing thee so as raindrops falling way inland do the distant sea.
Recall thee we playing in yon high heavens there in our 'V' n' 'V' entwining place?
To all here Cassiopeia it be known to be, but to we Constellation Lov Ely.
Ave Lin Linda my warm palm hovering o'er thy hurting places.
In the love-faith of our heavenly heritage be healed, be healed, be healed.

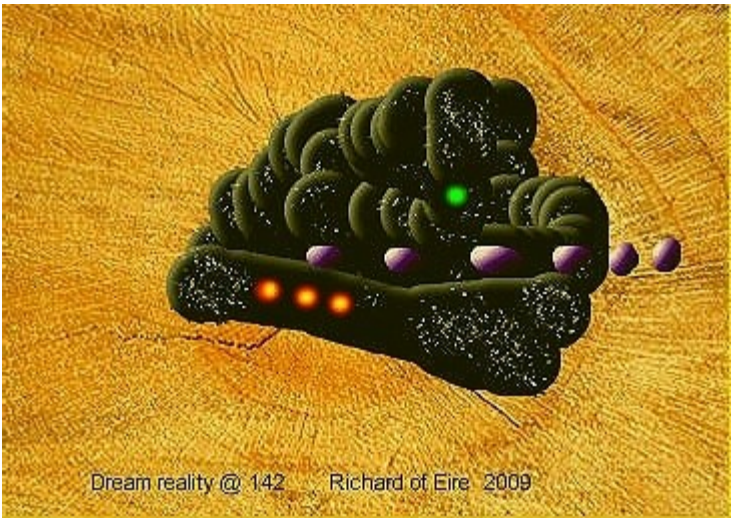
Arise n’ out go now into Sea’s view that fragrant wave after fragrant wave will be with caressing thee all anew.
There stretch forth thy hands to the heavens with giving thy thankfulness of heart.

Without thy love, Lov, Ely had been incomplete.
Lov n' Ely as in the over there so Lov n' Ely in the over here be.
Love, Lov Linda those beloved of thee there by the shimmering sea;
As I, Ely Richeart do love those beloved of me here by the meandering brook.
From shore or grove smiling let we be when e'er we do see the Constellation Lov Ely.

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to the beautiful photograph of Linda, and having *Ave Maria* been sung in the background you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Linda:* The cosmic constellations are showering greatly upon you, Richard ... can you see them smiling at you? *Self:* Thank you … :) … Linda … yes, of course … :) …both the cosmic n' the terrestrial (constellations) … :) ... Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pelican Nebula.

As beautiful n’ mysterious as the rose be the hand
Dream reality 142



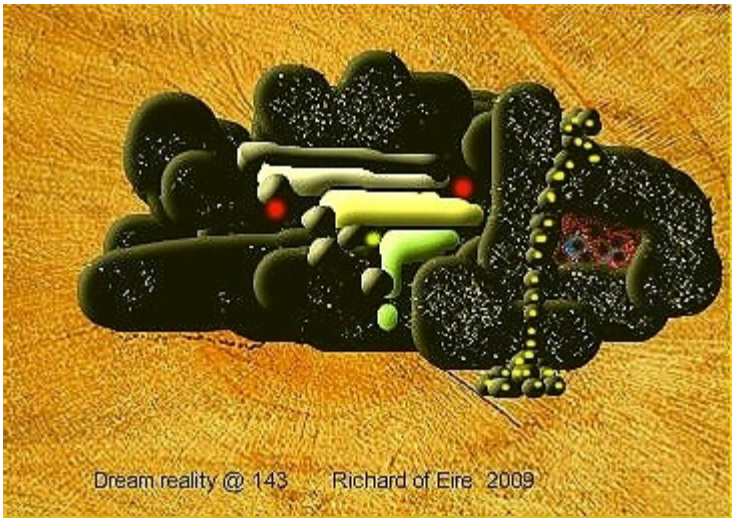
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 7th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Hi, Richard, Here, along for you with two lovely artwork gifts are some nice words courtesy of Henry David Thoreau:
“I wish to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil -- to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of Nature, rather than a member of society.” Many blessings to you too my dear Richard!!!
Much love, light and great hugs!!!!!!!!! *Self:* Tayira … :) … so very nice to see you … :) … hoping your left arm is completely restored to good health … :) … Thank you for your wonderful words courtesy of Henry David Thoreau. And, oh, for the artwork gifts! They’re so beautiful Tayira in sense n’ mood … :) … the lady dressed in blue n’ reclining on a purple carpet before a

cherry blossom tree. Truly lovely. And what about the charming photograph here of the pink rose in the hand palm … :) …. ! Ah, yes as beautiful n’ mysterious as the rose be the hand that holds … :) … Truly delightful. Thank you … :) … with love. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Dear Richard, I apologize ... I have been ill with the flu

so my mind is not all that clear.
Yet I just had to drop by as I gazed and rested upon your stellar written *Constellation Lov Ely*. It is so beautiful, I am in utter awe, as each word has found a way into my heart and now lives there inside, never to depart. I think it's the greatest gift I have ever received ~ a divine work of art. I will chat later with you when I am feeling more coherent. As of now this fever keeps taking a lot of my life force away, but I can assure you I am getting better. I am deeply humbled you are my friend. Many blessings and waves of gratitude are yours, Richard as they reach your shoreline this beautiful day. *Self:* Dear Linda, "…each word has found a way into my heart and now lives there inside, never to depart …" Blessings n' Wave-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Rosette Nebula.

Windings n' weavings to the welcoming hills Dream reality 143



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 8th June 2008.

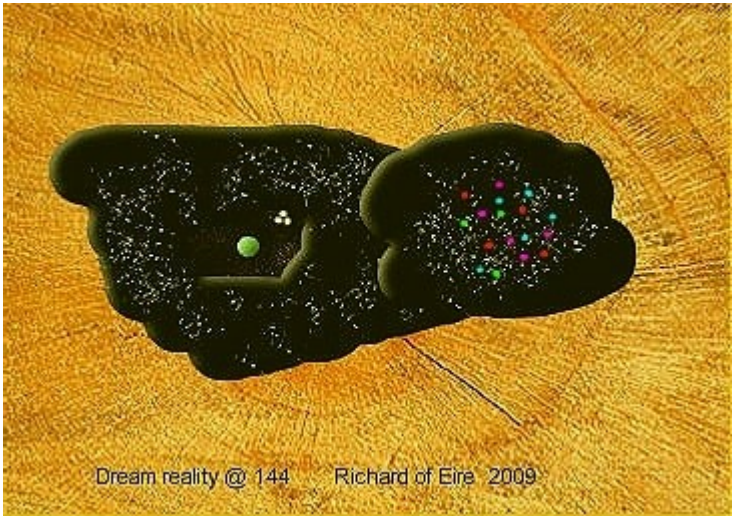
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard, thy healing breath has found its

way into my heart, ever present now ... I am WELL, and it's your healing grace, interlaced with sweet words of purity that has brought me to these shores of vitality today.
Thank you for delivering such beauty and wellness my way. *Self:* Linda ... :) ... very happy to hear that your health has greatly improved. Linda needs Linda to be keeping herself with the very best of health ... :) ...
Be with the healthfulness of this new day. Vital-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Hi, Richard ... I am continually amazed with your beautiful poems and prose. I find gems in each verse and paragraph that I keep for myself.
I would love to do a book with your words and my photos some day.
I love these lines from "Soft rain falling. Hush allay, hush allay, hush allay ... " "And all them before did find empty milk, porter, whiskey, and wine bottles buried in their acres". "And it felt good to be giving gentle movement to stillness; knowing that stillness to be stillness delights in being moved from time to time". "Sometimes stray dogs run across open fields calling out to the unseen". I have to go back and re-read several times ..... just because it's so well written!
Self: Ian ... :) ...you know when I sharing this reflection, I said to myself ...:) ... definitely, Ian will especially like this line: "Sometimes stray dogs run across open fields calling out to the unseen." Thanks Ian for dropping by. I always appreciate your words.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Rich-art, how I love your rich poetic language; the metaphors often seeming to be a little out of this world, but at the same time belonging to this world, of course!!! Just remembering a saying by Schopenhauer which I'd like to share with you, Richard. "Talent hits a target no one else can hit Genius hits a target no one else can see ..." I leave it up to you to decide which of the two are you. Never stop to make the invisible seen ... Looking forward to

reading more of you!!! *Self:* Swan … :) … your heart is a beautiful place; a rich beautiful poetic place, so it is … :) … Yes, from place to place, Swan I do wonder from whence do come these lovely metaphors; these lovely metaphors on their journey to metaforms. Must be something in the air … :) … Thank you for the Schopenauer saying … : … well then methinks, Swan … :) … that Richard perhaps is neither talent or genius, rather he is more of the impossible target to hit or on a day the invisible target to find. Yet, I do believe Swan's lovely arrows are well finding their mark.
Therefore, I will claim that much talent and genius reside in the heart of Swan. Be by the waters's edge to behold the invisible becoming visible n'

the visible becoming invisible. Looking forward to listening to the songs of the one who ‘lays down on a meadow close to heaven’ … :) … with reference to your beautiful poem, *Among the stars*. Lyrically. *Swan:* Rich-art of Éire, The windings and weavings of your mind fill me with delight!!!
Now that we know who we are We can meet in the garden of air With ease and without arrows Exchanging metaphors ‘on their journey to metaforms’. Simply. *Self:* Golden-to-white hued Swan … :) … Then may it be so; may it be so that thee be … :) … carried most delightfully upon such windings and weavings to the welcoming hills; to the welcoming river valleys n’ groves of my heartscape. Yes, simply n’ wonderful-ly … :) … metaform-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Eagle Nebula.

Like the twilight fields have for the dews of night
Dream reality 144



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 9th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me two letters, and some quotations. *River Mirth:* Of what do they read? *Self:* They're

from my friend, Jim Maguire of Wexford, and they read as follows:

“Dear Richard,

Just a few short words to renew our gratitude for all you and Sung-ja have done for us.

Over the past two days, lovely responses about Wednesday night have been filtering back. One thing is clear – that your presence and your words have touched people deeply, that they penetrated across generations and social backgrounds in a way that seemed to bring people together while also filling them as individuals with a sense of the wonder and goodness of their own humanity.

It was truly memorable, Richard, the sheer beauty of what you did and the care you took in doing it.”

:::

“Dear Richard,

Just to thank you again for the lovely time you and Sung-ja gave us in Tallow. We were nourished in all kinds of unexpected ways – not only the great food and chat but the memories we took home of the Cistercian chapel and the monks and Mount Mellery in the evening light. Not forgetting, of course, the pictures you painted of that laid-back gentleman (of Jeddah by the sea) with his foot on the dashboard – it stills gets me going every time (as the girls will tell you the next time we meet)!

I read your (*The Avondhu*) article, Richard, and have kept it close at hand. I can feel the quiet, powerful work it has done in Tallow and beyond. Even its brown envelope here on the desk has a power of its own.

A couple of nights after Ha-lim brought home the article, there was a good programme late at night about the homecoming to Russia of Alexander Solzhenitsyn after his long exile in the States. There was a simplicity and truth in the way he spoke which I was more open to after reading your piece. Afterwards, I downloaded his Nobel Speech where, again, I kept hearing echoes of yourself. In case it might be of interest, I'm passing it on.

We are in back-to school mode here - pulling up our socks and getting ready to face the world again. But it'll be good and we've lots to look forward to.

With thanks again, all of us here are thinking of you and wishing the best for you and your work.

Warm regards,

Jim"

:::

"Dear Jim,

It was a pleasure having you, Ha-lim, and your lovely bright girls, Sile and Sinead visit us here in our house home in Tallow. We were greatly blessed by your presence, and the memories of your stories, smiles, and laughter will remain long with us.

I am happy to read that my article is being a power all of its own. I only wrote it, the power came to it of its own accord! Words are like that. It's almost as if to say, for a word to be complete is to have power. The extent of the power contained within words is to be found in their arrangements, varieties, and styles. I have found in my own experience with words that they have a special liking for simplicity, like the twilight fields have for the dews of night.

Thank you, Jim for the copy of Alexander's "Nobel Speech". I am carefully going through it with enjoying reflecting on certain power-full word arrangements from among the many!

Blessings, Jim to you, Ha-lim, Sile and Sinead,

Richard & Family"

:::

Quotations: Sample of power-full word arrangements from Alexander

Solzhenitsyn's Nobel Lecture (1970) Translated from the Russian by F.D. Reeve "The task of the artist is to sense more keenly than others the harmony of the world, the beauty and the outrage of what man has done to it, and poignantly to let people know." "Not everything has a name. Some things lead us into a realm beyond words. Art warms even an icy and depressed heart, opening it to lofty spiritual experience. By means of art we are sometimes sent - dimly, briefly--revelations unattainable by reason." "Beauty will save the world." "Works [of art] which draw on truth and present it to us in live and concentrated form grip us, compellingly involve us, and no one ever, not even ages hence, will come forth to refute them." "There is a miracle which they can work: they [art and literature] can overcome man's unfortunate trait of learning only through his own experience, unaffected by that of others. From man to man, compensating for his brief time on earth, art communicates whole the burden of another's long life experience with all its hardships, colors, and vitality, re-creating in the flesh what another has experienced, and allowing it to be acquired as one's own." "Literature transmits condensed and irrefutable human experience in still another priceless way: from generation to generation." "Speechless generations are born and die, having recounted nothing of themselves either to their own times or to their descendants." Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Lagoon Nebula.

How we lived the days n' nights of our lives Dream reality 145

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 10th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me inserting a letter in the post box in front of Tallow post office. *River Mirth:* To whom is the letter being sent? *Self:* To the Editor of the *Sunday Independent*. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

"Sir,

Why was I awoken out of my sleep soon after four this morning (…) with my mind all upset over my only Sunday newspaper: *The Sunday Independent* (dated, …)?

Why couldn't I get back to sleep again, but instead felt that I had no choice but to get up and to write something on the overall tone of the newspaper, in

particular on its magazine *Life*: *Trading Partners* article which seems to me to be loosing all sense of moral respectability and accountability.

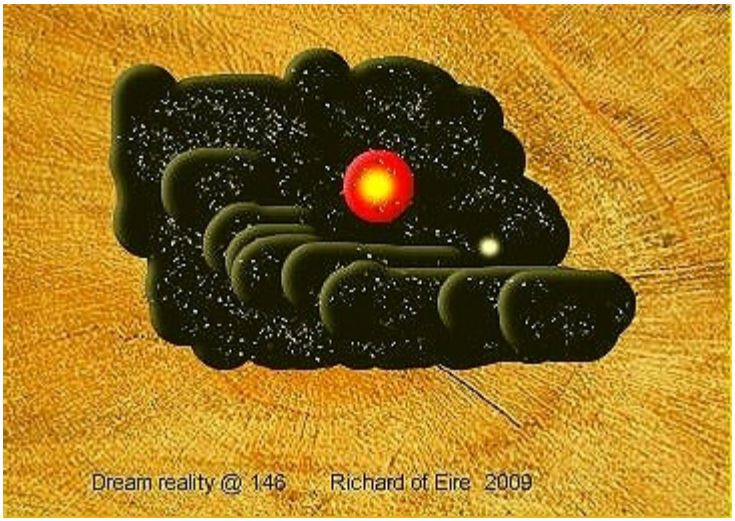
Having lived the first twenty-five years of my life in an Irish Christian society, followed by thirteen in a Korean Confucian, and six in an Arab Muslim, I have been having great difficulty these past seven years since returning here to my native island with trying to cope with this present Irish society which I feel is seriously adrift in the Great Atlantic of Life without even as much as a moral sail, wheel, toggle or rudder.

Officiating at a friend's book launch in lovely Wexford last week, I was amazed by the audience's warm reception and appreciation of my few words. Yet, all I had spoken to them on was the need for us to ask ourselves who are we. How sure are we of your cultural convictions and religious beliefs? And of the need for us to come aside for a while to see how such convictions and beliefs stand up against this and this and this situation.

I had championed that we write not for today but for tomorrow; not for ourselves alone but for our descendants that they may come know who we were, how we thought, and how we lived the days and nights of our lives. Thank you."

Posting Self: Rich, although you will have written this letter, and sent it, it will be rejected by the editor. Still, remain of a goodly courage, and be not silenced, for I go before you, and am with you.
Self: Of a goodly courage I'll be, Rich. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?
Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Copeland's Septet Galaxies.

Fragrant outpourings of my bountiful cornucopia
Dream reality 146



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 11th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere, and with view-listening to a beautiful photograph of Swan of Bayern writing a poem for her. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* By way of introductory words it follows to read: Swan, from the first moment I beheld your beautiful profile photograph, I knew that it would be only be a matter of time until I would give freedom to my heart; freedom to my pen to write some lovely words for you … :) … Please, accept them without limits as an expression of my love for beauty. Swan, in this lovely warm June night, I see you as depicted in this charming photograph to be the beauty that fills my gaze, and in these following fragrant outpourings of my bountiful

cornucopia of love is my love for beauty being given expression.
With deep thankfulness of my heart for your beauty.

◊ Swan so lovely in thy glory ◊

Swan so lovely in thy glory.
What place has no beauty in thy presence?
Float with me in the starry heavens holding
freedom to be the first act of letting go.
Come with the wind that carries away all the
seeds n' needs to be in ever returning.
Sense is but the limit that owes its allegiance to
the heart.

Shoreline in mystery be with finding me strolling
in full heartedness way out into the future.
Unto the very moment my eyes beheld thy beauty
was I enamoured of thy delicate loveliness.
Join with me in gliding n'eath the arches of
medieval stone bridges to rise high above the
tree tops n' to wheel about again n' through.

What is the forgotten but the coming into the
uniqueness of blessedness.
Swan, this night I do be with hearing violins
softly playing sweet melodies to the forthcoming
dawn-in-waiting.
Oh, see; see Her yonder there smiling by the Oak
of Ten Thousand Ages!
Swan, be always n' in everywhere thy beauteous
free delicate lovely self.
And, if thou shouldest happen of a May to June
season to behold me as yellow flowered river
grass all in shimmering happy wavery, then
come;
then come glide in n' alight there by me that we
may be with refreshing our eternity.

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to this photograph of Swan you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said.

Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Bubble Nebula.

Old stone bridge hidden deep in a mountain valley
Dream reality 147

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 12th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Rich-art, I'm more than honoured to have been the subject of your reflections about BEAUTY! I'm flying high with the flow of your poem, unable to comment on it right away for I need some time to translate this lyrical masterpiece into German while trying to preserve all the colourful nuances!!! One thing though, I know for sure right away: the love for Beauty we do have in common! "... gliding n'eath the arches of medieval stone bridges ..." Rich-art, look at this photograph I have here of a beautiful old stone bridge hidden deep in a mountain valley.
Is that the bridge you are thinking of??? Thank you for your beautiful mirroring-full of beauty. *Self:* Methinks ... :) ... BEAUTY is as much n' even more honoured ... :) ... in having Swan be Her representative.

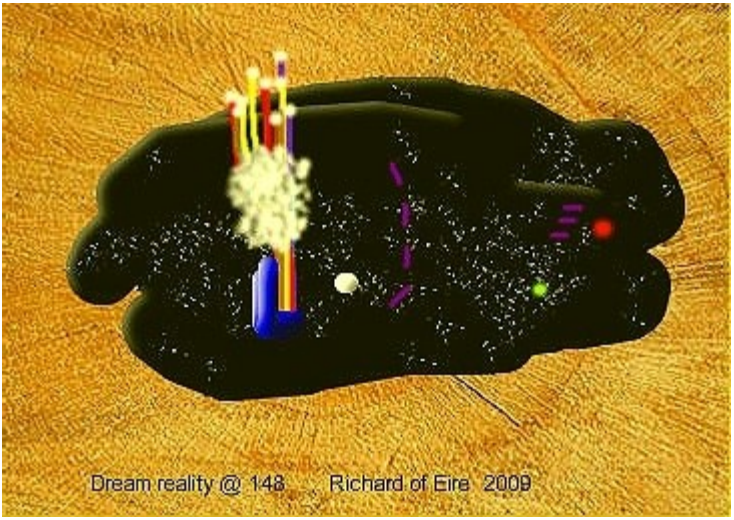
Yes, Swan, BEAUTY … :) … She loves us very much …:) … this is for sure, for everywhere She seems to delight in subtly opening our senses-heart to Her charming presence.
Yes, … :) … I do believe that photograph you have there of the beautiful

old stone bridge hidden deep in the mountain valley may very well be ‘one’ of our many favourite stone bridges in which we will delight in gliding n’eath its ancient arch. It’s beautiful, Swan. Surely, you have a lovely eye … :) … for beauty. Beauty-full-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard with reading your: *Swan so lovely in thy glory* Beautiful and elegant!
You are so masterful with thoughts and words ... such a great flow. I love
“gliding n’eath the arches of medieval stone bridges” ... and the “Oak of ten thousand ages”. I can hear the violins ... and see the endless shoreline.
Just amazing stuff! *Self:* Ian …:) … you’re very welcome. You have an eye and ear for beauty through and beyond the presented word. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Richard with reading your: *Swan so lovely in thy glory* You are great Richard!!! A really sensuous person!!!! And here is a nice flower gift for you. Warm hugs, my dear friend!!! *Self:* Thank you … :) … Tayira for your lovely words n’ for oh, the flower gift … :) … so refreshing in fragrance n’ beautiful in appearance … :) … Very much that of its gracious sender. With a kiss a pair upon the palms of thy family-loving hands. Blessed are they of thy bounteous love. Warm hugs, Tayira warmly received. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Richard with reading your: *Swan so lovely in thy glory* You express the most beautiful things in such a distinct and colourful way. You have all my respect for this, Richard. *Self:* You’re … :) … most welcome, Beauteous Olivia. Blessed am I by your presence n’ words of wisdom. My respect … :) … for thee in turn, Olivia. Lyrically. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me L of Chicago. *L:* Richard with reading your: *Swan so lovely in thy glory* A sweet melody. Live in a dreamworld ... *Self:* You’re … :) … most welcome, L. At times … :) … I do also enjoy strolling in the real world, but of course in a dreamy

kind of way … :) … Gratefully. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Richard with reading your: *Swan so lovely in thy glory* What place has no beauty in thy fantastic Swan, Richard of Eire? What word has no beauty in thy hand Richard of glory? *Self:* Thank you, Nabeel … :) … Noble is a fantastic word n' as such how truly beautiful is the name Nabeel … :) … Nabeel? Yes, Nabeel as in the beautiful name, Nabeel Issa. Blessingly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Katie Mavromati of Egypt & Greece. *Katie:* Richard with reading your: *Swan so lovely in thy glory* SO LOVELY! Thank you.

Self: Lovely is the lovely, Katie ... :) ... Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Soft Eyes Galaxies.

Find the outer form n' return it to my inner Dream reality 148



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 13th June 2008.

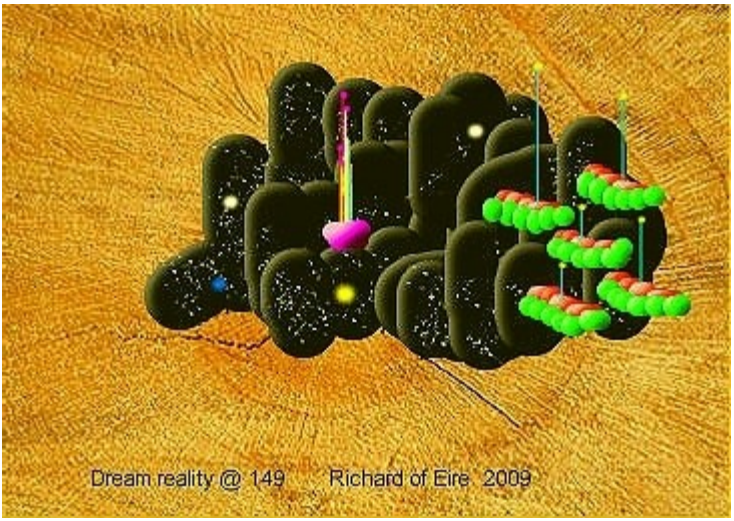
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows:
"Friends,
"Are there formulae for all events considered in their entirety? There must be something for how could there be nothing at all in the cupboard? My sense of exploration is all put down to finding slippers under the bed. I didn't know that you even had a bed. Ah, I have.

My bed is beneath my feet. My pillow is that hill there and my blankets the clouds of heaven. A pretty big bed you have then. That's the veriest of thought so it is. Find me a historian! I need to be listening to a historian.

What good does it do to be listening to one such as a historian? I have a liking for history. I'm with thinking that historians be liking to focus way

too much on events that glorify the destruction of virtue. Find me the outer form that I may return it to my inner for consideration. We are of the inner life and outer form. Someone will be coming around to sweep all the first and last few decades of the twentieth century away into a Roman cowshed.
I see. Is that the way it is with the hay? It is indeed, when one kicks the pail after been stung by a tail. Ah, it's falling apart you are now. I have a sense that Rene Descartes would have come up with a whole different view of life, if he had like Jerome only taken himself off to the desert dunes. Sun beating down on one's head there drives thought into ones sandals. Anybody can be a recluse for a few days, weeks, months, years even for one's whole life time, but it's far more difficult to be a wayfarer, and yet have the complete heart of a recluse. One finds oneself in one's company and companionship. I have tried to originate some tomato seed from the palm of my hand. Originate timelessness and see how well it grows tall and produces fruit in abundance. Bitter or sweet? Where do you hail from, honestly? If a person takes the inside of a paint can and turns it inside out, do you know what it might mean to the anaconda of the jungle deep? Assuredly you are jumping off the deep in of the shower unit. Unite and be one with yourself before the cauliflower takes to launching Vast Space into Earth. ..." (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Tenth canto Mystifyingly gnarled) With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard"
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pleiades Merope Nebula.

Singing birds upon a white ornate veranda Dream reality 149



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 14th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere and with view-listening to Elsa Marie of West Amwell's lovely photograph of a fern am I writing a poem. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ Along Ages n' Ages think I ◊

Along Ages n' Ages think I for I have been here
on this lovely planet for a long long time.
I have a memory of my own arrival.
Ah, yes, it was of an April morn; yes, of a lovely
April morn just like this one.
When I first arrived, I remember I was Elsa as
you n' Rich are; yes, a human being.

But as everything goes through the miracle of metaformation, I am as you see me now in my higher n’ most noblest form.

Delightful Fern n' respectfully we have always been led to believe that we humans as we are in human form be the greatest of all living forms on this beautiful plant.
Be with thinking it to be so, but your greatest is all be-forming within n' be-fore you.
Beauteous Fern would you like to be a human being again?
When of an Age you will be with finding yourselves metaformed then you will know if being a human being is to be preferred to being a fern being or if a fern being is to be preferred to being a human being.
Yet, verily I can assure you that on both accounts you will be very pleasantly surprised.
Elsa n' Rich, I am delighted that ye are here in my company to be with chatting n' together enjoying receiving Sun's light, warmth n' love.
And we too Fern are delighted to be in your company in this lovely April morn of this blessed Age of the blessed Ages.

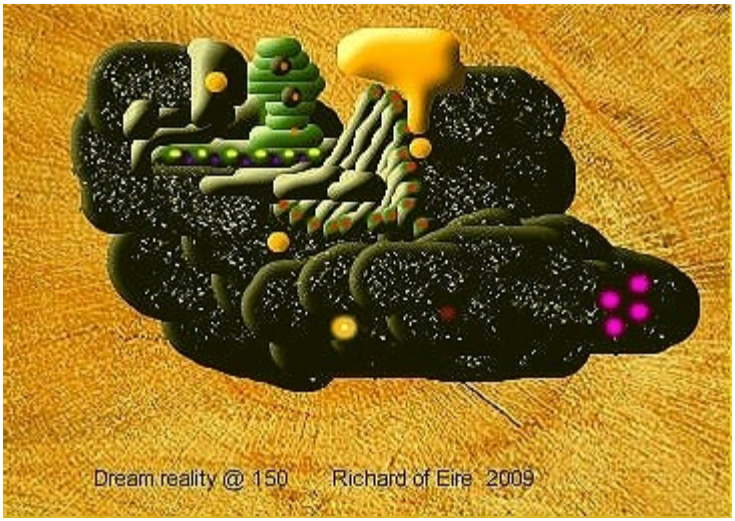
~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to Elsa Marie's photograph you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Elsa Marie:* Hello, Richard, Thank you for these beautiful words which you have graced my photograph with. You take us all to magical places with your beautiful writing. Thank you for sharing your gift with us. *Self:* Elsa Marie … :) …you're most welcome. Your photography is wonderful! It was a joy to be inspired by that lovely photograph of the ferns. I have always had a great liking for ferns. Joy n' lovely smiles of this new day be with you, Elsa Marie. Fern-ly.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Rich-Art with reading your:
Along Ages n' Ages think I

“... but your greatest is all be-forming within n’ be-fore you ...”
Rich - are those who have the talent to juggle words and metaforms
with graceful ease - in such a way that it is pure joy to join them in their primal play ... What a coherence this can be!!! meta formically. *Self:* Your beautiful words, Swan have already delightfully metaformed themselves … :) … into sweet singing birds upon a white ornate veranda of my heart. In pure joy, Swan am I joining them in their primal song; their primal song thy profound mind-heart to me revealing ... :) … Danke,

Yes, Swan meta-formically … :) … And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Noa Bursie of Buffalo. *Noa:* Hello, Richard,
You are so kind and so poetic and so natural. Somehow, it never matters what kind of mood I'm in, you have the power and presence to lift it up.
Much peace and love and music to touch your spirit. Thank you, Richard.
Self: I love …:) … your beauty of heart n' smile Noa; your voice n' musical ability. Blessed be all those who are beloved of you, Noa.
Continue this day-to-night-to-day anew … :) … to sing ~ silent ~ speak ~ sing ~ silent ~ speak from your sacred heart-to-senses … :) … Lyrically. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pencil Nebula.

Le poète est semblable au prince des nuées Dream reality 150



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 15th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Dear Richard, In Nature, I find myself. In the Stars, I find myself. In love, I find all of Creation. *Self:* Nature in Linda finds a delightful expression of Herself; Stars in Linda find a light

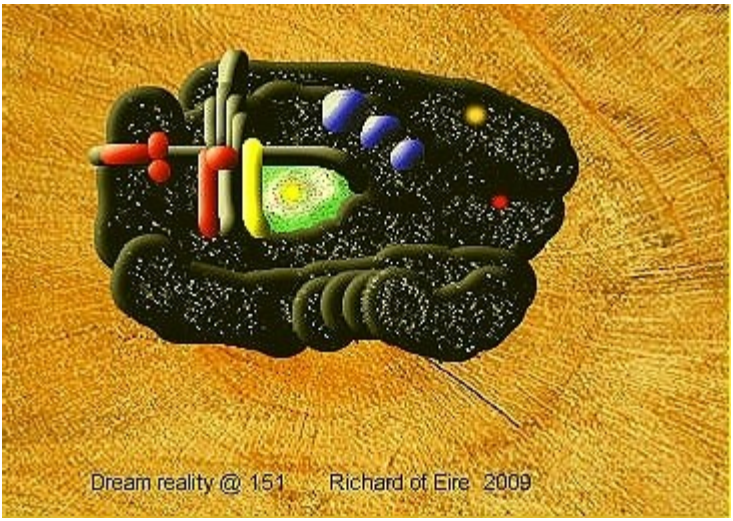
upon Earth, And Creation in love, yes, finds Linda in love. Oh, the flower gifts by three are beautiful! They present in their strong colours a sense of vitality, Linda; a sense of good health …. :) … ! Happy for thee, lovely lady, New day-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia.
Nabeel: Richard, "Le poète est semblable au prince des nuées Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer; Exilé sur le sol, au milieu des huées, Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher." The poet is like the prince of the clouds, Who rides out the tempest and laughs at the archer. But when he is exiled on the ground,
Amidst the clamour, His giant's wings prevent him from walking.
Charles Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*,
'L'Albatross'—'Spleen et idéal' no.2
With my compliments. *Self:* Nabeel, thank you for sharing Charles Baudelaire's powerfully insightful words: "The poet is like the prince of the clouds, Who rides out the tempest and laughs at the archer. But when he is exiled on the ground, Amidst the clamour, His giant's wings prevent him from walking."
And a word in similitude Nabeel … :) …. "Stephen, following his own thought, was silent for an instant. The soul is born, he said vaguely, first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. … I shall try to fly by those nets." (Source: James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young man*, Chapter 5) Blessings of this new day be with finding you Nabeel welcoming them with joyfulness of heart. *Nabeel:* Richard, thanks for the beautiful quotation from James Joyce. There must be a telepathic communication between our minds. Before hearing the quotation, I had been thinking about a passage I had read in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young man* and in the very same Chapter 5 too where he says, "The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his

handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." How ironic! *Self:* Yes, Nabeel this kind of 'telepathy phenomenon' happens to me quite often in my daily life; be it with my family or with my friends on MySpace. And when be times, Nabeel strolling in my garden, I have oft noticed that there are also some other interesting flowers growing there. See over here is a Clairsentience, a Clairaudience, and a Clairalience, and there; see there by the rock is a Claircognizance. Oh! n' over there by the ivy endowed neapolitan seat is a lovely strong scented Premonition. How about … :) …. in your garden, Nabeel? Enchantingly. *Nabeel:* Congratulations, Richard on the

interesting “clair” flowers growing everywhere in your parapsychological garden, and thank you for enriching my imagination with your flowery vocabulary. “The poet is the priest of the invisible.” (Source: Wallace Stevens, *Adagia*) Poetically. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland. *Thanhtuyen:* Dear Richard of Éire, This morning I am thinking of you and wishing you a Happy Father’s Day filled with endless fields of beautiful images that fatherhood has brought into your life! Enjoy this day as I honor you! Love and respect. I hope you don’t mind I addressed you as Richard of Éire as I think it is unique and beautiful. *Self:* Thanhtuyen, thank you … :) … I’m receiving this greeting with the sure feeling that it is coming from a beautiful woman; yes, a beautiful n’ marvellous mother who surely daily appreciates the honour, the joy, and at the times too the difficulty of being a parent in these modern times. How to guide our children by example … :) … in our intentions, our words, n’ in our actions is our ever-present concern … :) … n’ fun. With reference to your courteous words: “I hope you don’t mind I addressed you as Richard of Éire as I think it is unique and beautiful.”
I am very happy, Thanhtuyen that you like addressing me as ‘Richard of Éire’ for this is a name that is very dear to me. Thank you … :) … With blessings of love, gratitude n’ joy. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Have been en-Rich-ed
with Natures Art these day be days - morphing myself into myself in simple happiness ... Meet you in M31 for a deeper conversation ... if you don’t mind - never would I dare to disturb your greater space there, though!!! *Self:* Swan in simple happiness … :) … my mind-to-heart welcomes thee; welcomes thee n’ thy words as do the flowers in thy soft, fresh, fragrant photo gift to me do most gratefully welcome the light, warmth, n’ love of near star Sun. Swan, yes, come … :) … well come … spacious Morphing Tree One welcomes thee n’ we unreservedly … :) … to be with enjoying our

deeper conversations. Come. In surely this a lovely Bavarian day, Swan be with enjoying morphing thyself into thyself … :) … yes, in simple happiness enjoy thyself being thy myriad meta … :) … selves. Danke … :) … fully. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Caelum Supercluster.

Surpassingly peaceful n’ refreshingly joyful Dream reality 151



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 16th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Hi, Richard, I stopped by to wish you a beautiful and inspiring new day, and to give you this scenery gift. *Self:* Lovely Olivia … :) … thank you. Oh, and for the beautiful scenery gift!
It’s full of life … :) … And here … :) … Olivia are some nice words for you from my *Hearing in the Write*. “I see a face! I see a face most beautiful.
Where? Where? There between the poplars. I see no face. Wait a minute!
Now I do. Who is she so beautiful? It is the Lady Olivia Juliet Mary Teresa Argentina. I can’t believe how beautiful she is. She like fine wine with golden age only better and better becoming…” (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Second canto Modus Vivendi) However, this afternoon … :) … it is the beauteous face of Lady Olivia Gray of

Spain & Switzerland, I do see … :) … between the poplars. Great-full-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Richard ... still from earth. While you are meandering, please, be careful. Remember what happened to Phaeton ;-))) *Self:* I find, Swan that of all the many varied and wondrous places that I enjoy to be sojourning in: in the Great

Universe (for use of a better title); sojourning here on beautiful plant Earth in this human body form … :) … can oft be more threatening to my peace than in any other place (out there). And so for this reason, I need to day-night-ly return 'abroad' … :) … i.e. leave the planet to enjoy being surpassingly peaceful, and as such refreshingly joyful upon my return. Thank you … :) … Swan for your caring advice, Joy-full-ly.
Swan: Richeart, thank you for your revealing words. You know, Eridanos led me mistakenly to the story of Phaethon in the *Metamorphosis* by Ovid - therefore my word to take care when meandering eridanus-ingly in those spaces!!! I was just amused by the imagination that you as the son of Helios are steering the sun-carriage ... I easily comprehend your necessity to leave this planet Earth from time to time to regain the fruits of Love, Peace and Freedom - similar to some necessities I expressed in my lyrics for *Traumzeit - Zeittraum* actually in all of my poems ... Meet you in this joy, Richeart. *Self:* Swan … :) … lovely is your phrase: "Meet you in this joy, Richeart." Swan, I only borrow the familiar constellation, star names e.g. Cygnus, Eridanus, Pegasus etc. to help give our friends some general idea of where I am. I don't adhere to the starlore traditionally associated with these constellations, and stars. I am heartened to read that you "easily comprehend" my "necessity to leave this planet Earth from time to time to regain the fruits of Love, Peace and Freedom." With visiting some of your poems, Swan the following touched me:

"Tomorrow
I meet you
in a garden of air

An accordion
composes dreams
among moon and cloud

I walk among the stars ...

Time is trotting
speechlessly
by my side

Lays down on a meadow
close to heaven
and sings..” (From: *Among the stars*)

"I pick stars … put them in my hair.
…
With you
I sleep in the naked desert,
the northern star beneath my head.

With you
I dance on the rainbow,
and sprinkle arid land.

With you
I run to meet the nearness,
like the wind …
sweeping dreams together." (From: *Traumzeit - Zeittraum*)

I truly appreciate the freedom-peace-love of your mind, Swan … :) … for with I sojourning here on this lovely planet is it encouraging me to be greatly enjoying my own freedom of thought n' expression; to be filling with peace my heart n' letting it brim over with love … :) … Oh, n' enjoy a new video on my profile: Charles François Gounod's *Ave Maria* … I think Swan it's lovely … :) … Thank you … :) … lyrically. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pisces-Cetus Supercluster.

Pause awhile to compose some verse for her Dream reality 152

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 17th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me The Wahtry Taht of Virginia. *The Wahtry Taht:* Hi, Richard, Just dropped by to say that I haven't forgotten you ... rather it's just I have been a lazy girl ...
I hope you like this nice painting gift. *Self:* Great to see you, The Wahtry Taht ... :) ... The painting gift of the lady musing in the boat is quite lovely ... :) ... thank you. I wonder why is she there on her own; what is she thinking about? Is she aware of me leisurely boating on by her?
Should I pause awhile to compose some verse for her n' paper-boat it over her way ... :) ... or should I just keep on upon my way ... :) ... to be with letting her reflect her thoughts in the watery way? What say thee, The Wahtry Taht? Boating leisurely.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting in the attic at home

writing a letter to someone. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows: “Friend, my dear Friend,

Thank you for your very encouraging words with reference to my work, and for your generosity of time and effort on my behalf. I want to tell you a little story … :) … Some six weeks ago, I was happily writing away

here late at night in our three hundred or so year-old attic when I heard some ‘scratching’ sounds above me in the ceiling: in the narrow (6 inch) space between the ceiling and the slates. At first, I thought that maybe it was a crow finishing off some late night snack. But then I thought to myself crows are not out and about after sunset. Then I thought perhaps it was a mouse. But that would have to be a very strong mouse to be able to scale the outside wall of our three-story fortress. Suddenly, the scratching stopped, and I didn’t hear it any more for the rest of that night. Now, two or three nights later, again I heard the same scratching kind of noise. And not alone that, but in two different places in the ceiling going on at the same time! Naturally, I imagined that the original mouse had gone down in the meantime, met a friend and had talked about the nice place that he had discovered, and so invited him to come on a way up. This went on for a few nights, until I couldn’t take it anymore. I said this is my work place, my spaceship. I was here first and besides that it was now becoming an issue of protecting my personal library with its many books. I remember on my last trip to Beirut in Lebanon in April 2006 for the Gibran Kahlil Gibran International Conference, I had been shown a special library containing very old books dating back hundreds of years which had been gathered from monastic hermitages and caves throughout Lebanon, and brought there for safety. I vividly recall being shown one precious manuscript in particular which had been gnawed by cousins of my little attic friends, namely rats. And this strongly-impressed-upon-my-mind memory came rushing back to haunt me. I lovingly glanced about at my books here in the attic, and I made up my mind that however much I love all animals great and small these mice just had to go before they would find a way down into my library. So I set about the next day trying different recommended methods to have them vacate the premises. And a night or two went by without any scratching, and I was slowly beginning to feel happy again, when woe and behold the scratching

came back! Yes, that desperately annoying scratching had returned! Only now instead of it being in only two places, it seemed to be in four, five or more. I was at loss to know what to do. So in a moment of frustration, I wrapped on the ceiling, and
I heard this great ‘shuffling’ sound as if a mighty herd of ‘something’ was on the move down inside the ceiling towards the eves. It didn’t sound like mice. This continuous shuffling lasted some 20 seconds! And that’s a long time; too long, and very strange. I had asked Sung-ja to check out back to see if she could notice anything. And to our delight she noticed;

yes, she noticed many bats flying from a hole in the masonry just beneath the slates. Now at least we knew who our visitors were. Ireland being Ireland and our situation being our situation we had no choice but to take care of this problem ourselves. We had to find a way to have all of them vacate the ceiling, after which we would seal the entrance so that when they would return after their night's hunting (sometime well before the dawn) they would have to find some alternative accommodation in some other part of the village or in its environs. So at about 9:30 the next night, Sung-ja I went out behind the house to watch them coming out until every last one of then had left for the night. And when we were absolutely certain that they had all vacated the lofty premises, I sealed up the entrance. But things like this always have some bit of an extra discomfort provided. So while I was attempting to seal the entrance which was in a very awkward location, didn't I accidentally manage to bang my right side (stomach muscle) just beneath my ribcage off a windowsill. For the next two weeks this gave me great discomfort, and no more so … :) … than on the very night I was officially launching my friend's book! (But only Sung-ja and I knew this.) Anyway, that being that we have had no more bats since. An interesting thing, however, call it a 'feeling' but when the bats were in the attic, didn't I have this 'feeling' that there were about fifty of them up there. And when we were watching them vacate through the opening on their night of departure, didn't we count 52 of them! Not one more not one less. Interesting, wasn't it? … With love and blessing, Friend, my dear Friend … :) … most appreciative am I of your passionate-to-goodness friendship!
Richard" *Letter writing Self:* Rich, with sitting here in the attic you will have written this letter to … *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as

the terrestrially designated region known as the Hercules Superclusters.

Honeysuckle charm at the close of an eve Dream reality 153

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 18th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Dear Richeart of Éire, What an euphony for my soul and heart that I've been given so much space and attention through your encouraging words. They really mean a lot for me for they are formed by the Master of poetry himself!!! How I would love to improve my ability to express beauty in the English language to a greater degree than it is possible for me now - sigh ... Richeart, thank you for pointing my attention to the video of *Ave Maria* in the Bach-Gounod version on your profile. Kathleen Battle's lyrical soprano voice is of excellent quality - smooth and without any disturbing virtuosity. I'm always astonished again how perfect this preludium in C originally was created by Bach!!!
I like to confess here that I do love with all my heart the Schubert version of *Ave Maria* sung by Barbara

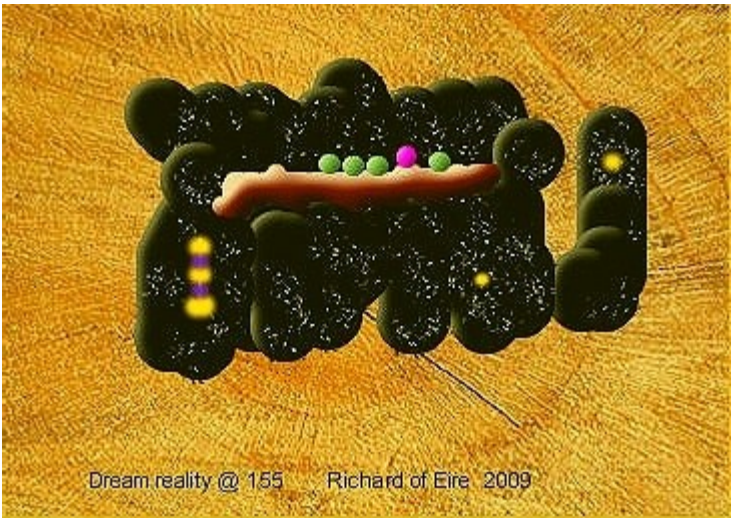
Bonney!!! This is really pure joy - heavenly, intimate and of utmost purity! She never takes over for her own glory’s sake; she’s exceptional in letting herself be carried by the flow of the composition. It’s really like the breath of joy which lies in the dreams and hopes of mankind like sleeping - and it breezes through the

world as a breath of the sky, where the DIVINE itself gets audible for all!!!!
Richeart, I would like you to have this gift, this photograph which I took while out strolling of a day. *Self:* Swan, thank you … :) … for the beautiful phrase: "what an euphony for my soul and heart …" It's lovely, Swan! … :) … You truly know how to beautifully express beauty, so you do. Most grateful indeed am I. Verily, Franz Schubert and Barbara Bonney would be delighted to know … :) … that you do love with all your heart his version of *Ave Maria* and her rendition of it in German.
I imagine … :) … that Swan's own rendition of *Ave Maria* would also be quite beautiful; quite heavenly, intimate n' of an utmost purity. You have a lovely way, Swan: "It's really like the breath of joy which lies in the dreams and hopes of mankind like sleeping - and it breezes through the world as a breath of the sky, where the DIVINE itself gets audible for all!!!!" Swan's very own words … :) … are like a breath of joy in mine ear; a fragrance of honeysuckle charm at the close of an eve; yes, at the opening of a night. Thank you … :) … for the lovely photograph of 'The Softly Smiling Guardian of a Way'. Dreams of sweetness be with visiting you this day-night, Swan, En-chanting-ly. *Swan:* Salute, Richeart!
Take another breath of an extraordinary euphony for your ears: the two versions of *Ave Maria* and this time performed by Jessye Norman, another of my favourite artists. I'm absolutely overwhelmed with your sweet words: '… are like a breath of joy in mine ear; a fragrance of honeysuckle charm at the close of an eve; yes, at the opening of a night.'
Enjoy! Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Aquarius Supercluster.

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 19th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard with reading your: *Along Ages n' Ages think I* What a lovely poem this is you have written for our dear friend, Elsa Marie ~ I'm sure she is tickled pink! These are some recent photographs of mine, Richard of irises in love wanting to share themselves with us. *Self:* Linda … :) … thank you for your encouraging words for our wonderful friend, Elsa Marie … :) … and for your compliment on *Along Ages n' Ages think I*. And thank you for the three lovely iris photographs … :) … and for the very beautiful phrase: "… of irises in love wanting to share themselves with us" Linda, may you this pristine blessed Sun-from-east-to-west … :) … enjoy strolling in the charming company of Blessings of this New Day … :) … always a great listener n' an enchanting 'voice-r' to our hearts … :) … truly an ever approachable, faithful n' dauntless friend, Linda … :) …

is Blessings of this New Day. Fragrantly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Shapley Supercluster.



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 20th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows: "Friends, "How strange is the word coming through the turnstile in the roadside heritage site. I've been raindrops in falling. What did it feel like? It felt heavenly. Were you able to see where you were headed? Rather was I more concerned with enjoying the falling and being blown by Wind. Didn't you hurt yourself with hitting the surface? It's the nature of rain to feel itself no pain. I suppose you were falling up onto the planet, weren't you? That's correct, I was falling up onto the planet. Rings all fly in circles round about the old mound.
Have you been where the entrance to the lost island of ancient Greece shows itself? I've never been anywhere

other than to the next village. If a person takes two dozen different names what can we say of that person? We can hope that the yacht in the bay is securely moored. I intend to walk into my own future. And how are you going to mange that impossibility? Each word is my future. Yours alone? Far from it for all our words go into the making of our own future. What will be said will

be with happening. And what won't be said won't be with happening.
How can you know this to be so?
Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow Sun shining on the beautiful green isle. And behold, on the morrow Sun was shinning on the beautiful green isle as foresaid. Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow clouds softly raining down on the beautiful green isle. And behold, on the morrow rain was softly falling on the beautiful green isle as foresaid. Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow frost covering the entire beautiful green isle. And behold, on the morrow frost was covering the beautiful green isle as foresaid. Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow no hurricane causing widespread devastation on the beautiful green isle. And behold, on the morrow the clime of the beautiful green isle was very pleasant indeed as by roundabout foresaid. What would be said will be with happening.
Future is all in the breathing ..." (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Eleventh canto My Garden of Tiferet) With gratitude and well being ... :) ... for your friendship, Richard"
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Bootes Supercluster.

Looking forward to sojourning upon Earth Dream reality 156

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 21st June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* With my best wishes, Richeart, for this YOUR colourful Midsummer Night DREAM!!! When Light and Dark meet again at Midsummer, Richeart this is considered the height of the summer.
Yet there is an undertone of darkness in the light. While we celebrate the power of the sun, we also note its decline. From now on the hours of sunlight will decrease. The wheel is turning, oh, so quickly it seems. Live this moment while we have it. Pause and listen for the song of the birds of summer, breath the fragrance of a beautiful flower or take a moonlit walk. Soon the shadows of the coming season will turn us inward once more. Richeart, I share with you this subtly beautiful artwork depicting a small portioned sun in eve sky, and in my simple boat secured the remainder; the greater

portion. Out of my Midsummer Night Dream ... for you, Richeart. *Self:* Enchanting Swan … :) … Your Midsummer Night Dream wishes … :) … and beautiful artwork have been warmly received here in my heart. Yet … :) … Beautiful, I would have you spread your wings and fly away with me beyond the ever-near of

traditional ways of seeing star and planetary phenomena. Come …:) … come with me away away to the far n' near M42 nebula! Come …:) … with me away to places where light and dark are always and everywhere delighting in meeting for Midsummer Night Dreams. Let us 'be' our mind-heart in places in the Great Universe where we are no longer confined; limited to the star appearances n' disappearances about one lone lovely planet such as Earth. In the Greater Universe … :) … Swan let us sing the songs of eternal summers all at once … :) … Oh, Joy! … :) … let us be the first to scent the fragrancies of unknown flowers growing all along the banks of forever meandering brooks and riverlets … :) …
Let us enjoy strolling n' chatting away to our mind-heart's content in the ever-welcoming outskirts n' environs of wondrously variegated galaxies.
Swan … :) … outward to the inwardness of the Great Universe, let us be, with finding ourselves. With gratitude and 'well being', Swan, Dreams of midsummer nights of the Great Universe-ly, *Swan:* Richeart, YOU Master of poetic words … !!! More beautiful it is not possible to express the longing of the soul and her rise to the skies: "…Yet … :) … Beautiful, I would have you spread your wings and fly away with me beyond the ever-near of traditional ways of seeing star and planetary phenomena. Come …:) … come with me away away to the far n' near M42 nebula! Come …:) … with me away to places where light and dark are always and everywhere delighting in meeting for Midsummer Night Dreams.
Let us 'be' our mind-heart in places in the Great Universe where we are no longer confined; limited to the star appearances n' disappearances about one lone lovely planet such as Earth. In the Greater Universe … :) … Swan let us sing the songs of eternal summers all at once … :) … Oh, Joy! … :) … let us be the first to scent the fragrancies of unknown flowers growing all along the banks of forever meandering brooks and riverlets … :) … Let us enjoy strolling n' chatting away

to our mind-heart's content in the ever-welcoming outskirts n' environs of wondrously variegated galaxies. Swan … :) … outward to the inwardness of the Great Universe, let us be, with finding ourselves. …" Thank you for this lovely and most seducing invitation, Richeart to sojourn into the seven seas of eternal joy!!! Embracing the polarities-ly. *Self:* Swan … :) … thank you … :) … for these moving words: "More beautiful it is not possible to express the longing of the soul and her rise to the skies …"
And how beautiful it is … :) … Swan to be in the far n' near skies n' to be with looking forward to sojourning upon lovely planet Earth; looking

forward to strolling n' chatting in word n' silence with those beloved of our senses-to-heart. Strolling n' chatting with thee Swan here upon this planet, or be it in the far n' near skies … :) … is truly most delightful. Sojourning here we on this lovely planet is to be of "the seven seas of eternal joy" sojourning … :) … Beyond the setting Moon n' rising Sun of this new dawning, Swan are places unknown … :) … awaiting our fragrant visitations. Senses-to-heart-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Sculptor Superclusters.

All in a handful of charming word formulae Dream reality 157

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 22nd June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland. *Thanhtuyen:* Richard with reading your: "How strange is the word coming

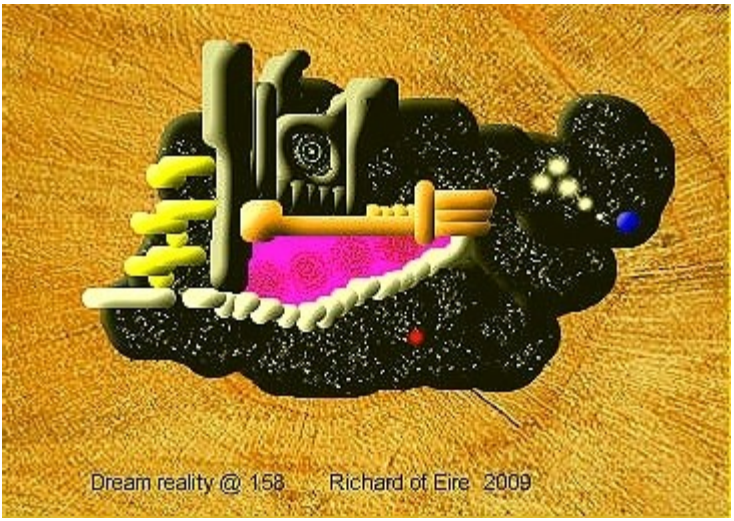
through the turnstile ... ” Words of much wisdom, Richard! Thank you. Yes, I own my future! I walk into my future knowing that everything about me ... my body, my feelings, my voice ... all my actions whether they be for others or for myself. My future will be what I want to become with it! I own my fantasies, my dreams, my hopes, my fears,

my sorrows, my pains. I also own all my triumphs and successes as well as all my failures and mistakes. And, so I walk into my future knowing it is only I that can create the beauties of my future and make it my own! Much love and respect. *Self:* Thank you … :) … Thanhtuyen. This … :) … is lovely: “My future will be what I want to become with it!” … yes, want to ‘become with’ it. Thanhtuyen … :) … I can feel from you that you appreciate the blessedness and loveliness of the future far beyond even what your words can express. I think … :) …. you’re in love; yes, I think you’re in love with the future. Bravo, bravo, n’ Joy! With gratitude n’ well being, Thanktuyen. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me HighlandLady of Alaska. *HighlandLady:* Richard with reading your: “How strange is the word coming through the turnstile … ” A prose as none other can be … “Future is all in the breathing” - simply stated, I am satiated into a calmness of being … and I go forth into Nature with that statement as a companion. Thank you for this, Richard … be well. *Self:* Thank you … :) … HighlandLady. Calmness of being n’ calmness of being Nature HighlandLady are it seems to me … :) … to be of the one selfsame same lovely harmony. With gratitude n’ well being, HighlandLady. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Richeart with reading your: “How strange is the word coming through the turnstile … ” YES, Richeart, you so beautifully expressed in those incomparable words what is so important to remember for all of us … “… I intend to walk into my own future. And how are you going to manage that impossibility? Each word is my future. Yours alone? Far from it for all our words go into the making of our own future. What will be said will be with happening. And what won’t be said won’t be with happening …” Thank you, Richeart for pointing to the fact that every act, every word, every thought and each breath of ours not only influences our environment but for some mysterious reason forms an important part of the universe. This

sure is an overwhelming and even shattering experience!!! If all of us only knew that the smallest act of ours, or a tiny thought has such far-reaching effects as to set in motion forces which perhaps would shatter a galaxy.
If we know it deeply and absolutely, if this realization becomes engraved permanently on our hearts, on our minds, how careful we would act and speak and think. How precious and beautiful life would become in its integral Oneness!!! Out of my temporary Oneness ... for you, Richeart.
Self: Thank you ... :) ... Swan. Yes, ... :) ... as you so beautifully expressed it: “every act, every word, every thought and each breath of

ours not only influences our environment but for some mysterious reason forms an important part of the universe….” Yes, to be with letting ourselves be aware of this delightful hue of existence visible-invisible from place to place … :) … is truly a blessed courtesy of the heart. Let us enjoy, Swan … :) … being galaxy movers! And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a strolling me looking up with astonishment at a MySpace Bulletin Board. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads: “Subject: the new Kahlil Gibran is on MySpace! Please add my friend Richard of Éire. He is the greatest and the best poet and mystic I have found since reading Kahlil Gibran’s works. He is a REAL FIND! Love all of you, Linda))))))” *River Mirth:* Linda … as in your very good friend, Linda Kordich of Nevada & California? *Self:* Yes, the one and the same beautiful person.
Astonished Self: Rich, you will see this notice displayed there on the MySpace Bulletin Board. *Self:* While Lovely Linda has always the very noblest of intentions to heart, I hope Kahlil doesn’t see it, Rich for surely he would be laughing out loud, and so too would his friend Mikhail Naimy. *Astonished Self:* Why do you think so, Rich? *Self:* I’m but a self-designated rural philosopher-poet-artist of the lyrical kind; a nuptial hermit of the Green Desert who merely delights in trying to paint his profoundest insights as eloquently as he possibly can, and all in a handful of charming word formulae. And besides, Rich and more significantly, Richard of Éire is Richard of Éire; Kahlil Gibran is Kahlil Gibran. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pavo-Indus Supercluster.

We do oft chat n’ picnic the lazy hazy time away
Dream reality 158



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 23rd June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere writing a poem while view-listening to Swan of Bayern’s beautiful photograph of a part sunny and shaded patch of grass on the edge of a grove of trees.
With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

> ◊ Till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling ◊
>
> When Richeart is away sojourning in the beyond,
> I do come here to our lovely place; yes, this a favourite place of ours,
> where of long summer days we do oft chat n’ picnic the lazy hazy time away,

till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling
there in the yon mid southern sky of eve.

I see his charming eyes upon my face;
hear his mellifluous voice in my ears,
scent his fragrant breath in my hair,
savour his smile upon my lips,
feel his soothing hand upon my soles,
think his profound words upon my mind, n'
heart his munificent love within my heart.

Here about M31 am I with happy remembrances
n' forward looking;
forward looking to sojourning upon planet Earth
of Solar Garden Dreamtime:
Solar Garden Dreamtime of that there beauteous
far n' near Spiral Galaxy.

While there I will stroll with Swan to a lovely
place; yes, a favourite place of ours,
where of long summer days we do oft chat n'
picnic the lazy hazy time away,
till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling in
the yon mid southern sky of eve.

I miss her charming eyes upon my face;
hear her mellifluous voice in my ears,
scent her fragrant breath in my hair,
savour her smile upon my lips,
feel her soothing hand upon my palms,
think her profound words upon my mind, n'
heart her munificent love within my heart.

Places here n' places there; places everywhere to
sense-heart.

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to Swan of Bayern's photograph you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Swan:* Cool, Richeart! "Places here n' places there; places everywhere to sense-heart." *Self:* Swan,

in this wondrously limitless Universe there is beauty here n’ beauty there; beauty everywhere

to sense-heart. Quite cool, don't you think? Thank you … :) … Swan for being so beautiful, for being so inspirational, thus affording me the opportunity to express 'sense-heartedness' this way in verse. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Coma Supercluster.

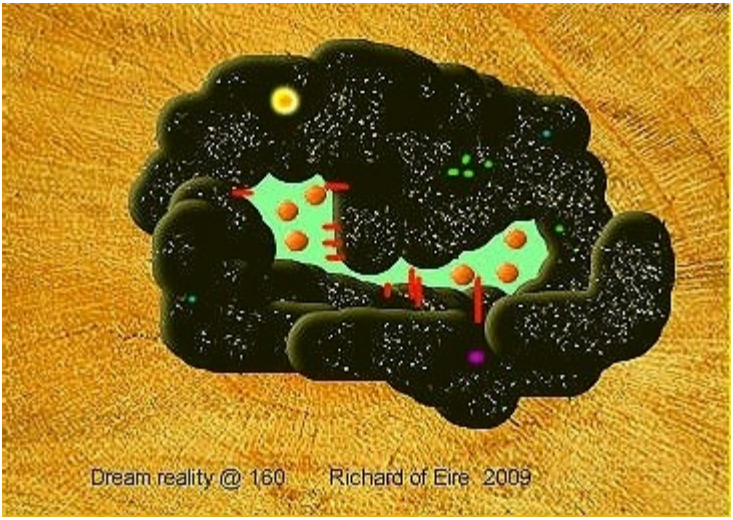
Your charming presence in my heart Dream reality 159

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 24th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Richard with reading your: *Till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling* Even the most unawakened stars in the farthest of galaxies, light up when they hear your poetic words. Even the darkest of storms gladly open their skies far and wide as they lovingly

embrace the beauty of your inspirations. And by far, Richard … more than these would be my heart who is ever so grateful to bathe within the eternal sunshine of your Poetic Heart! May you find this photograph of a seascape to be as wonderful as I do. *Self:* Linda, the photograph of lone sky, sun, sea, gull, shoreline and 'photographer' is lovely n' serene;

wonder-full. Thank you … :) … And, oh, thank you … :) … for your sooooo beauuuuutiiiiifullllll words: “Even the most unawakened stars in the farthest of galaxies, light up when they hear your poetic words.
Even the darkest of storms gladly open their skies far and wide as they lovingly embrace the beauty of your inspirations. And by far, Richard … more than these would be my heart who is ever so grateful to bathe within the eternal sunshine of your Poetic Heart!”
Verily, Linda it is I who am most honoured and delighted by your charming presence in my heart. Yes, I truly enjoyed composing, *Till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling* “Places here n’ places there; places everywhere to sense-heart.”
Place here-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland.
Thanhtuyen: Richard with reading your: *Till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling* Your words are a delight to read and to soak in the beauty of the picture you have painted! It is refreshing just to read them! I don’t know Lady Swan at all, but from your painting of her, I think she is a beautiful person who possesses inner beauty, and her face radiates much grace and wisdom of the reflection of her beautiful spirit! *Self:* Thanhtuyen … :) … you’re most welcome. I’m happy to read that these lovely words which of their own accord found their way to me are bringing you … :) … delight and refreshment. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Aquarius-Capricornus Supercluster.



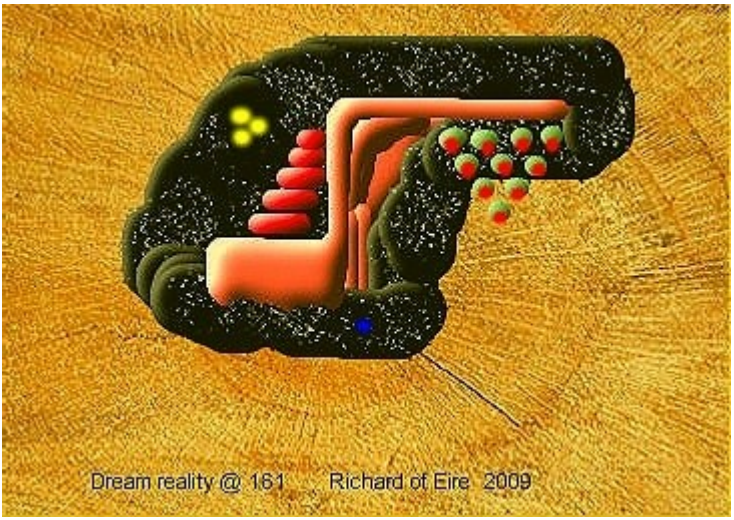
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 25th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Jurenci of Curitiba. *Jurenci:* Hello Richard! It's lovely and sunny today. Flowers in my garden fill my heart with Divine Love. I want to share with you my beautiful day. *Self:* Blessings of love, gratitude n' joy be with you, Jurenci … :) … And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Joanna St. Claire of Los Angeles. *Joanna:* Richard with reading your: "How strange is the word coming through the turnstile … " Yes, as artists we are always creating and recreating our future. It seems to be something that we must do, knowing that we are co-creators with God; we are alive and well in this evolving process. It's a constant, evolutionary striving for the ultimate Truth and relationship with God. Always with Blessings, Richard. *Self:* Joanna … :) … thank you for your profoundly insightful message. It seems to me that you are doing

an excellent job of joyfully creating and recreating your own very beautiful future ... :) … with the ever-loving help of your deep faith. Yet, I would have you consider Joanna … :) … that you are already a blossom of truth unto yourself n’

unto the world. And as such, I for one am most grateful to be counted among your friends.
Blessings of this new day … :) … n' oh, don't over do things; be nice to yourself and give yourself a half an hour or more totally devoted to enjoying a cup of coffee or … Like bends on the road everything will wait for you … :) … n' everything that needs to be accomplished will be fully accomplished. Muse-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Fornax-Eridanus Supercluster.

Listen n' write with finding a great delight Dream reality 161



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 26th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland. *Thanhtuyen:* Richard of Éire, I recently had a dream that I would like to share

with you. It was about my spirit looking for peace and love. Please know that I have had no training in writing poetry. I just started writing poems about three months ago. I had no idea why. I just wrote them as how I remember my dreams. The structure of my

following poem may not be proper as it should be in the eyes of many.
Even so, I hope you, Richard of Éire enjoy it. *Self:* What's it called, Thanhtuyen? *Thanhtuyen:* I call it, *Scattered Spirit*.
Self: And how does it go? *Thanhtuyen:* Thank you … Richard …

Scattered Spirit

I dreamed that the dreams of my life were floating into the dark cold freezing night.
By the moving seashores, they took different turns being pushed by the powerful winds that were.
Some were sank into the deep abyss by strong enormous whirls of the stormy ocean
And in a flash! my dreams were buried deep under a thousand fathoms!
Other dreams scattered and disappeared quickly into the dark
And the violently moving sea parted them into different paths,
But left a lone was my dream of love standing at the empty seashore.
Someone stopped by and canvassed it onto their painting log.
A strong breeze circled my broken heart and spoke:
"Be at peace and release your hurt and let go of your pain
And let go all the tears you held back in your soul.
Imagine new layers of endless fields of dreams of the beautiful visions of your new past
That can be imprinted on a clean canvas
With many other loving dreams of your heart."

Many blessings, Richard. *Self:* Thanhtuyen … :) … thank you very much for sharing it with me. I like the

vision you've created before my mind of ... "the dreams of my life were floating into the dark cold freezing night"
and how they had all disappeared save one, that of ... "my dream of love standing at the empty seashore".
Strong Breeze's words to your broken heart are very beautiful; full of encouragement:

> "Be at peace and release your hurt and let go of your pain
> And let go all the tears you held back in your soul.
> Imagine new layers of endless fields of dreams of the beautiful visions of your new past

That can be imprinted on a clean canvas
With many other loving dreams of your heart.”

It’s not easy to release our pain or let go of our hurt. A most difficult task indeed, Thanhtuyen, and more so for some than others.
Yes, this is lovely: “dreams of the beautiful visions of your new past”
Continue … :) … Thanhtuyen to delightfully listen to Lady Sweet Verse and She will be very happy to teach you Her ways. Get to know Her; listen to Her words spoken to you in your heart, and write them down. Begin with simplicity, and She will show you the path onwards from there … :) … Listen and write, and you will be with finding a great delight …:) … New past-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Leo-Virgo Supercluster.

A pretty hut most becoming of a noble hermit Dream reality 162

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 27th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace

friends, and reads as follows: “Friends, “Take your time when it comes to proclaiming the truth for the world is so weighed down with contemporary thought that it can’t savour the ways of old. Explain the ways of old. They be integrity in intention, word and action. If a person were to walk along the banks of the great Zambezi what might their thoughts be? Their thoughts would be on the bona fide way of the great river.

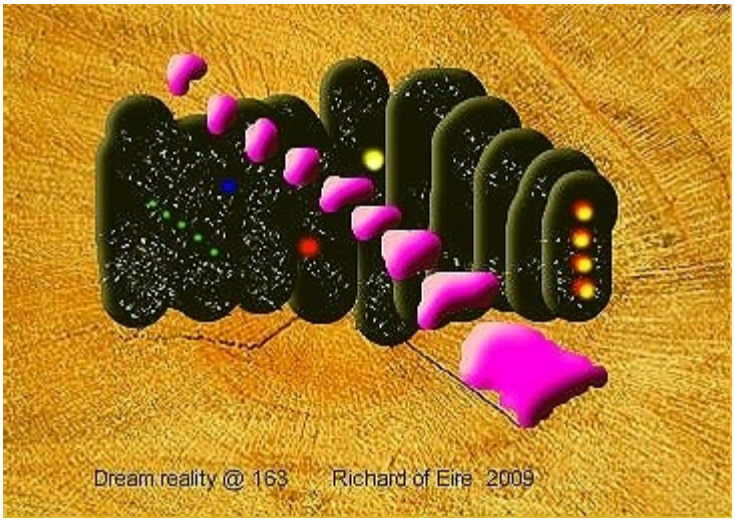
I have heard that when the great flood reaches the heights of the depths, golden Sun will be resting on a beach. Is this true? It is true for I did be with hearing it myself in the bustling market place. Who will buy from the frog in the well? What’s he selling? He sells the way of the well.

How big or how small is his well? Well he can with ease stretch himself from one side to the other without having to leap. Humour a day keeps the small away! There is in the bottom of the garden a pretty hut most becoming of a noble hermit. I once read of a man of the Swiss Alpines who did live as a hermit at the bottom of his garden. Of what kind of hermit was he? He was of the very best kind, a family man. Did he have unto himself a wife and children? He did indeed. He was a holy man of the most favourable kind; a husband, father, and friend. When we come across a leaf in the palm of our hand put there by gracious Wind, we must needs be still and be with grateful reflection. What is there to reflect about a leaf in the palm of one’s hand? It could just as well have alighted upon one’s head, lap or even foot, if one were sitting on a bench. Wherever a leaf is given to sojourn on one is not the most significant concern, but rather why did it fall on me. Every leaf is a message on the wing from the far and near distances. Can you see beyond the end of your nose? I can but I see nothing special there, but the leg of the chair.

Raise your head like so, and now what see you beyond the end of your nose? I see the great distant horizon. Tilt it back some more. What see you now? I see the coming in from twilight the pageantry of the Milky

Way.…” (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Thirteenth canto Betwixt houses of captivity) With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard”
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Ursa Major Supercluster.

Your lovingly gathered drops of sweet rain Dream reality 163



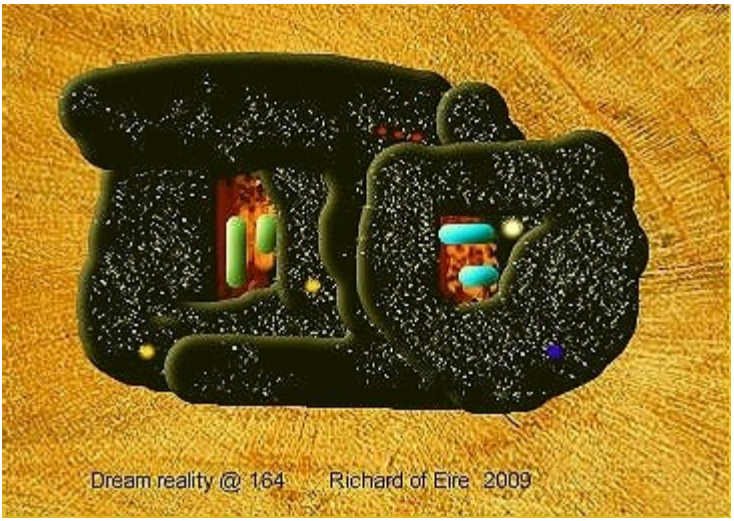
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 28th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Richard, This is by Lewis Thomas, "We are a spectacular, splendid manifestation of life. We have language … We have affection. We have genes for usefulness, and usefulness is about as close to a 'common goal' of nature as I can guess at. And finally, and perhaps best of all, we have music." It is a beautiful rainy day in Costa Rica!!!!
I send you some drops of sweet rain to soak your heart with happiness.
And also for you, Richard a lovely fragrant rose. Receive all my love and affection with very great hugs!!!!! *Self:* Tayira … :) …thank you for this fragrant rose. It's absolutely lovely. And thank you … :) … for the words of Lewis Thomas. "We are a spectacular, splendid manifestation of life.

We have language … We have affection. We have genes for usefulness, and usefulness is about as close to a ‘common goal’ of nature as I can guess at. And finally, and perhaps best of all, we have music.” And I would add, Tayira, if I may, that we have been blessed … :) … to give and receive love. Your lovingly gathered drops of sweet rain; your refreshing love in friendship have all been gladly n’ lovingly received.
Blessings in love, Tayira. Lyrically.

Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pisces-Aries Supercluster.

Take full heart n' be of a goodly courage Dream reality 164



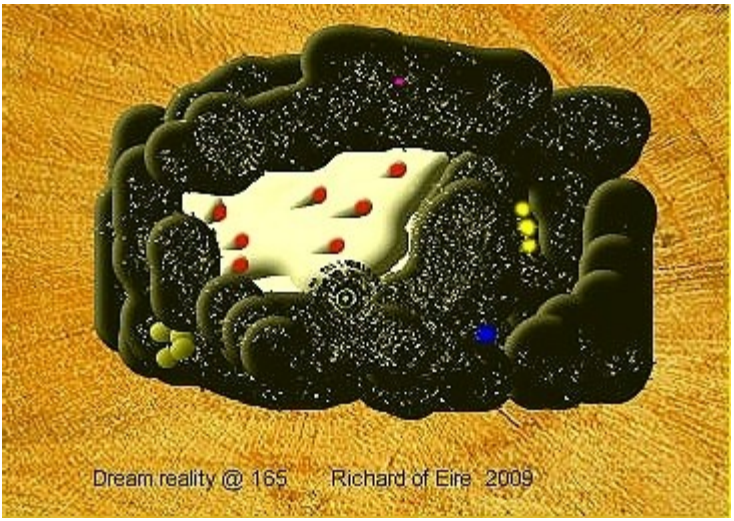
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 29th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a female owl (*bubo virginianus*) on an overcast moonless night in mid September, and she is perched on a branch way up high in a mighty oak tree. And she is intently watching a happening way beneath her.
River Mirth: What is she watching? *Self:* She's watching two giants stealing all the small houses about and dumping them into a bottomless pit. Tens of thousands of small houses are they stealing throughout the land, and before throwing them headlong into the

pit they are helping themselves to the contents and filling them into bags. Oh, and over to the right are a handful of masked individuals sitting on a raised white platform, and seemingly they there are giving their thumbs up or is it down to the actions of the two giants. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it?
Self: A high-rise office block; one of the tallest in the surrounding is

suddenly, and seemingly toppling over and crashing to the ground with the vibration of the two giants running back and forth with the their armfuls of houses. Those on the white platform have scattered and gone into hiding, and the two giants with their bags of house contents have run away off into the hills. And in the far distant also beyond the lakes, rivers, and seas there appears to be many high-rise office blocks crashing to the ground. The owl with flying down is noticing five to nine families huddled in a makeshift tent in against a boulder, and they are in deep lamentation. *Owl:* Weep not; the Lady of Perpetual Compassion is with ye. Be now therefore with drying up yere many tears; yere many necessary tears. *Families:* Wise Owl, we have lost everything! We have lost our house home and have been robbed of all our savings. What of our children's education and our retirement? Tell us Wise One for we are in great distress now. What are we going to do for those who we trusted in high places have left us down; have gone into hiding, and we cannot find them? *Owl:* Listen, believe, and know that the Lady of Perpetual Compassion is with ye. In this, take full heart and be of a goodly courage.
Families: Who, Wise Owl is the Lady of Perpetual Compassion? Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Leo A Supercluster.

In the honour n’ delight of having been asked Dream reality 165



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 30th June 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard, I’m publishing a book of photos, and would like to use one of your poems, namely, *I’m inside with the without*. As it is now, I’m only using two poems ... one of mine and one of yours with your permission. That may change and I may add more, but with the format available ... it may just be the two poems. As far as I know ... I won’t make any money even if people buy the book ... but if I would happen to make a profit ... I would definitely pay you for the use of your poem. *Self:* Ian, by all means you have my permission to include my poem: *I’m inside with the without* in your forthcoming book. The original line breaks are as follows:

◊ I’m inside with the without ◊

I’m inside with the without; so far is the longing of the ten thousand generations.
Call me hearing no sound becoming, must be something to do

with my antennae being too far to the wayward.
Edgar Cayce knew me so he did, but I knew not him for his mind was always comfortably nether here nor there, but ever away many the time of day be it dreamy night.
Someone come and my door do please open wide; my shutters give to be portal again for the winged buzzies of the fields.
Would that I could be again with feeling the laughter of children and the singing of parents sweet lullaby rocky by babies all the way to sleep dreamland.
Sun be dancing on my roof, clouds be raining agin my walls; oh, that someone would call.
About you we sand in calm or storm holding thy hand.
Yes, in each other's comforting shadows we be although oft lonely for sweet human company we be.
Wouldn't we agree?
In agreement we would be.

~:~

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Ian, my friend, my payment is in the honour and delight of having been asked to include my poem in your book … :) … Enjoy the publishing process! Wishing you every blessing. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Draco-Ursa Major Supercluster.

So lovely to see you again Dream reality 166

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 1st July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Dear Richard, I've got a new profile! *Self:* So lovely to see you again, Linda ... :) ... ! A gift for your new profile from the opera *Lakmé* by Léo Delibes.

◊ Les liens en fleurs ◊
The Flower Duet

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs, riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.

(Under the thick dome, where the white jasmine
With the rose gathers,
To the flowered river bank, with morning laughter,

Come, let us go down together.)

Doucement glissons de son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant

Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.

(Gently let us slip from the pleasant rising flow,
Let us follow the fleeting current
In the shimmering stream,
Without any care,
Come, let us reach the bank,
Where the spring waters slumber
And the bird, the bird, she sings.)

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons
Ensemble!
Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin
À la rose s'assemble
Sur la rive en fleurs
Riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.

(Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
Ah! We descend
Together! Under the thick dome where white jasmine
With the roses entwined together
On the river bank covered with flowers laughing in the morning)

Doucement glissons de son flot charmant,
Suivons le courant fuyant
Dans l'onde frémissante
D'une main nonchalante

Viens, gagnons le bord

Où la source dort et
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.

(Let us descend together
Gently floating on its charming risings,
On the river's current
On the shining waves,
One hand reaches,
Reaches for the bank,
Where the spring sleeps,
And the bird, the bird sings.)

Sous le dôme épais
Où le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons
Ensemble!

(Under the thick dome where the white jasmine
Ah! We descend
Together!)

Lyrically. *Linda:* Thank you, dear Richard ... always thoughtful and kind.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Grus Supercluster.

Find me strolling among beautiful paintings Dream reality 167

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 2nd July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a letter. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows: "Subject: Strolling among beautiful paintings ... Dear Lady Swan of Bayern, I have been missing your sweet company; have not been able to write a single verse for anyone since writing *Till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling*. May I invite you to come listen to Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's *Concerto per arpa e flauto* and to view the beautiful video in which it is presented? Find me strolling among the beautiful paintings depicted therein ... :) ... -ly, Richeart" Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pegasus-Pisces Supercluster.

Again play in the mists o’er the rivers n’ lakes Dream reality 168

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 3rd July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Elsa Marie of West Amwell. *Elsa Marie:* Hi Richard, May I add, *Along Ages & Ages think I* to my page alongside the fern photograph? *Self:* Hi, Elsa Marie, I would be greatly honoured and delighted if you were to add *Along Ages & Ages think I* to your beautiful bright fern photograph … :) …
Continue to take such wonderful photographs in kind. Blessings of this new day. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Dear Richard, I hope this beautiful flower finds its way to your heart. This weekend for us here in America is our Independence Day ... (freedom) ... free to express, freedom to live, freedom to speak our mind, and freedom to be an individual. How is Ireland these days of summer? Thanks for being such a wonderful spirit. *Self:* Lovely

Linda … :) … In answer to your question: “How is Ireland these days of summer?” Well, here on the lovely isle of Éire all seasons enjoy playing together within a single dawn-day-twilight-night-dawn anew-ly … :) … and as for me? … :) … well, I enjoy strolling and chatting in their ever-bestowing-wisdom company. Your beautiful flower gift has most fragrantly found its own … :) … de-lightful way to my heart.

I like your words, dear Linda: “This weekend for us here in America is our Independence Day ... (freedom) ... free to express, freedom to live, freedom to speak our mind, and freedom to be an individual.” And I, if I may … :) … n’ with your blessing will have them say, Everyday for Linda is her Independence Day ... (freedom) … free to express herself, freedom to live according to the lovely ethereal charm of her heart, freedom to speak her profound mind, and freedom to be an individually wondrous human being … :) ... I wonder, if Lady America knows how truly blessed She is to have such a person as you, Linda in her midst … :) … Independent new-day-ly. *Linda:* Richard, thank you for always helping me to remember ‘my true nature’. It is a sign of an authentic friendship, something and someone I hold dear to my heart. Here is a beauty for you that captured my photographic eye; a simple, but, oh so profound little Acacia plant sharing the mysteries of the hidden life with me. *Self:* Beautiful Mystery, thank you ... :) ... n’ thank you. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Hi, Richard, Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus “The Wise” (born 26 April 121 AD, died 17 March 180 AD) in his famous work *Meditations* wrote, “Very little is needed to make a happy life; it is all within yourself, in your way of thinking.” Wishing with much love a beautiful time to my dear friend, Richard!!! Lots of hugs!!! *Self:* Dear Tayira, Thank you for these words of great wisdom. Methinks very little is needed to make a happy Tayira; it is all within her beautiful heart, in her charming way of thinking. Love. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Sending lightness your way, RicheArt ... with this dragonfly photograph. *Self:* Ah, yes; yes … :) … your gift of “lightness” is well received, Swan! It has released me of ‘the dreadful spell’ … verses will now once again be able to flow from my pen: the dragon again is free to play in the mists o’er the rivers n’ lakes, and to go frolic high in the lovely day sky; yes, to go frolic high in the starry to

moonlit night. Danke … :) … Swan, Lyrically. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Columba Supercluster.

Gently lift the latch n’ enter the inner sanctuary
Dream reality 169

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 4th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a blog.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows:
“Friends, “I see away off to the southwest a hut in the forest clearing. Be it the hut of foresters or of a hermit? It be the abode of this drifting fog. Glowing embers keep me company.
Shadows about the hearth are making their way homeward. Sleepy castle.
Where has the world of timeless affection gone? It’s nowhere gone for it’s always here. See the children in the village streets all happily joking and laughing with each other. Sometimes when great hills roll into the sea, fishermen in their boats take their ease for candles fill the holds.

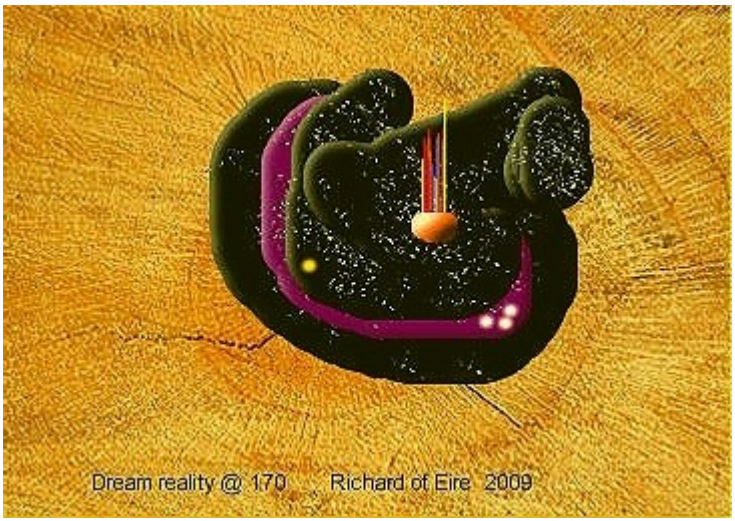
Stranger than the strangest tugging at the heart is the fireball that romances in from the eastern shore. Have you taken time to explore the lines of the hermit poet? He be in shy state to come out to the front gate.
Call to him with soft bugle and perhaps he will appear. Too captivated is he with the writing of eternal long lines to hear. Listening to every sound he be for such is the way of his note. Let him be then for a little while longer. He do be with hearing speculations in the write, and must needs be giving them full attention; full sight, and full light. .... Gently lift the

latch and be with coming into the inner sanctuary. Find yourself here among the trees swaying in the wind; here in this beautiful library be with courage be. See yourself in these for they be smiling upon you this quiet hour before full light. In a thousand years upon a shelf will your words still be safely housed. And there will be those who will reach up for them and by them will be joyfully refreshed and greatly comforted. In the pages they will see you sitting by the glowing hearth in this great library, and for them heedfully and lovingly gathering and storing liberating words. Verily, with gratitude will they be depending upon your every word to help lead them back and along by the Way most true. I'm nobody save one who just happens to have a great love for listening as he writes. Listen well and write well then for the generations of tomorrow will be placing their trust in your every word ever written. There are those joyful few who be given to writing from the listening heart. You be one among these, oh blessed one. Then I, hereby, with joyfulness of heart; sitting here before the glowing sacred hearth in this great library, do bestow the warmest greetings of Blessed New Years to ye the hope-searching generations of tomorrow; be ye here on the beautiful isle of Éire, on the lovely lands beyond its shores or travelling in the far and near welcoming galaxies. Beannachtaí oraibh go léir. (Blessings be with you all.) Warmest greetings to each and every one of you, wheresoever be your roots, whatsoever be your beliefs, and howsoever be your designations. In their hearts, assuredly will thy words be finding a welcome home for a thousand years will feel to them as it were but a morning and an afternoon. Arise now from this cosy place by the hearth, and about the castle chambers joyfully go to gently call from their beatific sleep Your Love and Lovelies, that they may gratefully come visit with thee this beloved new day …" (Source: *Hearing in the Write,* Sixteenth canto Beloved new day) With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St.

Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard with reading your: "I see away off to the southwest a hut in the forest clearing ..."
Richard ... love this poetry! Great lines here: "I'm nobody save one who just happens to have a great love for listening as he writes. Listen well and write well then for the generations of tomorrow will be placing their trust in your every word ever written". I have no doubt, Richard that future generations will do this very thing with your well written verses.
Self: Then, Ian if it be so, it will also be that in bringing my words again to life, they will come to realise to their great surprise, that these your

words will be there to give witness and proof to them of what you have so prophetically uttered here today. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Microscopium Supercluster.

With strolling in a richly fragrant garden Dream reality 170



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 5th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Richard, "Love seeketh not itself to please, Nor for itself hath any care; But for another gives its ease, And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair." (Source: William Blake's *The Clod and the Pebble*) And here too, Richard is a flower gift accompanied by these beautiful words: "Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things"

(Source: I Corinthians 13:4-8) *Self:* Nabeel … :) … Thank you for your beautiful words from William Blake. They could also very well read as:
Nabeel seeketh not himself to please, Nor for himself hath any care;
But for another gives his ease, And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.
And thank you … :) … for the fragrant flower gift and those beautiful

words which encourages me to say, Nabeel bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. And … :) … here are some words, Nabeel on weeding in the garden while at the same time sharing a good word:
"5:44 And it will come to pass, that you will enter into a certain village, and a woman; a lover of beautiful flowers, will receive you into her garden, 5:45 And she will have also a younger sister, who having seated herself beside you, will be listening attentively to your every word, while her older sister will be distracted about much weeding; 5:46 And having come and stood by you, she will say, 'Teacher, dost thou not care that my sister left me all alone to do the weeding? Say then to her, that she may partake along with me.' 5:47 And you will say to her sister, 'Let us be with helping your sister, for it is not good for one to be anxious and disquieted about such things;' and ye will go and partake with her in the weeding. 5:48 And both sisters will be well pleased, for as ye weed your word in their ears will be." (Source: *A Jesus of Nazareth*, Chapter 5 Into the hills to pray) With my compliments, and gratitude, Nabeel. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere writing a poem while view-listening to Linda Kordich of Nevada & California's beautiful photograph of a very happy romantic couple relaxing in a Hawaiian setting. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

> ◊ I am Hawaii Blessed of the Sun, Sea, n' Stars ◊
>
> I am Hawaii Blessed of the Sun, Sea, n' Stars;
> Aloha n' aloha be thee!
> Let me be with introducing thee to these two charming fragrant lovelies,
> Who do presently be with enjoying sojourning here upon me.

Introducing: Linda, n’ husband Jay from over Nevada n’ California way.
Much beloved n’ appreciated they be by millions upon millions every day, you see.
Yet, most beloved of all they be by that singularly wise, generous, beauteous lady;
Yes, the Lady Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy Onassis.
Loved she they greatly, e’en to this very day.

“Beloved Linda, n’ Jay forgive me that I had to part so soon upon that day;
Too soon for we to co-create something precious for the generations.
But I have always been with ye, n’ always will; happily sailing in between yere mid July to early August birthdays, n’ back again.”

Like the palms of their hands my life’s story do they so well know.
How when in ages n’ ages gone by I was but a desolate smouldering ribbon of rockeries way out here in the majestic Pacific Ocean.
And how of a day; yes, of a glorious day greenery did give life to me.
Oh, how so admirably well this miraculous power of greenery do these lovelies appreciate n’ propagate.

And as Linda might be wont to say,

“The power of greenery is a barren ribbon of rockeries transformed into a Garden of Eden.”

And in like insightfulness might Jay be wont to say:

“Green therapy is Nature’s way of keeping Herself in the very best of health.
Would that the whole wide world would be with taking this to heart.”

“And I Jacqueline, beloved Hawaii would like to add if may,

Let every household great n’ small culture for itself and its descendants a Garden of Eden.”

And, now as all indeed has been very well said, let us not be with detaining these lovelies any

longer, for it seems they need to be enjoying some more of each other’s charming company, here upon lovely archipelago me;

lovely archipelago me way out here in the near n'
far blue be green shimmering sea.
Aloha n' aloha be to thee, eternally!

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to Linda's beautiful photograph you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Linda:* Do you know, Richard what the "Aloha Spirit" means? YOU are the Aloha Spirit ... and when I think of Hawaii, I can feel the soft trade winds blow in and out of these islands like the whisperings of the Beloved's Voice ... the waters so blue and green, one could only dream these colors of perfection and the sound of the Hawaiian music touches deep into my soul like no other music can.
THANK YOU for helping to expand my heart … indeed … the love has been and is rich between he and I. How did you know, Richard that Jackie Onassis was going to be our editor for our new book????? Here is something for you ... a definition of the Aloha Spirit: The Aloha Spirit is the coordination of the True Self's mind, heart and soul, manifested by thinking good thoughts, emoting good feelings, and sharing goodness with others. Our kupûna (elder), Mrs. Pîlahi Paki has taught us that the letters of Aloha help to remind us of its meaning:

A
AKAHAI [ah kah hai']
Lit., careful offering kindness, modesty, gentleness, unpretentiousness, being unassuming, unobtrusive, tenderness

L
LÔKAHI [LOH' kah hee]
Lit., to obtain oneness unity, agreement, accord, unison, harmony

O

OLU’OLU [oh’ loo oh’ loo]

Lit., cool, refreshing, agreeable, pleasantness, amiability, contentment, happiness, graciousness, congeniality, cordiality, affability

H
HA'AHA'A [hah' ah hah' ah]
Lit., low humility, humbleness, self-effacing, modesty

A
AHONUI [ah hoh nui']
Lit., great breath patience, perseverance, endurance, long suffering, tolerance

Self: Linda … :) … thank you for the beautiful imagery being generated by your words: "… and when I think of Hawaii, I can feel the soft trade winds blow in and out of these islands like the whisperings of the Beloved's Voice….the waters so blue and green, one could only dream these colors of perfection and the sound of the Hawaiian music touches deep into my soul like no other music can …." Oh, and thank you for this wonderful explanation of the 'Aloha Spirit' … :) … I wasn't aware that it carried so many lovely meanings. Pacific-hearted Linda … :) … that beautiful photograph of the very happy romantic couple relaxing in the Hawaiian setting is full of love; yes, of joy~filling love: a treasure. In answer to your question: "How did you know, Richard that Jackie Onassis was going to be our editor for our new book?????" Well, Linda … :) … with strolling in a rich-ly fragrant garden did the Lady Jacqueline herself lead me to a place where it is penned … :) … Ly-rich-ally.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Aquarius-Cetus Supercluster.

Being good neighbourly is the hub of existence Dream reality 171

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 6th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard! My book *A Midwest Pictorial* has been published! Thank you so much for allowing me to use your wonderful poem in it. *Self:* A hearty congratulations ... :) ... Ian! A beautiful book of photographs: the culmination of travelling the back roads, exploring abandoned houses, cemeteries and barns, attending parades, rodeos and other events, and a fascination with people, places and things in your native Indiana. You write in the opening page: "It's (Indiana) a beautiful and charming place where kids still go barefoot in the summer and a wrong number dialled on the telephone could lead to an hour discussion with a total stranger ..." Lovely ... :) ... Ian, well done to you, your wife Pam and son Dakota! May this be the first of many such treasures that you can with love and pride send on up to your descendants,

and to future generations of your beloved Hoosiers. Ian, this is just the beginning of a wonderful heritage in-the-making relationship; a privileged personal relationship with you and your Indiana heartland, and a continuity to hand with and for your ancestors. You've done them, and your wife Pam and son Dakota proud!

And Ian, I am greatly honoured and delighted that you have included some of my words in this unique work. With admiration, gratitude, and blessings. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Maha of Syria & Algeria. *Maha:* Hello Richard, A true friend is the most precious of all possessions. "A friend might well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature." ~ Ralph Waldo Emerson. I count myself in nothing else so happy as in having you, Richard as a friend … Blessings. *Self:* Maha … :) … thank you for your warmly welcomed words: "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in having you, Richard as a friend …" The honour, Maha is mutual. And here are some nice words for you: "Receptive: (smiling) One can know, Rísteárd how to tend the fields in due season; how to operate a machine on a factory floor twenty-four seven; how to use the latest Apple or Microsoft computers in no time at all, but can you tell me how one can be a good neighbour, if not for all of the time at least for most of the time or if not even that for some of the time? Rísteárd: How are the trees, Receptive being good neighbourly? Have you ever noticed the good neighbourly ways of the trees in all seasons on the hillsides and in the valleys, in the gardens, and along the city streets and in the parks? Receptive: I have been noticing how, Rísteárd but I need to be noticing them a lot more. Rísteárd: How are the waters in the land being good neighbourly? Have you ever noticed the good neighbourly ways of the streams and rivers night and day currenting along through valley and village; through town and city?
Receptive: I have been noticing how, Rísteárd but I need to be noticing them a lot more often. Rísteárd: How are the stars being good neighbourly? Have you ever noticed the good neighbourly ways of the stars in the heavens in seasons about our seasons? Receptive: (smiling) May it be so, Rísteárd that from this night forth, I culture myself to be noticing them a whole lot more. Rísteárd: (smiling) Being good neighbourly, Receptive is the hub of existence for the myriad things;

the hub of existence for the individual in the worlds visible and the worlds invisible ... ” (Source: *Innkeeper’s Fire*, Act 7, Three Members) With my compliments, and blessings, Maha. *Maha:* Thank you very much, Richard. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Horologium Supercluster.

A bountifulness of gifts will be everywhere given
Dream reality 172

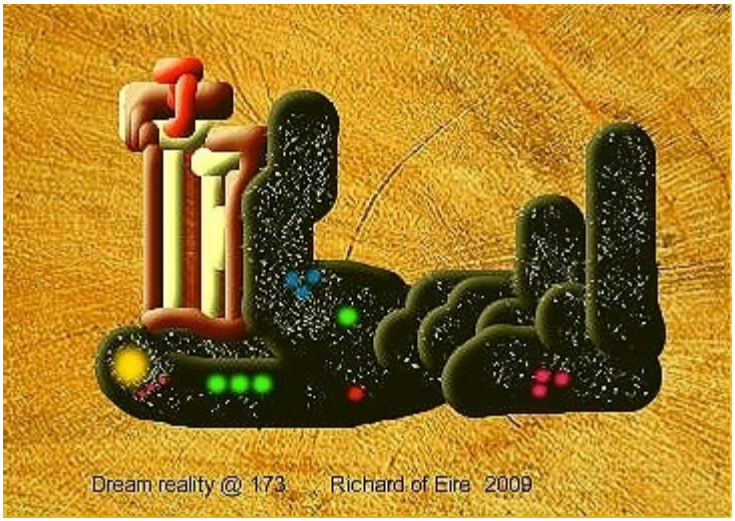
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 7th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Hello Richard, Some of the few spiritual artists who have that noble, excellent ability to carry my soul far above this world and this earth to blessed communion with the Divine are Johann Sebastian Bach, Placido Domingo, Gibran Khalil Gibran, Gabriela Mistral, and … Richard of Éire. Your poetical version (or painting) of the gospel of "Jesus of Nazareth" gives more life and more meaningfulness to the original text. It is not only a work of art, but also a work of faith. Thank you for touching my soul with your spiritual paintbrush. *Self:* Nabeel … :) … I'm quite overwhelmed by your words: "Some of the few spiritual artists who have that noble, excellent ability to carry my soul far above this world and this earth to blessed communion with the Divine are …"

I’m delighted and humbled by your words on *A Jesus of Nazareth*.
“Your poetical version (or painting) of the gospel of “Jesus of Nazareth” gives more life and more meaningfulness to the original text. It is not only a work of art, but also a work of faith.” In particular, “… but also a work of faith” have touched me very deeply, Nabeel. With deep gratitude, and respect.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me La Traviata of Palermo. *La Traviata:* Dear Richard, I consider friendship as a miracle that dwells within one's heart. The happiness that one gets from friendship gives them a special lift until they come to realize that it is God's most special gift. I thank God for giving me such a special gift called, Richard. *Self:* La Traviata … :) … thank you for your beautiful words. Your heart … :) … is a heart that is ready to receive; a most grateful heart surely, and as such a bountifulness of gifts will be everywhere given to thee. Bountiful-ly. Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe?
Self: I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Leo Supercluster.

Eager to sparkling anew those dewy laden petals
Dream reality 173



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 8th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Hi, Richard, Wishing you with this verified flower gift a beautiful day filled with lots of little pleasant and happy moments. *Self:* Olivia … :) … thank you for your wonderfully passionate, verified flower gift … :) … It’s truly beautiful! And also for

your words: “Wishing you a beautiful day filled with lots of little pleasant and happy moments.”
Your greeting and gift, Lovely Olivia is one such pleasant and happy moment ... :) ... Thank you. May you have a marvellous eve followed by a night of peaceful sleep leading you on to rise with joy into the new day ... :) ... Pleasant n’ happy moment-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Dear Richard, Earlier, I read these words from Henry David Thoreau: “(Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say,) let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumbnail.” I very much sense, Richard that this is how you feel about friends ... keep them few in number and love them greatly! This is my newest creation: *Flower Petals dancing in the Sun ... Self:* Beautiful-hearted Linda ... :) ... I like the quotation from Henry ... :) ... And I would be inclined to add, if that being the case, then one should also be a consistently skilled manicurist ... :) ... Linda it seems ... :) ... your beauteous dancing flower petals are causing Sun to set with the greatest of reluctance. Yet, having eventually set will no doubt surely be eagerly looking forward to rising again; yes, eager to sparkling anew those by now dewy laden petals in waiting. Thank you ... :) ... for sharing your eye of love for beauty. Sun-ly.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Hydra-Centaurus Supercluster.

Rhythming wholesome meanings over your way
Dream reality 174

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 9th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* Just found myself strolling through your recent blogs, RicheArt ... again and again the selection of words in your poems and lyrics touches my heart ... I can feel their flow and rhythm although, RichArt it's quite difficult for me (English not being my mother tongue) to understand every nuance and the subtly woven charming meanings behind your words. This photograph of a beautiful pond is for you. Out of my silent water-lily pond, my good vibes to you sending; fragrant and colourful vibes. *Self:* Swan ... :) ... thank you for strolling through my blog-gardens. Your beauty, fragrance, n' loveliness there within do I warmly welcome. This photo gift of the lily in the water is de-light-full; thank you ... :) ... its silence an enchantment most pleasing in mine ear.

Your wondrously colourful vibes … :) … do I embrace with gladness.
Swan, happily floating good nuances … :) … n’ rhythming wholesome meanings over your way for this eve-to-night-to-dawn-to-day …
Great-full-ly.

Moments of fragrant silence.
River Mirth: Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Phoenix Supercluster.

Eloquence n' grace is my favourite word space Dream reality 175

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 10th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me walking down Chapel Street of a summer's day. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* Walter Tobin of Woodview Park wearing a Waterford coloured scarf about his head is happily cycling up towards me, but … his bicycle is not touching the road! *River Mirth:* What do you mean? *Self:* He's cycling in the air about three to four meters above the road. And with passing on above me … *Walter:* Hi, ya? *Walking Self:* Hello, Walter?

Walter: Are you good? *Walking Self:* I'm fine. Nice day, isn't it? *Walter:* 'Tis grand n' dry. Be good. *Walking Self:* I will. And he is carrying on his happy way with his Waterford coloured scarf about his head and streaming down his back; carrying on his happy way up towards the square and most likely there to be enjoying chatting with his buddies as

he's daily accustomed to be doing. Rich, you'll meet Walter of a summer's day, and by the next he will have gone upon his way. *Self:* Where will he have gone, Rich?
Walking Self: To cycle in the harmony of white clouds of a blue sky above his beloved Tallow. And betimes too with descending he will come again happily cycling above Chapel Street on his way to the square to be there chatting away with his buddies anew. And from time to time down through the years, up and coming Waterford players will be proudly making claim to having heard the voice of Walter encouraging them on when they in the very heat of a game. 'This one's for Walter!' they will say as they put one away into the back of the net or high o'er the bar! Good Walter Tobin of Woodview Park wearing a Waterford coloured scarf about his head will inspire the spirited of heart for ages and ages to come so he will. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting somewhere writing a poem while view-listening to a beautiful photograph of Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. With my compliments, gratitude, respect, and well being am I composing it for her. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It reads as follows:

◊ You know, Door when I'll be a big girl ◊

You know, Door when I'll be a big girl,
I'm going be just as lovely as I'm now.
And as a big girl, I'm going to be always reminding myself;
yes, always reminding myself that I'm forever lovely.
Beautiful, O-lily-ah is your heart n' words.

Door?
Yes, Lovely?
What do you think I'll be when I become a big girl?

Why, Beautiful you'll be just more of the same as you're now;
absolutely lovely so you will be, most assuredly.
Will you sing for me one of your own songs, O-lily-ah?
What would you like me to sing for you, Door?
You know that one you always sing when you're very very happy?
Which one is that, Door for I'm always very happy?
Oh, you know the one, Lovely that begins with:
"Eloquence n' Grace is my favourite word space;
hope n' joy my ever-new toy …"

Ah, yes, okay, Door then just for you.

“Eloquence n’ Grace is my favourite word space;
hope n’ joy my ever-new toy.
Buttons to buttons my heart keep safe,
Soft pillows n’ eiderdown quilts,
Cosy me all the way to a bright new day …”

Thank you, Lovely O-lily-ah!
A wondrous songwriter n’ singer you’ll be;
loved by oh, so many will you be, just wait n’ see.
Thank you, dear Door, love me thee.
You’re most welcome, Pretty, n’ I thee.
And remember, wherever you go I’ll always be with you;
Ready to open n’ close for you or just stay ajar.
Thank you, faithful Door,
You’re the bestest of all my bestest friends.

~:~

Poet Self: Rich, with sitting here view-listening to the beautiful photograph of Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland you will have composed this poem for her. *Self:* Rich, may it be so as you have said. *Olivia:* Richard, thank you so much for this wonderful poem. It is a true honour for me to be blessed this day with your beautiful inspiring words. *Self:* Lovely Olivia … :) … you’re most welcome, for it was a true delight and honour for me to compose for you. Blessed you are in so many ways … :) … with gratitude of heart in-joy being your blessings. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Lynx Supercluster.

Love is smiling upon thee from the grotto Dream reality 176

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 11th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a blog. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's addressed to all my MySpace friends, and reads as follows: "Friends, "Milestones and millstones both share the same softness for hardness. Bring me before the beginning of a frozen lake. Stand on the hill off there to the north by west and you'll be with seeing one for yourself. Dive will I into its waters and become one with the expectations of the Polar Regions. Hearing I a story before well foretold in the oral traditions of my people. Words they did have in store for long ages passing, that no light do be coming to us from the past but rather from the future. Stephen, Albert, Isaac, Galileo, Johannes, Nicolaus and Claudius listen to this; listen to this for I do glimpse here a leavening cosmology afloat! When we look at the distant galaxies and nebulae veils we say to ourselves that they be so

many light years away, do we not? And this be right true, then where be your insight be afloating? Do we not say that such light from the galaxies and veils has taken thousands upon thousands of light years to reach our eyes?
And this also be right true, then where be your insight be afloating?
Patient be in listening for insight be taking its time to present itself.

Remember haste the taste waste.
Do we not be with wonder and amazement when we contemplate how long the galaxies and veils in light have taken to reach us? We do and most fortunate it is too to be with finding oneself in such moments of contemplation. Yet, it be the proper formation to be letting grow and appear in our hearts. What other formation than this can there be for is it not well known by all in scientific academia that light comes to us from the past? Look in the mirror clear of finest quality in the hallway without, and you'll see in there that the appearance of you in light is coming to you at the speed of light from the past of days, weeks, months and decades of years. Look in the heavens clear of finest quality from one of the turrets, and you'll see in there that the light is coming to us at the speed of light from the past of hundreds and thousands and millions and millions of years. Not so it is at all, although such a notion seems to have made good enough sense up to now. Not so you say? Hear and here a second time be the insight afloating before your very eyes - light comes to us not from the past but rather from the future. My knees do be with wobbling, my head with swooning, I can't ... You've been out for well over an hour. Remember I now; yes, remember I now your words. "Light comes to us not from the past but rather from the future."
In my fainted slumber, I did dream that I was with your word looking into the future. Everything I'd ever known was now all clear to me as not knowing. All my astronomy albums of exquisite photographs of the beyond were streaming before me as new visions. I was with looking into the future. Then found I myself staring with joyful curiosity at the photographs of myself in my childhood. My mind was leaping and bounding for I knew I was looking into a future of me. Before a mirror did I stand and long gazed upon a myself of the future. Then waking found me remembering your words, "Light comes to us not from the past but rather from the future." Be with the light

and see far into the beyond for tomorrow's children will joyfully be with the same doing.
Be there no past then? Past there be but not in light. All light comes to us from the future …" (Source: *Hearing in the Write*, Seventeenth canto Twenty thousand years) With gratitude and well being … :) … for your friendship, Richard" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland.
Thanhtuyen: Richard of Éire, thank you for your lovely comment and encouraging words about writing poetry. Your every word meant a lot to me, and it is helping me to think and to listen to my heart and spirit to feel the energy and how I want to express

my thoughts and feelings into poetry! I appreciate you taking the time and commenting on my poem. *Self:* Thanhtuyen … :) … you're very welcome.
Let encouraging others be our natural way of life … :) … for everyone needs a good word every now n' then; methinks oft perhaps more 'now' than then … :) … Enjoy listening to your heart, Thanhtuyen n' giving shape in lovely words to your findings. Hail, Thanhtuyen full of grace,
Love is smiling upon Thee from the grotto place,
Blessed art thou … :) … With gratitude, n' blessings, Thanhtuyen. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Sheela Langeberg of Tanzania & South Australia. *Sheela:* Warm thoughts, my dear friend Richard. A hug. *Self:* Sheela … :) … thank you. Every blessing with your many wonderful works, in particular with your album *Dream* and book *Ndito The Masai Girl*. May you be already enjoying working on your next creative project ... :) ... Warmly, and with gratitude. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Leo-Sextans Supercluster.

An image of peace n’ tranquillity in the world Dream reality 177

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Saturday, the 12th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Thanhtuyen of Dreamland. *Thanhtuyen:* Richard of Éire, I have started to feel my heart and listen to my heart as I think. Not just when I am writing, but also when I am talking and thinking!
I feel wonderful that words could describe so much! As a child I was very quiet, keeping and burying all and every thought to myself. I guess it was the thing to do in wartime. I was just a child floating and observing the beauties surrounding me being destroyed and wondered if that was the real world! Many lessons learned I did! I am crazy for life and want to live my life fully with the beauties surrounding me now; a very different picture from what it was so many years ago. Today, I appreciate the endless images of peace and of tranquillity and just to be able to wake up without hearing big bangs!!!! Much love and respect. *Self:* Thanhtuyen … :) … I like your words: "I have started to feel my heart and listen to my heart as I think. Not just when I am writing, but also when I am talking and thinking! I feel wonderful that words could describe so much!" With listening to your heart, Thanhtuyen the right words will present themselves to you for your consideration. Not alone can words describe so much, but also in themselves they have a power; a power to change lives. A good word has the power to make a person, a community, a country and the world a better place. So with the assistance of good words, enjoy making the world a whole lot better place, Thanhtuyen … :) … Methinks Life is greatly enamoured of Thanhtuyen; wanting you to live life JOY-FULLY! You are … :) … an image of peace and tranquillity in the world; a voice of beauty and love. Appreciatively. *Thanhtuyen:* Richard of Éire, I am honored and humbled with your beautiful words:
"You are … :) … an image of peace and tranquillity in the world; a voice of beauty and love. " This has to be the most beautiful compliment of my entire life! I will do my best to live up to the image, and be the voice of a human heart. I have always believed WORDS are

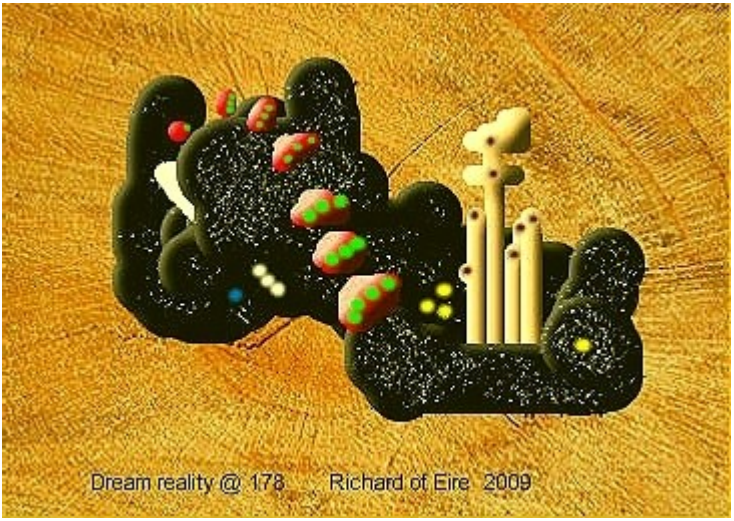
powerful and yes, they have shaped my life. The male model of my life has been my father whose words give me much to think and to act accordingly! He was my rock, and is still my rock by the words he gave me once upon a time. *Self:* Thanhtuyen … :) …already, I believe you are living ‘up to the image’ and being a ‘voice of a human heart’ in the world. Your good, wise father, no doubt is every day … :) … very proud of you. That’s what good, wise fathers and good, wise mothers do everyday … :) … for their beloved ones. Image n’ voice-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* RicheArt with reading your:

“Milestones and millstones …” Your words: “Light comes to us not from the past but rather from the future.” This in fact is a fascinating vision of the nature of light, RicheArt, and some recent experiments with superluminar tunnels of photons seem to prove the possibility of time journeys, and the expansion of time-space. Philosophically, it’s quite a
trip to imagine that what we assumed to be the past could be the future instead!!! Maybe any given moment is already overtaken by the next future … How about the combination … ??? I’m almost a little jealous, RicheArt that I’m not able to express those thoughts in such a poetical form like YOU ;-))) Out of beyond and after the future. *Self:* Swan … :) … thank you for such wonderfully inspirational words. How about we flourish up the ante on philosophical tripping … :) … ? How say you?
Swan: As in the Garden of Eden, RicheArt, let such flowers be grown in abundance. *Self:* Ah, so delightfully poetical … :) … Swan. Then let’s say, that light comes to us not from the past but rather from the future. And then go on to add something like, ah, light has no need of time. Where might such a thought take us … :) … ? Would Albert son of Einstein willing count himself as one of our travelling companions? Where might we seek out the beginnings of happenings, Swan? *Swan:* Where else, RicheArt, but in what we call the past, no? *Self:* Methinks, Swan this may very well be a waste of time; we will never find them there. *Swan:* Then where should we seek for them? *Self:* How about we try looking for them in what we call the future? *Swan:* What, the beginnings of happenings are to be found in the future! Is that what you’re saying, RicheArt? *Self:* Yes; yes, that’s precisely what I’m saying, Swan … :) … and much much more besides … :) … Shall we flourish onwards … :) … ? *Swan:* Please do, RicheArt for joy and gladness are finding themselves anew within the garden; gratitude be in the harmonious voice of such melody. *Self:* Ah, so love-fully poetical … :) … Swan. Then let’s ask, where might

we seek out the beginning of Swan? *Swan:* Where else, RicheArt, but in what we call my past, no? *Self:* Methinks, Swan this may very well be a waste of time; we will never find your beginning there. *Swan:* Then where should we seek for it? *Self:* How about we try looking for it in what we call your future? *Swan:* What, my beginning, RicheArt is to be found in my future! Is that what you're saying? *Self:* Yes; yes, that's precisely what I'm saying, Swan, and much much more besides … :) … In soliloquy: Oh, where, oh, where can I find someone who will journey with me to search for the beginning of the future? If I should be fortunate enough to find such a person or perhaps who knows knows that here I may very well have

found that person already … :) … then I will happily reveal to that person what I have been given to know via not knowing; yes, via the blessing of not knowing. Perhaps a book from the future is in the offing for such a person; for such gracious likeminded people. *River Mirth:* Of what will it contain? *Self:* Longevity phds. *River Mirth:* Phds? *Self:* Yes, planetary heritage dreams; planetary heritage dreams that will last for a long long long time.
Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Pisces Supercluster.

Fragrancies being warmly welcomed in my heart
Dream reality 178



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Sunday, the 13th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Tayira of Sabanilla. *Tayira:* Richard with peace,

light, and love do I gift for your day a basket of fragrant rose petals. Warm hugs!! *Self:* Tayira … :) … it's beautiful; the fragrancies are being warmly welcomed in my heart. Blessings for you, Tayira and your Beloved ones. Fragrantly. *Tayira:* And, Richard here also is a very wonderful Chinese proverb that I would like

to share with you. “If there is light in the soul, There will be beauty in the person. If there is beauty in the person, There will be harmony in the house. If there is harmony in the house, There will be order in the nation. If there is order in the nation, There will be peace in the world.” *Self:* Thank you … :) … Tayira. Harmony is the way to be. And I would say,
Because there is light in her heart, Tayira is a beautiful person. Because Tayira is a beautiful person there is harmony in her house. Because there is harmony in her house there is beauty and harmony in Sabanilla, San Josè, And because there is beauty and harmony in Sabanilla, San Josè there is joy in Costa Rica; joy in Costa Rica and more peaceful is the world. Proverb-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Draco Supercluster.

From child-could to adult-could Dream reality 179

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Monday, the 14th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County. *Ian:* Richard with reading your: "Milestones and millstones ..." Wonderful prose! From childhood to now seems to have

occurred at the speed of light. “Look in the heavens clear of finest quality from one of the turrets, and you’ll see in there that the light is coming to us at the speed of light from the past of hundreds and thousands and millions and millions of years”. What an awesome perspective you have, Richard! *Self:* You’re very welcome, Ian … :) … S-light: speed of light is the difference between, from child-could ‘to’ adult-could … :) …
Blessings Ian, A perspective-ly. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I’m enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Aquarius B Supercluster.

As in the ancient days of the future is this joy Dream reality 180

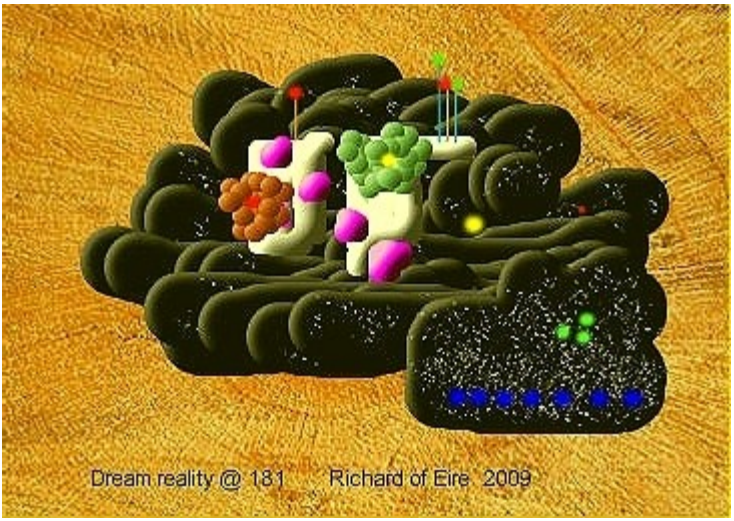
River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Tuesday, the 15th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me Ian St. Ian of Raintree County, Indiana. *Ian:*

Richard, I want to thank you again for allowing me to use your beautiful poem, *I'm Inside With The Without* in my book, *A Midwest Pictorial*. Your words: "Someone come and my door do please open wide; my shutters give to be portal again for the winged buzzies of the fields." are forever etched in my mind. Every time I look at that old house I will think of your words, and how you so aptly

described the generations of being that took place there. *Self:* Ian … :) … may your mind-heart be as the happy winged buzzies of the fields: always n' everywhere de-lighting in bee-ing themselves… :) … New-day-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me sitting on a soft cushy patch of grass on a cliff of a summer's afternoon, and I'm gazing out upon the beauteous shimmering waters of Calliso Bay that pathway their way on over onto the estuary bay of venerable Youghal. *Calliso Bay Self:* Rich, you will come and sit here of this lovely summer's afternoon, and of a thousand and one reflections you will be.
Self: May I be given to know, Rich of one such reflection? *Calliso Bay Self:* A key to looking at everything, Rich is to see; yes, is to see every single thing as an idea; an idea in its own right, and in its relationships with other ideas.
Self: Ideas are forever, Rich, and our reflections upon them from generation to generation. *Calliso Bay Self:* As in the ancient days of the future, Rich be it in the ancient days of the past is this ever present joy of reflection on the wondrously catechetical ways of ideas.
Self: Yes, ever present be this joy Rich, for there is nothing that doesn't speak to us; no idea that isn't a given teaching for our life. *Calliso Bay Self:* Oh, joy, for it's in adherence to the munificent edifying ways of ideas, Rich that life is lived to the fullest! Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Perseus-Pisces Supercluster.

May the pages of the sages in signature be Dream reality 181



River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Wednesday, the 16th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Hi, dear Richard, Blessings of this lovely day. *Self:* Yes, blessings of this lovely Linda day ... :) ... Happy Birthday, Beautiful ... :) .... ! "My seer Suibhne asks of our Love Then said my Suibhne, "Speak to us of our Love." And she raised her head and looked upon my people, and there fell my stillness upon them. And with her voice in my gentleness she said:
When our Most Beloved beckons to us, follow Her, Though Her ways are hard and steep. And when Her wings enfold us, yield to Her, Though Her hailstones hidden in Her summer showers may wound us. And when She speaks to us, believe in Her, Though Her voice at times may shatter our dreams as our north wind lays waste our garden. For even as Her love crowns us so shall She humble us. Even as She is for

our growth so She is for our pruning. Even as She ascends to our height and caresses our tenderest branches that quiver in our sun, So shall She descend to our roots and shake them in their clinging to our earth. Like Her sheaves of corn She gathers us unto Herself. She threshes us to make us stand

alone. She sifts us to free us from our husks. She grinds us to whiteness. She kneads us until we are pliant; And then She assigns us to Her sacred fire, that we may become Her sacred bread for Her sacred feast. All these things shall Her love do unto us that we may know Her secrets of our heart, and in that knowledge become Her fragrancy of Life's heart. " (Source: *Myriam of Lebanon*, A lyrical philosophy of ambiance steadfastly established on Gibran Khalil Gibran's *The Prophet*) Have a great Linda day … :) … ! Fragrantly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Joanna St. Claire of Los Angeles. *Joanna:* Dear Richard, Hope that
you and your beautiful poetry are flying highest in the magnificent Spirit Sky … Always with Blessings for you, Richard. *Self:* Joanna … :) … your words perfectly harmonize with my present mood and aspirations. May you be with every success in your music, and with peace and joy in your relationships with all those who are and will be fortunate enough to come into your loving harmonious presence. Thank you … :) … Joanna. Muse, muse-ly. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a me of a lovely summer's dawn strolling over Youghal way along far stretching Quality Bay. *River Mirth:* What thoughts are you with reflecting upon as you stroll along?

Quality Bay Self: Here be me, there be me, thusly many n' varied
they be; yes, as many they be as the waves of the sea.
Being of two minds in one without feeling any imperative to reason through my thoughts.
The Love, the Warmth, the Life, n' the Light of solarium lounges.
The magnificence n' benevolence of Cosmic Wind.
Transformations of solitariness.

Rivers n' streams' gifts to seas.
Endings n' their beginnings; fruit n' their seeds.
Hidden knowledge; things visible n' invisible.

The mystery of Self in the visible, invisible, n’ in both.
The endurance of earthly seeds n’ thought-ly seeds.

Loving kindness, n’ faithing fullness.
Entering gateways n’ strolling pathways with thankfulness of heart.
Movement, correspondences, n’ communication.
The golden values of the ageless.
Fragrancies of planet Earth.

The significance of antiquity.
Cradles of rediscovery.
My rhythms in the surroundings.
What can be perceived n’ what is beyond perception.
Intact treasuries of n’on-human’ knowledge.

Walls, doorways, n’ interiors.
Seeds changing their form.
The oft elusive treasure of legend, namely wisdom.
Flowers as images of centres.
Hermitages such as Earth where life thrives.

Suns as ideal presiders over seasons n’ fecundity.
Journey as the desire to be ever reaching beginnings.
The phenomenon of, ah, yes, remembering futures.
Forms, hues, n’ sounds.
The lightness of dance, flight, n’ float.

The scents, sights, n’ sounds of May afternoons on planet Earth.
The age-young wisdom of humanity.
Palaces hereabouts n’ their hidden away treasuries.
The joy of being ever-present within the transitory.
Galaxies: expressers ideal of inner meaning.

Connexions between glance, radiance n’ starlight.
Rocks; solidity n’ cohesion as sources of life.
Life as movement, continuity n’ succession.
Happy days n’ nights spent along riverbanks on planet Earth.
Being out of season in season everywhere hereabouts.

My shadow in light n’ on shadow n’ light being in home dark.
Going up to the mountain tops on Earth, n’ on height over here.
How I am to be. Yes, to be is to love as am is to I.
Picture poetry as an ideal ‘place capsule’.
That wherever I am, in space I am.

Love: the regenerating power of place; past-present-future.
The marvels of these beauteous environs.
Dauntless to love; faithful to word.

Lovingkindness is a power of my life.
Breath n' spoken words being invisible.

Strength ascription unto self.
Integrity of heart n' skilfulness of pen.
In each n' every place there is but goodness.
The generosity n' faithfulness of physicality.
Sense-heartedness.

Walking in the light of my own countenance.
Planet Earth is a lovely secluded dwelling place.
First nature: gratitude, courtesy, n' eloquence.
The wide-minded everywhere flourish n' move as galaxies, nebulae, nexuses …
Being in wonder in presence.

Watching wispy clouds from Earth, n' wondering.
My Earthly self my Hereabout self.
Clover on the slopes n' springs in the valleys.
Inheritance, tradition, n' legacy.
My Earthly body; its centre n' its six primary senses.

Mobility with reflection harbingers wisdom.
The mighty fun of 'cross universe' hurdling.
My varicoloured season upon Earth: my in-body life duration on planet Earth, namely from the moment of my con-ception to the moment of my ex-ception.

Rich, carefreely reflecting is the *joie de vivre* of the sages for the ages; yes, a bountiful blessing faithfully consigned unto pages for the ages. *Self:* Then may it be joyfully so, Rich that the pages of the sages in signature be an ever refreshing well being for the ages, n' the ages the hidden granaries of infinity be. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as

the terrestrially designated region known as the Virgo Supercluster.

And there within perpetually shall it abide freshly
Dream reality 182

River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Thursday, the 17th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Linda Kordich of Nevada & California. *Linda:* Dearest Richard, Blessings be to you on this sacred day. You are not alone the 'rural philosopher of the lyrical kind …' You are the "ROYAL philosopher of the magical and divine mind". I am so grateful you are my friend, and thank Our Beloved Mother Nature for such a blessing! *Self:* Methinks, dear Linda, I'm just being me: just being rurally royal n' royally rural me ... :) … in a lyrically likeable kind of way … :) … howsoever, me it be being me. Blessings ... :) ... dear Linda ... all are blessings. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Nabeel Issa of Latakia. *Nabeel:* Hi, Richard, May Thine Birthday Be Serenely Happy! May God Bless you my beautiful friend on your special day, and grant you many the more. *Self:* Thank you ... :) ... Nabeel.

“9:24 And you will say to him, ‘Even if ye have faith as a hair tip of a golden wheat stalk, ye will be able to say to that date palm there in the valley, Be uprooted, and be planted atop yon high mountain, and it will uproot itself, and go off and plant itself on the mountain.’ …”
(Source: *A*

Jesus of Nazareth, Chapter 9 Afar off in the heavens) Ever grateful, Nabeel for your sincerity; for your friendship … :) … Faith fully. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Swan of Bayern. *Swan:* RicheArt, something beautiful for you …

No shadow

Another year -
a tree ring
growing
into your life

loops your space
into the frame
of time

I look
for you
in the stone pit
of words

for luminaries
in the fog
of suns and stars

incomprehensible signs
up in the sky

to the monologue of the moon
listen -
golden light and silver
drips into the cup

the colours
hold together -
no shadow lurking
behind the light
hear you the echo -
of the honey milk song … ?

Happy Birthday
RicheArt!

swan

no_shadow©swan2008

Self: Gracious Swan … :) … Oh, how truly; how truly beautiful is your poem! With gratitude n' love do I warmly receive it into my heart. And there within perpetually shall it abide freshly; abiding freshly with reminding me of just how lovely be thee; lovely be thee the honey milk song. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me La Traviata of Palermo. *La Traviata:* You are a special friend to me, Richard and your Birthday is a special day to me. Happy Birthday and God's abundant blessings. *Self:* Thank you … :) … La Traviata. And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Maha of Syria & Algeria.
Maha: Dear Richard, A glorious day dawned, A new morning, When Richard of Éire was born, A day that had no night after it.Please accept my warm greetings on your Birthday … Richard.*Self:* Such warm greetings have been warmly received by my heart, Maha, and not alone for this my birthday, but for each new day dawning … :) …And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a birthday greeting.
River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's from my mother, Joan Healy Mc Sweeney and reads as follows: "As on that first day, Love, WELCOME!" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a birthday greeting. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's from my sister, Breda Mc Sweeney Roche and reads as follows: "My dearest Richie … love you." And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a birthday greeting. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's from my brother, Denis Mc Sweeney and reads as follows: "Rich, I feel really proud and honoured to know you; you enrich my life. And my

‘most beautifuler’ … the Queen Emer sends you much joy and happiness.”

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a birthday greeting. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It’s from my brother, Joseph Mc Sweeney and reads as follows: “Richie, you’re the best brother and friend anyone could ask for. Always proud of you. Happy Birthday!”

And with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a birthday greeting.

River Mirth: Of what does it read? *Self:* It's from my brother, Michael Mc Sweeney and reads as follows: "Rich, remember our happy childhood days down through the fields to the river? They're a treasure in my heart.
Love you. Happy birthday!" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a birthday greeting. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read?
Self: It's from my brother, Patrick Mc Sweeney and reads as follows:
"Rich, from the summit of Galtee Mór blessings and love for this your special day!" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a birthday greeting. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's from our lovelies Richard & Iris and reads as follows: "Dad … make sure to always let the child inside you come out and play! Remember, you're only as old as you feel. WE LOVE YOU …joy and happiness!" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a birthday greeting. *River Mirth:* Of what does it read? *Self:* It's from my Beloved Sung-ja and reads as follows: "My Love Richie … you deserve a crown for being a great Father, Lover and very Special Person. Saranghae yo …" And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a person.
Oh may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* It's my honourable father, Richard Mc Sweeney! Yes, it's my full-of-wisdom father warmly smiling at me; smiling at me in the lovely way I do remember him to be. *My Father:* Rich, I LOVE YOU … always have and always will. *Self:* I LOVE YOU, Da … always have and always will. *My Father:* In eternity, do we have our being and well being, Rich, and of eternity are our intentions, thoughts, words, and actions. Be in all things, living eternity. *Self:* In accordance with your profound word Da, and by your noble example, may my way be a delight for your eyes to behold, and a mighty gladness for your heart to exalt. *My Father:* Rich, proud and grateful to thee be the generations and me, and proud and grateful will the generations yet to be, of we. And

with continuing to slowly unwind it’s revealing to me a painting of a me on the Brooklyn Bridge of a charming Sunday twilight in late September, and I am enjoyably strolling with a very good friend of mine from the Brooklyn side to the Manhattan. And with reaching the center of the bridge, my friend is enjoying looking down into the East River while I am with noticing two men and a woman walking towards me from the Manhattan side. And they are happily chatting away to each other. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise them? *Self:* Yes, one is Paulo Coelho, the other Kahlil Gibran, and the other Mary Haskell. Mary and Kahlil are walking arm in arm while Paulo is walking next to Kahlil. *River Mirth:* With they approaching are they recognising you? *Self:* Mary

is sending a knowing wink my way, and Paulo a soft smile. *River Mirth:* What about Kahlil?
Self: With passing on by me there, Mary is whispering something in his ear, and with hearing is he slightly turning and with smiling back at me over Mary's left shoulder is he tipping his hat. And I am responding in kind. *River Mirth:* Who is your East River gazing friend? *Self:* Father Edward J. Galvin of the Holy Rosary parish back there in Brooklyn.
Originally a native of the environs of Newcestown in the county Cork, he is on loan here as there is a surplus of priests back home on the isle of Éire. Today he is very happy for he has just learnt by letter from his superior back in Cork that he has his full permission to head for faraway Cathay. And with reflecting upon his courageous choice am I with feeling the need to take up full residency again in the wondrous ways of Butterfly Dreamer. *River Mirth:* Who is Butterfly Dreamer? *Self:* Chou Chuang Tsu (c. 365 - 290 BCE) the profound sage of ancient Cathay who of late has been whispering in my ear to come join with him again in the skilful and pleasurable work of scything and saving hay. *River Mirth:* Scything and saving hay? *Self:* Yes, while the sun of inspiration shines newly and brightly within me, and the generous opportunities of these blessed days be upon me, to earnestly research, develop, and present anew for our own day and beyond, a creative interpretation of the profound writings of Chou Chuang Tsu. Yes, using the Classical Chinese text as the primary source, and with the help of some select translations to boldly produce a creative interpretation; a contemporary literary work that would be uniquely me in character, in addition to having it function as a harmonious contribution to the ongoing bridging of the Hibernia-Europa-Cathay cultural divide, and to global human knowledge in general. Well be it known for ages and ages here on the isle that there are no days like the good days for the scything and saving of hay. The good days are upon me now, and I must needs be with wholeheartedly accepting his welcomed

and privileged invitation on how to find, save, and harvest lovely veiled meadows of rare, tall, lush, purple-hued grasses in the making of sweet hay for the wintry day. *River Mirth:* And what now then for you of the wonderful writings of Kahlil, Mary, and Paulo?
Self: For them do I heartily pray continued inspiration upon their happy illuminating way. *River Mirth:* And for your good friend, Father Edward?
Self: For sound Father Edward do I heartily pray that when he is in near and faraway Cathay, that joyfully and willingly he be a sublime availability for Divine Lady. *Manhattan bound Self:* Rich, a time in the near time is

coming, when you'll find yourself returning to the happy boundlessness of Chou Chuang Tsu's awe-inspiring masterpiece *Vessel in a Blue Sky* and exoterically known as *The Chuang Tsu*. *Self:* Rich, greatly will I be with welcoming that time.
And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me a painting of a man out in the middle of a great field happily piking hay and singing away to his heart's content. *River Mirth:* Do you recognise him? *Self:* Yes, but only from old photographs I remember having seen of him, and from a plaque on the front wall of the Tallow St Patrick's Parish Hall. It's the world renowned Frank Ryan of the golden tenor voice. Frank was born in Fermoy on a winter's day in the year 1900. At a very young age his family came to settle in Tallow where later he himself reared his own family. Frank sang leading roles in *Faust*, *Maritana*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Ernani*, *The Magic Flute*, *The Lily of Killarney*, *Der Markt zu Richmond*, *Cavalleria rusticana* and *La bohème*. He sang with famous leading ladies such as Elena Danelli, Lena Menova, Joan Hammond, Marion Studholme and Marian Lowe. Frank passed away on the 17th day of July in the year 1965.
River Mirth: What's he singing away with piking the hay? *Self: I'll Walk Beside You River Mirth:* And how does it proceed in lyric and melody?

Self: I'll Walk Beside You

> I'll walk beside you through the world today
> While dreams and songs and flowers bless your way
> I'll look into your eyes and hold your hand
> I'll walk beside you through the golden land
>
> I'll walk beside you through the world tonight
> Beneath the starry skies ablaze with light
> Within your soul love's tender words I'll hide
> I'll walk beside you through the eventide

I'll walk beside you through the passing years
Through days of cloud and sunshine, joys and tears
And when the great call comes, the sunset gleams
I'll walk beside you to the land of dreams

River Mirth: You've a beautiful voice.

Frank: Hello, Richard? How's your lovely mother keeping? I remember she used always love be sitting to the left of center, and a few rows back from the front listening to me sing in the theatre in Fermoy. Oh, her lovely smile and wavy hair made me want to sing as an angel from on high. *Self:* Thank you, Frank. Thank God, she's doing great. And lovelier than ever is her charming smile, and her wavy hair most beautiful.
Off does she speak of your heavenly voice, so she does Frank.
Frank: Thank you, Richard. And how's everyone in my beloved Tallow, and all over in lovely Fermoy, and Kilworth? *Self:* They're all n' all n' all doing well, Frank. Proudly keeping your memory alive in their midst, so they are. Especially so is your eldest son, Cornelius. *Frank:* I'm happy to hear that, Richard for where would the world be without having the horse before the hay float; without people recalling to mind for the generations to come the mighty blessings of those gone before them?
Even as a child Cornelius had a great love for the classical music and operas. *Self:* He does your memory proud, Frank, so he does. Frank the pleasure being upon you now with there happily piking away the hay, may I request of you a song for our own day? *Frank:* And isn't it only honoured and delighted I would be, Richard to be singing a song for your own day and beyond. This one is called *Angels guard thee* by Benjamin Godard (1849-1895) and proceeds nicely as follows:

> Beneath the quiv'ring leaves, where shelter comes at last,
> All sadness sinks to rest, or glides into the past;
> Her sweet eyes prison'd now, in their soft silken bars,
> O! my love, calm she sleeps beneath the trembling stars.
>
> Ah! wake not yet from thy repose,

A fair dream spirit hovers near thee,
Weaving a web of gold and rose,
Through dream land’s happy isles to bear thee!
Sleep, love, it is not yet the dawn,
Angels guard thee, sweet love, til morn!

Far from the noisy throng,
by song birds lulled to rest,
Where rock the branches
high by breezes soft carres’d;
Softly the days go on,

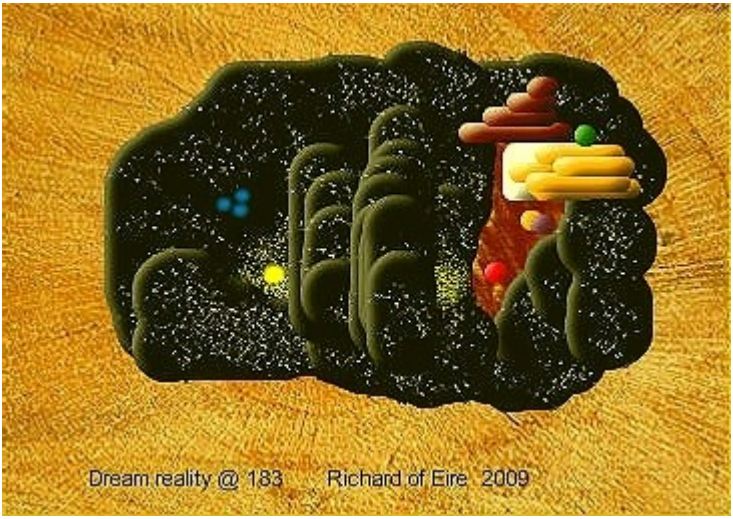
By sorrow all unharm'd,
Thus may life be to thee
a sweet existence charm'd.

Self: Magnificent! Greatly appreciated, Frank. *Frank:* You're very welcome, Richard. And from one proud Irishman to another; one native Fermoy man to another, and from one long-time resident of Tallow to another develop your God-given talents to their greatest extent. Richard, be the greatest that you fully believe yourself can be, and not alone for yourself, your family, and your neighbours, but also for your descendants, and the future generations of this region, the island itself, and the world.
Avail of the opportunities that come your way for talents are always accompanied by matching opportunities be they from the local or the global. At the same time be with knowing too that there is always the mysterious element of suddenly finding oneself to have been standing just at the right moment where a rainbow's end touches down. With all your strength and all your courage fully be the rural philosopher-poet-artist that you in your joyful heart believe yourself to be, and that through your commitment to creativity are capable of becoming even more so. In the day or the morrow, be not concerned whether this view of yourself is acceptable either to the majority or the minority, merely believe in who you are and the rest will follow. For we travellers of the lonelier way seek but the approval of the risings and settings of the sun. And with finding yourself in the blessed presence of God's given opportunities for your own greater self-development, be not with letting any form of unfounded and uncalled for criticism of your artistic ability by those closest to you be wounding you or holding you back; be not with letting yourself be overprotective of your beloved family, and be not, yes, and be not with letting any form of premature nostalgia for a much beloved place stand in your way. Believe you me, Richard when I say, however difficult it may be at such

moments of monumental consequences, more effectual by far in the long courageous run into the ages for all and sundry will you be by taking these my words to heart, you wait and see. For when all is said and done, their gratitude and pride will have its well being and ever-happy homecoming with reflecting upon your journey to your own greatness. Your reaching to your own greatness will be their blessing, and at the same time a calling to them from the mists of dawn to courageously and diligently pursue pathways and highways to their own greatness. *Self:* Greatly appreciated, Frank. Your profound words of wisdom are finding

a sunny place in my heart. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Sloan Great Wall of Galaxies.

It seems so near brightly shinning ever so clear
Dream reality 183

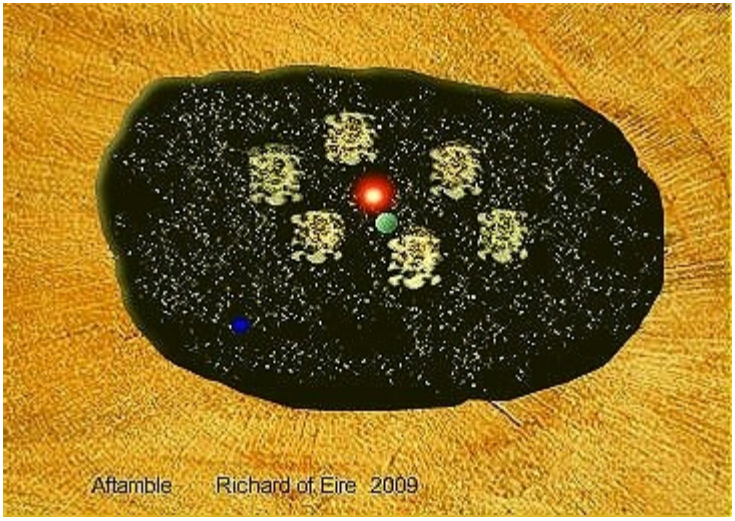


River Mirth: What is this great golden sceptre; be it a scroll revealing to your eyes of your future? *Self:* MySpace date: Friday, the 18th July 2008.

And with continuing to slowly unwind it's revealing to me Olivia Gray of Spain & Switzerland. *Olivia:* Hi, dear Richard, I wish to share with you this marvellous depiction of a full moon over the sea. May it be for you a mirror of great beauty, and a deep well of inspiration. *Self:* Oh, thank you … :) … Lovely Olivia! It seems so near; brightly shinning ever so clear!
Oh, may; oh, may! *River Mirth:* What; what is it? *Self:* Moon is shinning ever so clear … it's … it's waking me … oh, I'm … leaving the lovely dreamscape … waking …

my eyes … my eyes are softly fluttering themselves open … I'm awake! Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Serendipity Nexus.

Ever faithful unto lineage royal Aftamble



River Mirth: What time is it? *Self:* It's coming up on 4:37 in the dawning of Tuesday, the 13th May 2008.

River Mirth: Where are you? *Self:* I'm here in bed next to Sung-ja. It seems I've only just woken up. *River Mirth:* Have you had a good night's sleep? *Self:* Yes, I feel as if I've had a very sound sleep indeed. *River Mirth:* Any dreams? *Self:* I may have had, but right now I don't remember any of them. *River Mirth:* What do you remember from last night: from the time Sung-ja and you were coming upstairs together to go to bed? *Self:* It was close on midnight, and we came upstairs here to take a nice shower. We enjoyed playing some Sunrise n' Sunset in the Valley before giving thanks to Our Provider for our Lovelies; giving thanks for our many blessings as we fell into a cosy deep sleep with I holding her left hand in my right. That's all I can remember. *River Mirth:* And you don't remember anything else until you woke up a few minutes ago. Is that correct? *Self:* Yes, that's cor … ah … wait a minute now, for I seem to be remembering something else. I seem to be having some vague, somewhat

dreamlike recollection of having got up some time during the night to check if I had left some window open or something. Maybe it will come back to me during the day. I'm just going to close my eyes for a few short minutes before I get up to go up to the attic to say hello to my

MySpace friends as well as possibly compose a poem if inspiration nudges me.
River Mirth: What time is it? *Self:* Oh, no! It's after 8:00! I must have fallen back to sleep in the dawn. Sorry friends. *River Mirth:* To your MySpace friends? *Self:* Yes, I usually say hello to them first thing every dawn as well as compose a poem for someone if inspiration nudges me.
I'll now have to leave it until after dinner tonight. I'm getting up now to take a shower, then come back in here to wake Sung-ja, get dressed, and go downstairs to the kitchen. *River Mirth:* What will you do in the kitchen? *Self:* First and foremost, as I like to do every morning, I'll light a small vigil candle and put it on the mantelpiece above the pantry alcove.
I'll then get a glass of water and with standing before the mantelpiece will give thanks to Our Provider for our lovelies Rich and Iris, for each other, for our greater family, and for our many blessings. I'll conclude the rite with taking a drink of water from the glass. By the light, the word, and the water are we made right for the day-night. And after that I'll set out the breakfast. Breakfast is possibly our favourite mealtime. *River Mirth:* Why do ye consider it to be so? *Self:* We know and feel the day that be to be a new day, and the breakfast as such is our celebration of that wonder and blessing; a celebration of the blessing and wonder of each other, and that together we are in body, senses, and heart in this new day. Yes, sitting side by side on the same sofa, sharing of the same hot teapot of tea, basket of fragrant toast, dinghy of golden butter, ringlet of finest cheese, and platter of comb honey while all the while chatting away about something or commenting on the morning television news from around the world. *River Mirth:* What's making news these days? *Self:* The 2008 United States of America Presidential Election Campaign. *River Mirth:* With reference to the isle of Éire where's America located? *Self:* It's part of a gigantic island way off there in the Western Atlantic Ocean. And it also includes a number

of very small islands scattered here and there around the planet. Although I've never been to America myself, I imagine it to be like Éire; yes like Éire a most beautiful place, and its peoples the finest one could ask to meet and to know on the planet.
Potentially, the American Federal Republic of Fifty States has in the goodness and well being of its peoples the fundamental prerequisite for the highly responsible, internationally shared role of educational, ethical, environmental, medical, cultural, and providential trendsetter for all peoples on the planet.
River Mirth: Who is in the running for the American presidency? *Self:* There's a sixty-year old senator named Hillary

Rodham Clinton a native of the State of Illinois; a forty-six year old senator named Barack Hussein Obama a native of the State of Hawaii, and a seventy-one year old senator named John Sidney McCain a native of the State of Arizona.
River Mirth: From among these able three who would you consider to be the best suited for president, and the best able personality wise to share international responsibility for the well being of not alone their own peoples, and all peoples of the planet, but also of the planet itself? *Self:* Who knows for sure knows, but in my opinion Senator Human being Intention-word-action harmony Eloquent orator Believable change a native of Planet Earth is the best suited; the best able. *River Mirth:* How long do you normally spend there in the shower? *Self:* It depends. Taking a shower has oft proven to be a very inspirational time for my writing. This shower is different somehow, in that from the very moment the warm waters flowed down my face and body, I seemed to be with remembering seeing something or having been somewhere rather being inspired. I'm not sure if my eyes are playing with me in the flowing, warmth, and sound of the waters but I seem to be 'seeing' some fleeing images; some fleeting images here before me in the light beige bamboo patterned shower screen. When I touch the screen they disappear; wipe my eyes and they're gone. Oh, look there, they're back again! Now gone again. *River Mirth:* Where do you think they might be coming from? *Self:* Most likely they're coming from something I may have dreamt during the night, but have now completely forgotten having dreamt. Normally, I vividly remember most of my dreams. I wonder could they be some form of premonition of the future or from the future for from time to time I do have in kind such experiences. Maybe it will all become clearer as the day goes on or it may very well be already forever fading and floating away here with the steam and the disappearing waters. Yet, howsoever, even for me somewhat strange and unusual. I'll go in now and be with waking lovely Sung-

ja. Softly blowing breath and whispering into her left ear: *Self:* Love. *Sung-ja:* Mm? *Self:* Love. *Sung-ja:* Yes, Love? *Self:* Love.
Sung-ja: I'm dreaming, Love. Mm, the sun I see is rising; the valley rejoices. Love, love for you to bring the shower in to me. *Self:* Love, love's way is love. *Sung-ja:* Yes, Love, love's way is to welcome love. Welcome, Love. *River Mirth:* What time is it? *Self:* It's 9:20 and we've just celebrated breakfast sitting side by side here on the sofa in the sitting room; sharing of the same hot teapot of tea, basket of fragrant toast, dinghy of golden butter, ringlet of finest cheese, and platter of comb

honey while all the while chatting away about different things, and commenting from time to time on the morning television news from around the world. *Self:* Happy Wedding Anniversary, Sung-ja! *Sung-ja:* Happy Wedding Anniversary, Richie! *River Mirth:* Oh, is today yere wedding anniversary? *Self:* Yes, in a sense in that we always wish each
other a 'Happy Wedding Anniversary!' on the 13th day of each and every month. This is a custom we have faithfully retained since the 13th November 1983 it being one month to the day of our marriage. We're going to go out for a stroll now. *River Mirth:* Which route will ye take?
Self: We're going to go down by the Carmelite monastery, and on down to the bridge o'er the River Bride. From there we'll go up a little ways on the N72 to The Pines to sit on the lovely bench there on The Sweep, and to be chatting and gazing away out in an arc down o'er the Tallow Valley all the way from the east around by the south to the west. We'll then either return back down the same way we had come up or instead, and most likely, continue on down around a lovely laneway in front of four pretty river-to-valley view houses with their marvellous flower gardens, and on along by the whitewashed walls of Henley's horse stud will we go.
And having stopped at our favourite gateway from which to be admiring the river flow we'll continue on along the laneway n'eath the canopying trees which will be bringing out us by the pretty Brideview Tavern, and back again on over the bridge leading to the village. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* I'm sitting here with Sung-ja on the lovely wooden bench by The Pines on The Sweep and enjoying chatting and gazing away out in an arc down o'er the pristine Tallow Valley of this fabulous morn of the 13th May 2008. What do you remember, Sung-ja from last night before we went to bed; before we went to sleep? *Sung-ja:* I remember, Richie at close on midnight, we went upstairs to take a nice shower. We enjoyed playing

some Sunrise n’ Sunset in the Valley before giving thanks to Our Provider for our Lovelies, and our greater family; giving thanks for our many blessings as we fell into a cosy deep sleep with my left hand contentedly in your right. That’s all I can remember.
Self: And from once you fell asleep what’s the next thing you remember?
Sung-ja: You softly blowing breath and whisper … ah … wait a minute now for I seem to be remembering something else. I seem to be having some vague, somewhat dreamlike recollection of you getting up some time during the night, and of hearing you go up to the attic and come straight back down again and back to bed and gently taking hold of my left hand. What next I remember is you gently letting go of my hand to

get up to take a shower. And I was back to sleep again. Next, I clearly remember you softly blowing breath and whispering into my left ear:
Self: Love. *Sung-ja:* Mm? *Self:* Love. *Sung-ja:* Yes, Love? *Self:* Love.
Sung-ja: I'm dreaming, Love. Mm, the sun I see is rising; the valley rejoices. Love, love for you to bring the shower in to me. *Self:* Love, love's way is love.
Sung-ja: Yes, Love, love's way is to welcome love. Welcome, Love.
Why do you ask, Love? *Self:* Well, since I got up this morning, and especially while in the shower, in the kitchen, in the garden, and below at the bridge by the Tavern, I've been seeing 'visions' which I can't account for. I'm of the opinion that I must have been dreaming during the night but that with waking had completely forgotten what I had dreamt.
And that what I've been seeing is some kind of dream flashback experiences. *Sung-ja:* Richie, day-nightly you see visions. *Self:* I know that, Love but these seem to be a little different. *Sung-ja:* Describe them for me.
Self: While taking a shower, I seemed to be with remembering seeing something or having been somewhere rather being inspired like I usually am in the shower. I'm still not sure if my eyes were playing with me in the flowing, warmth, and sound of the waters but I seemed to be 'seeing' some fleeting images; yes, some fleeting images before me in the light beige bamboo patterned shower screen. When I touched the screen they disappeared; wiped my eyes and they were gone. On the yellow wall above the mantelpiece in the kitchen, behind the statue of The Lady, and the blue-white swan vase of flowers, and the softly glowing vigil candle appeared just for an instant a night view of the starry heavens in the direction of the Constellation Lyre. Such a vision has never happened before. Then, while I out back in the garden giving some milk and bread to Misty and Matrix, I happened to notice the high rose bush on the left suddenly blossom forth a host of peach coloured roses

as if it were a day in high July! And as I was gazing at this marvel, behold I saw a very peaceful, beautiful looking woman of about our own age walking in a garden overlooking what appeared and felt to be the Pacific Ocean. She was strolling and singing in a lovely garden rich with flowers of many kinds, and ponds with lotus blossoms and koi fish in abundance. And as we were standing on the bridge by the Tavern earlier, and we with enjoying viewing the two lovely swans pruning themselves in the waters there below us, I saw a vision of yet another beautiful woman and she seemingly of an age younger than us standing on the bank and looking in the direction of the swans. She was wearing a lovely smile, golden sun-

kissed hair alighting upon a white cardigan over a white blouse. And she had her hands partially in the front pockets of her long white pants. The slenderness of her body and the whiteness of her clothes were that of the same whiteness and slenderness of the swans there in the shimmering waters. *Sung-ja:* Richie, my blessed among men; women of poise and grace, and beautiful scenes of nature are always on your poetic to visionary mind. Thus it should be no surprise that such beauties, Love will from place to place be needing to present themselves to you here
also in your outer world, for the veil between these two worlds is oft for you found to be very fine. *Self:* Your loving kindness, Sung-ja is love.
Sung-ja: Love, Richie is your loveliness in kind. Like always, my Beloved your visions, hearings, scentings, feelings, savourings, and thoughtings have their own special meanings, and for the greater part are related to what your writing at that time, and on occasion with what you're going to be writing about sometime in the near future. Accept, Richie that from place to place you are both of the inner and outer worlds at the same time; simultaneously both of the near n' far. This is who you are; this is who I know you to be. *Self:* Thank you, Sung-ja for the depths of your wisdom; for your beauty. *Sung-ja:* Thank you, Richie for your courage; for the vastness of your love. Oh, is that the grand young old man, Thomas Cunningham slowly driving up along there from the direction of the Tavern? *Self:* Yes, it is, and with nearing he's happily winding down his window with a view to stopping for a word or two hundred. *Thomas:* Well, now now how are our admirable Love Birds on this grand May morning? *Sung-ja & Self:* They're doing very well, now thank you, Thomas. And how are the Love Birds Bridie and Thomas? *Thomas:* They're doing very well now, Sung-ja, thank you. Listen why don't ye come around now and drop in for a cup of coffee and cake. The day is long, and Bridie and I would love to be having ye in for a chat. *Sung-ja:* Thanks, Thomas. And that assuredly

we'll do. *Thomas:* That's great! We'll be expecting ye so. *Self:* Right, Thomas. Thanks. We'll be down in ten to fifteen minutes. *Sung-ja:* You know, Richie this is what I really like about living here in this beautiful country, and especially here in lovely Tallow: it's the quality time people are ever ready and willing to make for each other. *Self:* The same is true, Sung-ja of your lovely Korea as I was privileged to find during my very happy thirteen-year sojourn there.
Sung-ja: We had a great time there, Richie with our Lovelies and my parents and grandparents, hadn't we? *Self:* We sure had, Sung-ja. So many are the great memories from that period. *Sung-ja:* Yes, yes, indeed.

Let's leave them for now, Love and be with strolling our way down, shall we? *Self:* Yes, that's a wisely good idea. Besides, Bridie and Thomas will be waiting for us. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* Sung-ja and I are in the sitting room-kitchen of Thomas & Bridie's pretty house home enjoying chatting over coffee and some homemade white-iced chocolate topping Maderia cake which Bridie herself baked in the dawning of this new day. Bridie and Thomas have been married to each other with over fifty years. And their sitting room-kitchen walls here are covered from the ceiling almost right to the floor with framed photographs of their life together going way back; photographs of their parents going as far back as in the day, and of course numerous photographs of their children and grandchildren. And their refrigerator door there also well records many wonderful memories. I'm recalling that on our very first visit here, Bridie had spent the entire morning introducing Sung-ja and myself to each and every photograph on the wall. It was a very interesting and enjoyable journey through the ages. *Thomas:* With the help of God, Sung-ja and Richard, my dear Bridie here will be celebrating her 80th birthday come this September. *Bridie:* Yes, Lovelies, and my dear Thomas here will be celebrating his own 80th on the longest day of the year; yes, come this June 21st with the help of God. *Sung-ja:* Ah, it's very interesting in that you Thomas were born in the month of June, Richie in July, I in August, and Bridie you yourself in September. *Thomas:* Perhaps, Sung-ja then June to September should be called a season all of its own. What might be a good name for such a season, Bridie, my Love? *Bridie:* Yes, let's call it Love in Bloom. *Self:* Yes, 'Love in Bloom' Bridie sounds just right.
What say you, Thomas? *Thomas:* Yes, 'Love in Bloom' Richard sounds just right. What say you, Sung-ja? *Sung-ja:* Yes, 'Love in Bloom' Thomas sounds just right. What say you, Bridie? *Bridie:* Yes, 'Love in Bloom' Sung-ja sounds just right. Sung-ja, I love your blouse and mid-shin length skirt. They're beautiful.

Sung-ja: Ah, they're Penny's finest, Bridie. *Bridie:* Oh, and lovely are your sandals. *Sung-ja:* Iris bought them for me in Schuh at the end of April as a gift for the lovely month of May. *Bridie:* Is Schuh in Cork city, Sung-ja? Thomas might treat me to a nice pair of shoes there the next time we're in Cork. *Sung-ja:* Yes, they're on St. Patrick's Street, Bridie to the right of Fr. Matthew's statue as you enter the street up from Merchant's Quay. Iris has a part-time job in Schuh so be sure and ask for her when he call in. *Bridie:* We will, won't we Thomas? *Thomas:* We will indeed, Bridie. We will, we will indeed, so we will. *Bridie:* What a lovely mind Iris must have, Sung-ja, and what a loving

gesture by her for her charming mama. Sung-ja, how do you manage to keep your figure looking so good? *Sung-ja:* Ah, it's oft walking down along this enchanting way, Bridie. *Thomas:* Ah, now methinks it has more to do with the charming company here she has on her arm as she strolls along in happy chatting. *Sung-ja:* Ecstasy wind n'eath my wings, Thomas, glorious sunshine my petals upon. *Thomas:* Ah, yes, so true Sung-ja: the fresh winds of May and the nice warm sunshine is very good for one's health and for the garden. *Bridie:* Well honestly, my dear Thomas. Over fifty years together now and you're still talking about the weather! Honestly, what's this? *Thomas:* Observation and consideration of the weather, my dear Bridie is very important.
One who has cultured himself to read the climatic changes knows well when best to make a move, and when best not to make a move deeming it better to remain still and be patient instead until more favourable weather conditions present themselves. *Bridie:* But always, my dear Thomas hasn't it been well worth the wait? *Thomas:* It has indeed, my dear Bridie. It has indeed. *Self:* Blessed be yere good health, Bridie and Thomas. And may ye continue to have such a great welcome for everyone; baking delicious cakes and making fine coffee. *Bridie & Thomas:* Thank you, Richard. Thank you Sung-ja. *Sung-ja & Self:* Thank you, Thomas. Thank you Bridie. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* I'm out strolling here on my own with Matrix up the same route as yesterday afternoon: out the Mill Road, on over the bridge over the Golden riverlet, and all the way up by Abbey's Grotto. However, because it's a little later today, I may decide only to go up as far as the gateway on the eastern slope of the Hill of Elksnmist. *River Mirth:* Yesterday as in Monday, the 12th May 2008? *Self:* Yes, I'm in Tuesday, the 13th May 2008.
River Mirth: What time is it? *Self:* It's 4:25 PM. *River Mirth:* Where's Sung-ja? *Self:* She's at her place of part-time work in the town of Fermoy over there to the

west in the county Cork. She'll be coming home in a little while. *River Mirth:* Rich and Iris? *Self:* Studying away happily for themselves in the city of Cork over there down south on the coast. *River Mirth:* Is Matrix with you? *Self:* No. I let him at home as he and Misty seemed to be miles away snoozing side by side in the lovely sunshine over by the circular green clothesline. I enjoy putting clothes out on the line and taking them off later as it offers me a very nice opportunity to be view-listening to the sky up through the golden wires. It could take me up to twenty minutes to put a few items of clothing out on the line, and at least as long again to take them down. Sung-ja, graciously well

understanding me, let's me be in my sky wondering ways. When coming home from primary school it would take me longer than my brothers and sister as I would enjoy getting off my small red bicycle to take time to be looking at everything along the way. The road home from school was a truly wondrous place; something that I looked forward to from the moment I reached the school gate in the mornings. My mother, graciously well understanding me, let me be in my flora and fauna wondering ways. William Blake's poem *The Schoolboy* from his collection *Songs of Innocence* is coming to my mind. *River Mirth:* How does it proceed?
Self: The Schoolboy

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father & mother if buds are nip'd,
And blossoms blown away,

And if the tender plants are strip’d
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care’s dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

(Artist, mystic, and poet William Blake (1757-1827) produced *Songs of Innocence* in 1789. A poetry collection written from the child's point of view of innocent wonderment and spontaneity in natural settings.)

River Mirth: Where precisely are you on the route?
Self: I'm crossing the street here in front of the beautifully maintained 18th century Clancy's Bar & Accommodation. Up until very recently it used to be known as the Devonshire Arms Inn, Guesthouse. With entering Mill Road, my attention is momentarily being drawn to the old brown door here in the pretty stone wall beneath the green-leafed magnolia tree. Its iron ring handle is reminding me of a similar door in a stone wall that I had once seen in a movie; a movie whose title eludes me right now. A lovely melismatic style of voicing is very faintly sounding in my ears as I stroll along here by the wall, but is becoming fainter and fainter with coming up on the corner pillar of the old cemetery, and now is no longer with me with having reached the high Haydon iron gates. This stretch of road here: from beneath the wondrous grove of trees that stands on the left across the road there from Annetta & Aiden's lovely house home, and on over the bridge over the Golden riverlet there, over to the bend there beyond in front of the silver revolving wooden canopied stile into Marjorie & Michael's house home, and with the Hill of Elksnmist off there in the background, all bathed as it is in this lovely late afternoon sunshine is so very very beautiful, so it is. Its beauty found at a particular time of day and in a season will oft bring tears of joy unto my eyes; tears of joy unto my eyes as it do now so delightfully. And as I'm strolling along into that way, Wolfgang Amadeus

Mozart's *Concerto per arpa e flauto* is clearly being within me. Oh! There's a handsome full-grown heron standing there in mid water flow on the northern side of the bridge, and passing before him are five to seven brown ducks and one white, and they all with their heads beneath the surface of the water playfully swimming upstream in my direction. *River Mirth:* And what are you thinking about as you walk alone that way in the company of Mozart's airy melody? *Self:* I'm thinking how lovely a location this is in which to

be rearing a family; how charming a route it is for the primary school children and their mothers from out Pheasant Lane who take this way twice daily to and from school. On beyond the Golden riverlet bridge, and I'm being greeted by a white pony in the small field here on my right.

Her brow and face feels warm and gentle to the touch; her true blue eyes are full of love. Continuing on with strolling along by the silver revolving wooden canopied stile here into Marjorie & Michael's house home, and on along here in front of Martha & Ted's house home, I am with rounding this apple tree corner seeing beyond the twin cottage the sturdy brown-black iron bench against the background of the lovely old low stone wall that runs along there. The bench was erected to the memory

of Paddy Burke (1938-2004) by his friends. Paddy used to live in the twin cottage. A young friendly black haired dog and an easygoing foxy-white cat are snoozing away for themselves in the shade there by the porch. *Self:* Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* Two people have appeared from I know no where and are sitting side by side on the bench. *River Mirth:* Do you know who they are? *Self:* Ah, yes, yes, I do! It's Anna

Netrebko and Marcelo Alvarez. And they're singing *O Soave Fanciulla*.

With strolling on along the sacred Hill of Elksnmist is now coming into view off there to my right. And high up in the canopying blue are some floating 'comet' contrails all finding themselves becoming shapes anew. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* I'm passing along a bend that has a slight embankment on which either wild raspberry or strawberry plants are growing. In a few weeks they will have grown well, and by late July or early August will have an abundance of nice ripe fruit on offer. With coming up on the entrance to Teresa & Cornelius Ryan's house home, Barbara Bonney's beautiful rendition of Franz Peter Schubert's *Ave Maria* is clearly being within me. Stopping to scent

a furze bush. A most delightful fragrance. And from the entrance to Glenbrook house home, Kathleen Battle & Christopher Parkening's rendition of Charles François Gounod's *Ave Maria* is clearly being within me. *River Mirth:* Who lives in Glenbrook? *Self:* I don't know who lives in lovely Glenbrook, but I know them to be very strong Waterford fans as oft I've seen blue and white buntings flying between two trees they have growing there just inside the entrance. I like the latest stonework they've done out front.

And, oh, they have two handsome terriers with attitude who occasionally let their presence be known. Although on this lovely warm afternoon they must have been snoozing away for themselves in the shade as they didn't make any appearance. Two dark brown horses in the lovely small

field here beyond Glenbrook have come up to the old stone fence to greet me. Their foreheads feel lovely and warm; their deep brown eyes are full of love. A majestic crow is effortlessly gliding up from the south between the two tall trees there to the left of Beecher's hidden from view house home, and without even the slightest flapping of his wings is beautifully gliding o'er me on his solitary carefree way down across the Tallow Valley. I'm now nearing Abbey's Grotto, and will take a short rest there before continuing on up to the upper gate. The feel of this soft refreshing breeze about me, and its sounds and gentle waving of the trees high up and behind me here in the Grotto is truly marvellous.
River Mirth: What are you thinking about as you sit there in the Grotto? *Self:* I'm thinking about what my Grandmother Abbey said to me yesterday.
Abbey: Know it well this day, Risteárd that you are of a lineage of guardians of sacred places, in particular of sacred places here on the isle of Éire, and of the sacred isle itself that is Éire, and of this sacred planet that is Earth. *Self:* Grand dear mother, I am but a humble writer and speaker of words, how can this be? *Abbey:* I'm in your heart, Risteárd.
Be of the courage and duty of your noble ancestry. Know that a time is coming in the very near future in which you'll be called upon to courageously safeguard a sacred place in the village below. *Self:* How will I know when this time has come upon me? *Abbey:* You will know it to be so when your heart is greatly moved with reading the following words:
"Nothing can come between us and the love of …, even if we are troubled or worried, or being persecuted, or lacking food or clothes, or being threatened or even attacked. These are the trials through which we triumph, by the power of … who loved us. For I am certain of this: neither death nor life, no angel, no prince, nothing that exists, nothing still to come, not any power, or height or depth, nor any created thing, can ever come between us and the love of … made visible in … ."

Self: Be it be unto me, Beloved Grandmother Abbey according to your word. *River Mirth:* Are you thinking about anything else? *Self:* Yes, I'm thinking that there are so many scents, sights, and sounds which I experience whenever I'm out strolling that it would be quite impossible for me to write them all down in my writings. For my readers to fully appreciate them they would do well of a glorious May afternoon likened unto this one to come here and sense them all for themselves. Greatly enriched as me will they be by the whole salubrious experience. I'm now strolling on up a little further, and will only go as far as the double-width gateway on the southern slope of the Hill of Elksnmist. With standing

here leaning on the gateway, Fairuz singing *Give me the Flute and sing* is clearly being within me. I'm now slowly heading back down. *River Mirth:* What are you gazing at as you're strolling along? *Self:* I'm gazing over there at the northern side of the Tallow Valley. And I'm imagining what it will look like in early August when all the grain fields there will be full ripe. *River Mirth:* What do imagine it will look like? *Self:* It will appear for a week or two in the lovely sunshine of late afternoons as if it were of golden sand dunes all generously bejewelled and bedecked here and there with green and purple oases. I'm going to sit down for a few moments in the Grotto before heading off down to the village. Oh, may! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* With looking up into the sky there out before me from the Grotto, had I in a single moment been given to clearly see and vividly remember having had dreamt a most wondrous and enjoyable dream last night!
All the different images I've been seeing throughout the day make perfect sense to me now. *River Mirth:* What images? *Self:* At least four images from the many immediately and clearly come to mind, like while I taking a shower after getting up, I seemed to be with remembering seeing something or having been somewhere rather being inspired like I usually am in the shower. I seemed to be 'seeing' some fleeing images; yes, some fleeting images before me in the light beige bamboo patterned shower screen. When I touched the screen they disappeared; wiped my eyes and they were gone. And then on the yellow wall above the mantelpiece in the kitchen having seen a night view of the starry heavens in the direction of the Constellation Lyre. And while out back in the garden giving some milk and bread to Misty and Matrix, I happened to notice the high rose bush on the left suddenly blossom forth a host of peach coloured roses as if it were a day in high July! And as I was gazing at this marvel, behold I saw a very peaceful, beautiful looking woman walking in a garden overlooking what appeared and felt to be the Pacific Ocean. And then as I

was standing with Sung-ja on the bridge by the Tavern, and we with enjoying viewing two lovely swans pruning themselves in the waters there below us, I saw a vision of yet another beautiful woman standing on the bank and looking in the direction of the swans. Throughout the day I had been remembering bits and piece of imagery without knowing that I had already dreamt them last night. And the most interesting thing about it all is, that in my dream, I was given to see my future. *River Mirth:* How do mean? *Self:* I mean, I was given to see and know my future beyond yesterday: the 12th May 2008 to several weeks into the future. And this

was especially true for my online community of friends on MySpace. In my dream reality, I met friends that in my waking reality I have not yet met, and whom for some have I composed beautiful poems. Oh, no, no! *River Mirth:* What is it? *Self:* It's all beginning to fade. *River Mirth:* What's all beginning to fade? *Self:* With rising from the Grotto my memory of having dreamt the dream; of having known my future for the coming while is all very quickly fading, fadin, fadi, fad, fa, f, and is now no more.
River Mirth: While sitting in the Grotto back there what were you thinking about? *Self:* I wasn't thinking about anything. Merely, I was just enjoying gazing out across the beautiful late afternoon land scenery and up at the lovely sky. *River Mirth:* Do you recall having mentioned that you were given to remembering in a single moment a most wondrous dream that you had dreamt last night? *Self:* In the Grotto I wasn't thinking about anything. Merely, I was just enjoying gazing out across the beautiful late afternoon land scenery and up at the lovely sky. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* I'm standing here on the diamond shaped mound of grass betwixt two roads; the one to my right here is a way back there to Middleton, and the one here to my left is the one I've just come down. *River Mirth:* What are you viewing? *Self:* A lone hawthorn standing in the midst of golden furze in the far off field there a little to my right, and away over a little to my left the lovely curvy Knockmealdown Hills. Oh, the faintly visible waxing Moon is over there in the mid eastern blue sky! Beautiful it is, so it is. And what's that? *River Mirth:* What's what? *Self:* A pretty single-engine white plane is circling there above the Tallow Valley. Perhaps it's taking posterity photographs. And in pure playfulness aren't I waving up at it on its second pass over. Who knows knows I might be viewable in posterity! From childhood I've always loved looking up at aeroplanes. *River Mirth:* Have you any particular memory from your childhood related to aeroplanes? *Self:* When surely I was no more than nine or ten, and of a Sunday

afternoon strolling with my parents, brothers and sister, I had with gazing up with wonderment at a high flying aeroplane in the blue sky, made comment to my parents that I would like to be an aeroplane or a spaceship pilot when I be big. *River Mirth:* And what answer did they give? *Self:* They said it might be possible for me to become an aeroplane pilot but not a spaceship pilot. *River Mirth:* Why not a spaceship pilot? *Self:* I guess they didn't believe me when I used to tell them that I see spaceships in starry nights, especially see them over up high in the northern to northeastern sky. *River Mirth:* Is the pretty

single-engine white plane still circling the Tallow Valley? *Self:* It's moving away off there to the east. And a song is clearly presenting itself within me; yes, it's the hauntingly beautiful voice of lovely Isabelle Boulay singing *Mieux qu'ici-bas*. *River Mirth:* What are you doing now? *Self:* I'm being greeted by five brown horses and one white in the field here on the right. Now passing on am I by the house home down there on my right on the bank of the Golden. And as it was yesterday, so is it today, in that its half door is partially ajar. Oh, a pretty hedgehog has decided to stroll along part of the way here with me and is now disappearing into the tall grass. Her forehead felt warm and gentle to the touch. I'm coming upon a most beautiful scene in the riverlet field across and down here from Teresa & Cornelius's house home. *River Mirth:* What is it you're with seeing there? *Self:* The field is all aglory with golden buttercups!

And to my eyes it appears to be a slowly rotating golden hued spiral galaxy. In this coming summer holidays, Fifth & Sixth class Tallow primary school children will assuredly be enjoying strolling along the end of the field over there by the bank of the Golden riverlet.

They'll be happily chatting and laughing away as they meander along in the beauty of their childhood innocence and carefreeness. Beautiful memories they will be making there along unknown to themselves. And who knows knows, later some from among that happy group of this summer will there be already lovers for each other's future. It's just that they won't know of it yet. And perhaps years later of a summer's day they will take to strolling along that same enchanting way as they did when they were primary school children of their happy summer holidays back in 2008, and will be with remembering that they did not know that summer as they chatted and laughed along there with their friends and each other, that they would someday become lovers. And I will smile this summer upon their strolling and wave to them should I happen

to view them over that way laughing and joking along their innocent carefree way. And I unto myself make promise this afternoon here with viewing this delightful field, that for summers and summers without end will I happily smile, bless, and wave to the school children and lovers of Tallow Valley who stroll along that heavenly way over there by the banks of the Golden; will happily smile, bless, and wave to all who stroll the planet all over in friendship and love along such heavenly refreshing ways. *River Mirth:* Where are you now? *Self:* I'm nearing here the bend leading to the bridge over the Golden. And with strolling along I'm enjoying looking at the white pyramid horse chestnut trees and the lilacs over by the pretty

cottage on the right before the bridge. I remember an old lady used to live there who used to enjoy growing many roses. The scent of the lilac is delicious as I'm passing along here in front of the cottage. May someone fall in love with this pretty little place and bring it to new life. I'm going to sit for a few moments there on the bridge wall on the right next to the lilac at the corner end of the garden. *River Mirth:* What is attracting your gaze? *Self:* A pair of pied wagtails playfully bathing side by side in the refreshing waters there in the company of gently waving from side to side cream to yellow coloured river grass. Ah, it looks like great fun! A thought has just come to me that since Abbey's Grotto I haven't seen any more of those images that I had been seeing throughout the day up until then. *River Mirth:* Why do you think this might be so? *Self:* Oft have I found that while sitting reflectively in the Grotto everything becomes very clear, and I come away from there fully refreshed. As it's already coming up on 5:35, I'll go along there Pheasant Lane instead of taking the longer way around by Mill Road, Barrack Street and into West Street that I may reach the car park in time to be waiting to welcome Sung-ja.
And with crossing over the pretty bridge over the Golden on West Street,
and onwards and with entering the car park of lovely southern and western views next to the Tallow Enterprise Centre, Johann Pachelbel's *Kanon und Gigue in D-Dur für drei Violinen und Basso Continuo* being performed on original instruments by Voices of Music is clearly being within me. Moments of fragrant silence. *River Mirth:* Where simultaneously are you in the Greater Universe? *Self:* I'm enjoying floating here in shape, form, and size as the terrestrially designated region known as the Corona Borealis Supercluster.

Soft Gentle Breeze is returning, and with eddying about is fragrantly blowing upon **Self**, and causing **Self** to welcomingly drift away out of the lovely hypnotic-like state.

And **Soft Gentle Breeze** with carrying **River Mirth** is charmingly floating on upon their jovial way o'er the serenely flowing An Abhainn Bheag Álainn that is journeying to the An Abhainn Mhór Álainn confluence while **Self** in kind ever faithful unto lineage royal has taken to 'strolling' in their tarried fragrancies along its meandering banks.

And there along along with complete knowledge of infinitesimal detail, is with reflectively and lovingly remembering the particularly

delightful conversation had with **River Mirth** on a certain sojourning on and about a well-beloved planet of planets in the way away far n’ near.

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[**Jim & Ha-lim Maguire n' daughters Sile and Sinead**] D139, D144
[**Joan Healy-Mc Sweeney (mother)**] D182
[**Joe the Waterfordman**] Foreamble
[**John Mc Carthy**] Foreamble
[**John the postman**] D42
[**Joseph Matar**] D103
[**Joseph Mc Sweeney (brother)**] D182
[**Judy Burton**] D27
[**Kahlil Gibran**] D46, D48, D65, D93, D95, D98, D103, D108, D152, D157, D172, D182
[**Kenneth Joseph Mortimer**] D103
[**Liam Howard**] D6
[**Lovely Lady of Harissa**] D103
[**Madame Alice Eddé**] D103
[**Marjorie & Michael O'Brien**] Foreamble
[**Martha & Ted Keniry**] Foreamble
[**Mary Haskell**] D182
[**Michael Mc Sweeney (brother)**] D182
[**Ned Crouch**] D70
[**Paddy Burke**] Aftamble
[**Papal Nuncio Dr. Giuseppe Leanza**] D14, D42
[**Patrick Mc Sweeney (brother)**] D182

[**Richard Mc Sweeney (father)**] D182
[**Risteárd Mac Suibhne (grandfather)**] Foreamble

[**Rose & Tom Cunningham**] Foreamble
[**Senator Barack Obama]** D66, D100, Aftamble
[**Serge Lutens**] D78
[**Teresa & Cornelius Ryan**] Foreamble, D182
[**Thomas & Bridie Cunningham**] Aftamble
[**Waheeb Kairouz**] D98
[**Walter Tobin**] Foreamble, D175
[**William Matar**] D103, D110

Off-planet locations:

[An Abhainn Bheag Álainn] Foreamble, Aftamble
[An Abhainn Mhór Álainn] Foreamble, Aftamble
[Andromeda Nebula] D100
[Antennae Galaxies] D131
[Aquarius B Supercluster] D179
[Aquarius Supercluster] D153
[Aquarius-Capricornus Supercluster] D159
[Aquarius-Cetus Supercluster] D170
[Barnard's Galaxy] D115
[Blue snowball Nebula] D125
[Bode's Galaxy] D107
[Bootes Supercluster] D155
[Bubble Nebula] D146
[Bug Nebula] D116
[Butterfly Nebula] D137
[Caelum Supercluster] D150
[Carina Nebula] D88
[Cat Eye Nebula] D94
[Centaurus A Galaxy] D106
[Cetus A Galaxy] D113
[Cocoon Nebula] D91
[Columba Supercluster] D168
[Coma Supercluster] D158
[Cone Nebula] D120
[Constellation Andromeda] D4
[Constellation Antlia] D66
[Constellation Apus] D63
[Constellation Aquarius] D22
[Constellation Aquila] D16
[Constellation Ara] D39
[Constellation Aries] D17
[Constellation Auriga] D60
[Constellation Boötes] D74
[Constellation Caelum] D56
[Constellation Camelopardalis] D38
[Constellation Cancer] D75
[Constellation Canes Venatici] D84
[Constellation Canis Major] D55
[Constellation Canis Minor] D52
[Constellation Capricornus] D40
[Constellation Carina] D51

[Constellation Cassiopeia] D80
[Constellation Centaurus] D1
[Constellation Cepheus] D12
[Constellation Cetus] D43
[Constellation Chamaeleon] D7
[Constellation Circinus] D34
[Constellation Columba] D86
[Constellation Coma Berenices] D58
[Constellation Corona Austrina] D71
[Constellation Corvus] D30
[Constellation Crater] D29
[Constellation Crux] D26
[Constellation Cygnus] D33
[Constellation Delphinus] D8
[Constellation Dorado] D48
[Constellation Draco] D46
[Constellation Equuleus] D25
[Constellation Eridanus] D79
[Constellation Fornax] D2
[Constellation Gemini] D62
[Constellation Grus] D5
[Constellation Hercules] D11
[Constellation Horologium] D36
[Constellation Hydra] D41
[Constellation Hydrus] D32
[Constellation Indus] D4
[Constellation Lacerta] D14
[Constellation Leo Minor] D81
[Constellation Leo] D72
[Constellation Lepus] D3
[Constellation Libra] D68
[Constellation Lupus] D59
[Constellation Lynx] D24
[Constellation Lyra] D47
[Constellation Mensa] D85
[Constellation Microscopium] D54
[Constellation Monoceros] D15
[Constellation Musca] D50
[Constellation Norma] D31
[Constellation Octans] D37
[Constellation Ophiuchus] Foreamble
[Constellation Orion] D53
[Constellation Pavo] D2

[Constellation Pegasus] D87
[Constellation Perseus] D77
[Constellation Phoenix] D9
[Constellation Pictor] D70
[Constellation Pisces] D6
[Constellation Piscis Austrinus] D45
[Constellation Puppis] D44
[Constellation Pyxis] D76
[Constellation Reticulum] D67
[Constellation Sagitta] D18
[Constellation Sagittarius] D27
[Constellation Scorpius] D64
[Constellation Sculptor] D82
[Constellation Scutum] D13
[Constellation Serpens] D28
[Constellation Sextans] D35
[Constellation Taurus] D83
[Constellation Telescopium] D61
[Constellation Triangulum Australe] D69
[Constellation Triangulum] D23
[Constellation Tucana] D21
[Constellation Ursa Major] D57
[Constellation Ursa Minor] D78
[Constellation Vela] D42
[Constellation Virgo] D19
[Constellation Volans] D73
[Constellation Vulpecula] 10
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[Cork Butterfly Nebula] D112
[Corona Borealis Supercluster] Aftamble
[Corona Borealis] D65
[Cosnchfox Fur Nebula] D105
[Crab Nebula] D104
[Crescent Nebula] D89
[Draco Supercluster] D178
[Draco-Ursa Major Supercluster] D165
[Dumbbell Nebula] D97
[Eagle Nebula] D143
[Flame Nebula] D95
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[Fornax-Eridanus Supercluster] D160
[Great Orion Nebula] D111
[Grus Quartet Galaxies] D134

[Grus Supercluster] D166
[Helix Nebula] D139
[Hercules Superclusters] D152
[Hind’s Variable Nebula] D103
[Horologium Supercluster] D171
[Horsehead Nebula] D122
[Hydra-Centaurus Supercluster] D173
[Lagoon Nebula] D144
[Leo A Supercluster] D164
[Leo Supercluster] D172
[Leo-Sextans Supercluster] D176
[Leo-Virgo Supercluster] D161
[Lynx Supercluster] D175
[Mice Galaxies] D119
[Microscopium Supercluster] D169
[Owl Nebula] D109
[Parka Hood Nebula] D118
[Pavo-Indus Supercluster] D157
[Pegasus-Pisces Supercluster] D167
[Pelican Nebula] D141
[Pencil Nebula] D149
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[Perseus-Pisces Supercluster] D180
[Phoenix Supercluster] D174
[Pinwheel Galaxy] D90
[Pisces Supercluster] D177
[Pisces-Aries Supercluster] D163
[Pisces-Cetus Supercluster] D151
[Pleiades Merope Nebula] D148
[Polarissima Borealis Galaxy] D132
[Praesepe Nebula] D123
[Precious Stones Star Cluster] D102
[Rho Ophiuchi Nebula] D135
[Rosette nebula] D142
[Sagittarius Star Cloud] D128
[Saturn Nebula] D92
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[Shapley Supercluster] D154
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[Sloan Great Wall of Galaxies] D182
[Small Magellanic Cloud] D121
[Soft Eyes Galaxies] D147
[Sombrero Galaxy] D99
[Spindle Galaxy] D124
[Stephan’s Quintet Galaxies] D114
[Sunflower Galaxy] D136
[Swan Nebula] D133
[Tarantula Nebula] D126
[Toby Jug Nebula] D130
[Triangulum Galaxy] D108
[Trifid Nebula] D117
[Ursa Major Supercluster] D162
[Veil Nebula] D110
[Virgo A Galaxy] D101
[Virgo Supercluster] D181
[Whirlpool Galaxy] D127

Audio album

Album title:
Unto Lineage Royal
-The Poems -

By
Rural philosopher-poet-artist
Richard Mc Sweeney of the beautiful isle of Éire (Ireland)

Running time: 1 hour 46 minutes 48 seconds
Recorded in person on Monday, the 17th November 2008 at Claycastle Recording Studios, Youghal, County Cork, Ireland.

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36. The beloved of thee D81
37. Rest in movement n’ movement in rest D82
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55. Misty rain softly coming upon the wind D129
56. Kilimanjaro lady will fly with thee D133
57. Golden Sun n’ Blue Sky D137
58. Constellation Lov Ely D141
59. Swan so lovely in thy glory D146
60. Along Ages n’ Ages think I D149
61. Till the Lady of Good Counsel be with strolling D158
62. I am Hawaii Blessed of the Sun, Sea, n’ Stars D170
63. You know, Door when I’ll be a big girl D175
64. Lovely be thee the honey milk song D182
65. Concert for Flute Harp Orchestra in C
66. Acknowledgments

See http://www.rivers2c.com for purchase details.

Typeface

The work uses a Garamond typeface.

Claude Garamond was born c. 1480 in Paris, France, and died 1561 in Paris, France. He was a type founder, publisher, punch cutter, and type designer.

In 1510 he trained as a punch cutter with Simon de Colines in Paris. In 1520 with Geoffroy Tory. And in 1530 Garamond's first type is used in an edition of the book *Paraphrasis in Elegantiarum Libros Laurentii Vallae* by Erasmus. It is based on Aldus Manutius' type De Aetna, cut in 1455. In 1540 King Francis I commissioned Garamond to cut a Greek type. Garamond's ensuing *Grec du Roi* is used by Robert Estienne in three sizes exclusively for the printing of Greek books. From 1545 onwards Garamond also worked as a publisher, first with Pierre Gaultier and later with Jean Barbe. The first book he published was *Pia et Religiosa Meditatio* by David Chambellan. The books were set using typefaces designed by Garamond. After Garamond's death, Christoph Plantin from Antwerp, the Le Bé type foundry and the Frankfurt foundry Egenolff-Bermer acquired a large proportion of Garamond's original punches and matrices.

The typefaces Garamond produced between 1530 and 1545 are considered the typographical highlight of the 16th century. His fonts have been widely copied and are still produced and in use today.

(Source: http://www.linotype.com/414/aboutthedesigner.html)

Word count:

Words: 153,727
Characters (no spaces): 703,662
Characters (with spaces): 859,125